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AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOVEMBER 28

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STAN



ALLIE

## SPORT

Trouble seems to be brewing among the players in the National Football League. Specifically, there seems to be more bitterness between players and owners of late than at any time within recent memory. What's causing it? Who are the players doing the bulk of the battling? The answers are in Dick Schaap's story next month: "Why Pro Football Players Revolt"... Another solid story from the pro football front is "Jim Taylor: Secrets Of A Savage Fullback." This is a must for all football fans.

From baseball, Arnold Hano reports on "Stan Musial's Last Game".

... Bill Libby, who was with the team down the stretch, tells why the Dodgers won the pennant in 1963. In his exclusive report from the clubhouse, the dugout and the playing field, he shows how '63 differed from '62.

Back to pro football, we profile Billy Wade of the Chicago Bears and Len Dawson of the Kansas City Chiefs . . . Plus a photo story on the American Football League excitement in Buffalo, and a Sport Special by Myron Cope on Allie Sherman and the New York Giants . . . Sport's Hall Of Fame subject

is a football star, too: Bullet Bill Dudley.

Basketball is also in the spotlight in January Sport. First, our annual All-America Preview, a rundown on the fellows who figure to star in college ball . . . Second, from pro basketball, the story of Harry Gallatin and the wonders he works with the St. Louis Hawks . . . From hockey, we have the exciting story of Pierre Pilote . . From bowling, we present champion Dick Weber

we present champion Dick Weber.
Also next month a full-length
profile of Gary Peters, the star
pitcher of the Chicago White Sox
. . . Plus coverage of the Yankees'
Elston Howard and the World
Series Of Rodeo.

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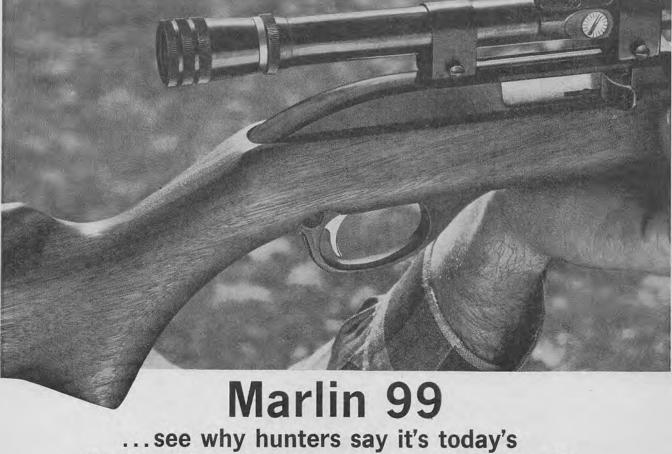
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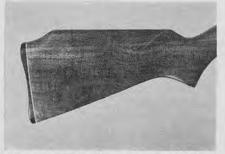


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## LETTERS TO SPORT 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N.Y.

#### TRIBUTES TO A MAN OF COURAGE

Congratulations to Jim Brown and Hal Lebovitz on their beautiful, moving, heartfelt story about Ernie Davis in October Sport. Davis had to be an exceptional individual and perhaps if I could have met him, I would have agreed with Jim Brown in saying he was the most courageous person anyone could hope to know.

Truly everyone is born with a purpose, and Ernie Davis' special kind is a merit of highest inspiration, not only in the sports light but in life itself. Hagerstown, Md. Sam Rock

Your article on Ernie Davis was a literary masterpiece. Any narrative which makes the American male breathe deeper, puts a lump in his throat and brings him close to tears is certainly effective. Your story on Ernie Davis is in this category. His memory will be cherished forever. Rochester, N. Y. Joseph D. McGuire

Ernie Davis was certainly an inspiration, not only to American youth, but to those unfortunate ones that are afflicted with such dreaded diseases as leukemia.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Manuel Armendariz Jr.

Reading the article on Ernie Davis made me feel like I had lost my best friend. Sunnyvale, Calif. Richard Vaughn

### NO STOMACH FOR MANTLE

wish I hadn't read your article "Mickey Mantle on the Road" so close to dinner. It made me sick. Rochester, N. Y. Ted K Ted Katsampes

As far as I'm concerned, Mantle's actions make him strictly bush league. As to his dislike of Boston fans, he can have his midwestern ones. I know of no other city where the fans are more appreciative of a good play in the field or at the plate than in Boston. Where else do the fans applaud an opposing pitcher or player if he is playing a good game?

The best thing that could happen to baseball is for Mantle to retire and enjoy his life with the midwestern fans and his family.

Boston, Mass.

Isabel M. Barnes

### BUT THEY UNDERSTAND YOU, MICK

I can see why Mick hates Boston. The crowd boos its own players and no player likes a town in which he is hated. In the beany city their loyal fans have booed a Red Sox player after he hit a grand slam. No wonder Mantle and many others hate Reco Mantle and many others hate Bean

New Bedford, Mass. Stephen Paiva

I'm sure your article on Mickey Mantle made many readers realize that ballplayers' lives consist of much more than just popups, double plays and bases on balls. The well known professional athlete leads an abnormal and nerve-wracking life.

If most of us had the experience of seeing Mantle rushing across a crowded airport, we would instinctively join in the crush for autographs. After he had, in fullback fashion, dashed off with some blunt remark, most of the people would probably think, "Why that self-important fink!" But what right have we got to be sore? The same guy gets mobbed the same way every time he appears in public. Hell, he's only human and he's got feelings too.

Montreal, Canada Richard Brennan

Mickey could not have been more friendly and cordial to the members of my family when we unexpectedly caught him outside a ballpark. He paused for about 15 minutes to visit with me and my three brothers. He talked to us, signed autographs, posed for pictures and even went so far as to wait for my father to walk back to the car and change the film in the movie camera. What more could a fan expect? Mickey did all this while other Yankees hurried on as if they couldn't be bothered.

Just like the rest of us, Mickey has his good days and his bad. He has a right to a certain amount of privacy, and when it's invaded at the wrong time, he, like anyone else, resents it. Seattle, Wash.

Jan Foster

George Vecsey's article was by far the best tribute ever paid to this base-ball immortal, Mickey Mantle. It shows that Mickey contributes more to baseball than just home runs and a high batting average. He contributes an ideal. An ideal brought about by his unselfishness, constant good humor, and, as Mr. Veesey puts it, "his one-of-the-boys' attitude."

Champlain, N. Y. Calvin Castine

## A UNIQUE FARM TEAM

Your cynical attitude on the part of John Pregenser in September Sport Talk is inexcusable. As I write now he has struck out 53 in 58 innings at the Giant farmelub at Tacoma. He has won 3, lost only 1, with an ERA of 4.66. He bats right and throws right, he measures 6-5 from the floor, weighs 220 pounds and was on the Giant rooster (sic) until early in May. Joel Selvin Berkeley, Calif.

Now there's a team that really has a farm system.

## IN A HOLE

What's the matter with Mel Allen? When he made out the All-America Football Preview, he left USC's Pete Beathard off the first three teams. Mr. Allen will feel like crawling into a hole at the end of the season when he looks at Beathard's record. Los Angeles, Calif. Dick Deal

In October Sport Talk you said the Red Sox players wouldn't bring Dick Stuart's glove to him at the end of an inning. Why should they? He doesn't know how to use it. Floyd Mackfield New Milford, N. J.

## NICE GUYS DON'T ALWAYS . . . ETC.

Your October Sport Special on Brooks Robinson was one of the most interesting and pleasing articles I have read. I've read about so many rough, tough, mean and dirty ballplayers that it was a real pleasure to read about one who isn't any of these things. It proved once again that good guys don't always finish last and that the rough-talking, tough-acting fellows aren't the toughest after all. Cleveland, Ohio Ronald Gault

### SPORT NEEDS SOME ZIP

I think you have a fine magazine except for one thing. Look at your "Letters to Sport" page. Look at the address, "New York 17, N. Y." Where is your New Frontier spirit? Where is your "vigah?" Where is your Zipcode?

Arlington, Tex. 76010 Mike Irwin

We'd print it, but it makes for pretty dull reading.

#### SIC HIM, MET FANS

The October "Sound Off!" with Casey Stengel made an otherwise interesting series seem very boring. When a man doesn't even know his players' names on sight, he doesn't deserve the chance to manage. I'm sure there are better qualified men to manage the Mets. Casey has had his years in the spotlight. He should hang

Los Angeles, Calif. Jerry Bergstein

## BIRDIE WATCHING



Why does the manager in all of John Gallagher's Sport cartoons always look like Birdie Tebbetts? That's enough to cut circulation 50 percent. H. Kevin Carter Lynn, Mass.

Says Gallagher: "Being a frustrated golfer, I never pass up a chance to make a birdie."

#### PICTURE WINDOWS FOR IRON CURTAINS

Congratulations to Dick Young on a excellent article, "The Big his excellent article, "The Big Leagues' Iron Curtain." When I lived in Pittsburgh during the 1960 season, Dick Groat, the Pirate shortstop, had a radio program and the next season it was canceled because Dick had an "off" season. The Iron Curtain had struck again.

If the big-league managements are so proud of themselves, why don't they take down the iron curtain and put up a picture window?

Canoga Park, Calif. Bob Hunt

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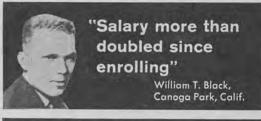
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## SPORT TALK

#### CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

A pre-game practice dialogue between Vic Power and Bob Allison: Seeing Allison walk toward Vic's first-base position, Power said, "Hey, Allison, what are you doin' with a first-baseman's glove?" "I'm practicing to take your job," Bob said. "Allison," said Power, "you talk like a man with a great future behind you."

A post-game meeting between Ron Kramer and Mike Ditka, pro football's top tight ends: "You won't believe this," said Ron, "but Mike here says I used to be his idol. Now he's mine."

A dialogue between roommates Barry Latman and Gary Bell after Latman had pitched seven strong innings, only to have Bell come in from the bullpen and get the win: "I deserved it," Bell said, smiling. "Yeah," said Latman, "Any time you pitch two scoreless innings it's so unusual you deserve a medal."

Dick Donovan on Washington's attempt to increase attendance by starting a night game at 6 p.m.: "Imagine playing baseball at the cocktail hour." Charlie Dressen on how to tell if a young man is a good potential ballplayer: "I like to look at a prospect's face. That's important. I've turned down kids who didn't have a good face."

Bob Dolgan, who writes one of the best notes columns in the country for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, reported the following: The Kansas City catchers use one of those oversized gloves when one of their knuckleball pitchers is working. Mel McGaha, A's coach, had one in his hotel room. The maid saw it and asked McGaha what it was. Mel explained it was used to catch knuckleballs. "Oh," said the maid, "are knuckleballs that big?"

#### **CAMPUS QUEEN CANDIDATE NO. 4**

The University of West Virginia has provided Sport with any number of football and basketball subjects over the years, but never a Campus Queen candidate. Never until Carol Flenniken arrived to become candidate No. 4 in this our 13th annual contest.

A major in social work and a minor

in psychology, Miss Flenniken hopes to become a psychiatrist. Academically, her 3.3 average figures out to a solid "B." Statistically she figures out to a solid 34-22-34. Carol is president of her sorority, Pi Beta Phi, and the senior women's honorary, Spokes. Her hobbies are cooking, sewing, swimming and traveling around the world (she is the daughter of a retired Naval captain who is now on the university staff).

Next month we will present our final Campus Queen candidate and at year's end you may vote for your favorite.

## LEON THE UNDAUNTED

This was at the Vikings' Bemidji, Minnesota, training camp and coach Norm Van Brocklin was saying, "Okay, offensive ends, you've had enough running today." Then he turned to Leon Clarke, an offensive end, and said in a sing-song: "Lee-on, run your 50s." Clarke, who normally played at 235-40, was to be used on the flank this year and the Dutchman

decided his wingback would weigh no more than 225. So every day after Van Brocklin's grueling workouts, Leon ran five to ten 50-yard dashes. "Dutch'll kill me getting me down," Clarke said, but he laughed. Leon Clarke's readiness to laugh has been what's kept him going through one of the most frustrating football careers

A great end and champion hurdler at Southern Cal, Leon made the Pro Bowl squad as a rookie with the Rams. In the seven years since then he has not approached his early potential, a fact that would have crushed most men who love to play football as much as Clarke does. How much he loves the game was revealed just before his senior year at USC when the flagpole fell and hit him in the head.

"I was driving my convertible down 12th Street in Los Angeles," Leon said. 12th Street in Los Angeles," Leon said.
"I pulled up to a signal and this damn flagpole fell 13 stories and bopped me on the bean. I got 32 stitches in the head. The doctor said it woulda killed a normal human being." We laughed. "He did, really. I woke up a couple of days later and they had all these sand hads around my head. And they kent days later and they had all these sand bags around my head. And they kept shining these damn flashlights in my face every half hour. I couldn't move my head with all those sand bags around it and I didn't know what they were doing. When I was leaving the hospital I asked the doctor what they were doing shining those damn flash. were doing shining those damn flashlights in my face every half hour. He said, 'Well, we wanted to see if you were still alive or not.' Thanks a lot! I'm glad I didn't ask them when I was in there." He laughed.

Clarke played his senior year of football—and ended up with three more brain concussions. Since the pole had fallen from the federal building, he had to get government permission to sue. He did, "My lawyer told me: You have to stop playing football now, Leon, because the doctors fell you to.' I said, 'Oh, no.' He said, 'Well, if you quit playing football we've got a \$50,000 case. If you don't, you can only get maybe ten.' So I said, 'Well, ten's all right."

Since his fine rookie year with the Rams in '56, injuries and circum-stances have held back Clarke. An Achilles tendon took care of '57 and Leon was switched to tight end the next two years. "The Rams never threw the ball to the slot very much," he said, "then I went to Cleveland and Paul Brown never threw the ball at all." Through all the trials and tribu-lations, Clarke kept his sense of hu-

mor,
"My first year with the Rams I was kinda goofy at times and Dutch (Van Brocklin was his quarterback then) put the monogram Ding-Ding on me," Leon said. "I've always liked to have a good time, laugh it up a little. Things get going tough sometimes, you know, and it's better to laugh than to get a

scowl on your face,'

As a Ram he ran the rookie shows and after establishing the fact that he had cherry bombs by throwing a couple in the hall one night, he was all set to MC the show. He removed the powder from a cherry bomb and during the performance he suddenly lit the dud bomb and threw it into the audience. Every Ram in the area became a scatback. "They spread like wildfire," Leon said.

Then there was the time he took flying lessons without his wife's knowl-edge. "My wife's kinda death on air-planes," he said. "We were gonna go

down to the desert to play golf, so I told her I've got a friend who's got an airplane and he'll fly us down. Finally she said okay. So we went down to the airport and went over to the plane. She looked at the two seats and said, Where're you going to sit?' I said, 'Oh, there's a compartment in the back.' She said, 'Oh, oh.' It took me about an hour to talk her into going up. She was *really* sweating." He laughed.

His wife couldn't get him to give up flying, but Sid Gillman, then Ram coach, did get him to stop racing sports cars. "Gillman found out about it because I was doing pretty good and he said, Either you're gonna play football or you're gonna race sports

Clarke said he wasn't involved in a heck of a lot of humor under Paul Brown. "That was kinda bad news." There has been some this season, his first, with the Vikings. He couldn't fit his regular Riddell helmet over a bump on his head in practice one week and on his head in practice one week and had to wear one of those huge new Rawlings helmets that made him look like a man from outer space. "Way to go, Captain Jet!" his teammates would yell at him, or: "How about orbiting out and get this pass, Ding?"

"They gave me hee-haw all week about that," Leon said. "And then Dutch picks on me a little bit. One time I missed a block. 'Look, dammit,' Dutch says, 'you be a clown off the field, not on. When you go out there you hit somebody.'" Leon laughed. "Little dainty morsels like that."

Still, Leon's been trying to rejoin Van Brocklin ever since Norm went to the Eagles. "Dutch's tougher than a 25-year colonel in the Army"

a 25-year colonel in the Army," Clarke said, "but he's fair and he knows the game. And I'm looking forward to a good season."

THE "GENIUS" COACH

The Atlantic Coast Conference is gaining quite a reputation for its witty football coaches. Frank Howard of Clemson, Tom Nugent of Maryland Clemson, Tom Nugent of Maryland and Bill Elias of Virginia are not only excellent coaches, they like to laugh. Elias particularly enjoys laughing at himself and all the while he is reviving football at Virginia.

The Cavaliers hadn't won a football



Leon Clarke of the Vikings has known much disappointment since he was a college All-Star eight years ago, but his great sense of humor has stayed by him.

game in three years before Elias be-came coach in 1961. In his first year he won four games and last year won five. The former assistant coach at Purdue and George Washington has been called something of a football 'genius" on his record. Bill Elias speaks differently of his record.

"I was the quarterback on the high school football team Lou Groza was on in Martins Ferry (Ohio)," Bill says. "Lou Groza used to kick field goals from the 50 in practice. For four years I never called on him to kick one in a game. That shows you what kind of

a genius I am.
"I kid a lot about being a football 'genius.' When I was recruiting for Purdue, people were trying to tell me Sam Huff would make a fine college football player. After looking at him I didn't think he had a chance." Bill chuckled. "I also kid about Bill Mazeroski, who lives about three miles from my mother. People wanted me to take him to Purdue on a baseball scholarship and it only took me two innings to find out he'd never make it. kid a lot about Bill Skowron, too. When I was at Purdue Bill wanted to get off spring practice to play baseball. I told him, 'No, I watched you play last year. You'll never make a baseball player." He chuckled again.
"Then there was the touchdown

play I called when we beat Maryland (in 1961)," Elias said. "It netted us a 15-yard loss and I thought I got us out of a tough situation. They had a holding penalty on the play and we got the down over again and scored. That just proves how much I know, but luck goes with me."

Elias does a good deal of kidding with Tom Nugent because Bill, as a Maryland graduate, demands that Maryland graduate, defining that Maryland beat Virginia, and, as Vir-ginia head coach, he laughingly says he doesn't see how Nugent can get the job done. (Virginia upset Maryland in '61, costing the Terps a trip to the

Gator Bowl.)

Naturally, Elias jokes with his friend Frank Howard, too. "I thought I'd put in the (Nugent's) 'I' formation this year so that Howard could finally beat somebody who plays an T." Bill says. "But then he finally beat Maryland last year. Howard wrote me a letter two years ago when I took this job saying it was too bad we're not on your schedule because I'd like to initiate you into this league. I wrote back and said I'd appreciate the same back and said I'd appreciate the same type of initiation you've been giving Nugent." (Maryland beat Howard in Nugent's first three years at Maryland.) "Frank wrote me right back," Bill says. "and said, 'All right, smart fella, you'll get yours.' I guess I will one of these years."

Actually, it will probably become harder and harder to beat Virginia. The first group of players Elias recruited is coming in this year. However, he is playing a much tougher

ever, he is playing a much tougher schedule. He is recruiting some of the most sought-after players in the country now and players make football teams. Among his top freshmen this year are 6-10, 290-pound John Naponik, a lineman from Irwin, Pennsylvania ("We haven't got anybody who can handle him"); Carol Jarvis, a halfback from Richmond ("We don't have a back on the varsity as good as he is"); and Bobby Davis, a quarter-back from Neptune, New Jersey ("Ev-erybody in the country was after

him").

"We only took 21 boys on scholar-ships," Elias says, "but we feel they're

all top boys. Although we don't take numbers, we go in for quality. Academically our standards are Ivy League in nature, you have to have board scores well above 1000 to get in here. We're one of the few teams that has only a 90-minute practice session and it attracts boys who are interested in getting an education. And that's mainly what they're in school for; football is second."

### WHERE'S LUCKY'S LUCK?

Lucky Haskins has no first name as far as we know. The writer of Lucky's story, Bill Starr, who now lives in Texas, didn't say. But he did give us an interesting, if offbeat, story, we think you'll agree.

Lucky Haskins is the man who took a handful of ragged little slum kids in Monterrey, Mexico, and built them into a team of Little League World Champions. Lucky lives in a lonely, large, run down old house on the west side of Monterrey where the Saltillo highway starts out across the desert. He has a lovely, charming Mexican wife and a half dozen or so children of various ages from this and a previous marriage. Lucky, greying prematurely, his chest having dropped to form an ample stomach, wears an eternal smile. He gives little evidence of the havoc-wrecking blows life has dealt him.

Where did he get the name, "Lucky?"

"Luck can be of two kinds," says Lucky Haskins. "Good and bad." I was athletic director in the Ameri-

can School in Monterrey 15 years ago when I first met Lucky. He taught one of the elementary grades. He had twinkling eyes and blond hair that paid no attention to a comb. No ordinary liar had a chance when Lucky was around. The object of life was fun and Lucky obtained his object.

Lucky Haskins made 30 U.S. dollars a month teaching. He lived with his first Mexican wife in a shack in the cheaper part of town. American style football was catching on in Mexico and Lucky tried coaching the *Universidad de Nuevo Leon's* fledgling football team, thus picking up a few extra pesos to increase the meager supply

of beans and tortillas for his rapidly growing family.

Lucky was a demolitions expert in World War II. In 1950, on the verge of starvation, he was afflicted with a serious liver enlargement and other ailments. Several times I accompanied him to the cheapest doctor we could find, half-carrying him down the street. One day after treatment, we stopped in a run-down cafe for a soda. We sat at a lopsided tin table and Lucky told me his secret.

"Tve got an old church document," he said. "It shows how in the Sierra Madre 30 miles south of town there is a treasure in an abandoned mine, walled up behind ten feet of solid concrete.

"Forget it, Haskins," I said.
"No!" The fever of his illness burned hot in his eyes. "Every month I save a few pesos. Whenever I can buy a case of dynamite, I catch a third-class bus down there and blast. I've gotten to the concrete wall! I tell you this, my friend, so that if I don't get over this sickness you will know what to do. Go to my wife. She has all my plans written out. If I don't make it, at least see what's behind that wall! Half for yourself, the other half for my wife and kids."

I carried him from the cafe and put him to bed. In time, he got well. And in time, Lucky Haskins got rich. He put in a bottling plant, bought new equipment, new trucks, bottled a half dozen drinks, including Grapette and Orange Crush. He quit his job at the school. He quit his first Mexican wife and married a society was a society with the put has the school of the put has the school. and married a society woman with grace and culture.

Then, purely as a promotional stunt for his bottling business, he sponsored the Little League team that later won the World Championship. Sponsoring it meant he bought their uniforms, found a coach, paid all expenses, made all contacts. His phenomenal luck paid off in game after game as Cesaer Faz, the coach, learned when trapped in an impossible situation to consult with Haskins for a "Lucky" hunch that always worked. Even in the next to last and the last game here in the U.S. Haskins made a "Lucky" guess that Angel Macias could pitch both games. It proved correct.
His team the World Champions!

Long tortuous speeches by the Go-bernadores and Presidentes. A movie made by a top American director and cameramen and technicians in Mexico. Friends, money, fame! Lucky Haskins had them all.

Now, only a half dozen years later, Haskins is out of the bottling business. His money is gone. He has taken a job with Pan American School, a sort of second-rate imitation of the American School where we both used to work. He lives in a crumbling and unpainted two-story building on an odd plot of land far removed from other resiland far dences. His Mexican wife keeps the interior clean and does the best she can with the scant furniture.

Lucky Haskins, the friendly blond man with the perpetual smile, has not changed, except to grow older and rounder. Only his luck has changed. As Haskins says, "Luck can be good or bad. I've had a little of both. That's

why they call me 'Lucky.'

## CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO . . .

If there is one thing a young football player trying to make the pros learns early in his career, it is to keep his mouth shut. Some learn this most abruptly. Like Gary Cuozzo, the fine-looking rookie quarterback from the University of Virginia who earned a spot on the Colts' roster this year. In an exhibition game against Pittsburgh at Atlanta, Cuozzo found some wonderful teachers among the Steelers. It had rained that afternoon and the field was muddy. As the team was huddling around the center and Cuozzo, Gary noticed the mud on his hands and the towel on referee Bernie Ulman's belt. Ulman, standing in front of the Steel-

er line, wiped off the football.
"Hey, ref," Gary said, "would you give me the towel so I can wipe my

hands?"

The understanding Steelers thought this was a very nice idea. "Go ahead, ref," said defensive end Ernie Stautner, who had never come across anything quite like this in his 14 years of NFL football. "Take it over and let him wipe his hands. Don't make the

poor kid walk all the way to you."
Linebacker George Tarasovic, who only had 11 years in the league, said, "Why don't you go wipe the rookie's hands? Look at all that dirty old mud

on them!'

For the rest of the game Cuozzo heard things like: "Gee, this rookie's really tough. Mud all over his hands and he hasn't even told the trainer about it!"

Sometimes, Gary Cuozzo learned, cleanliness is next to laughter.

### SPORTIEST COMPACT OF 1964

With automobiles becoming more and more of a factor in the sports life of our country, we decided to plunge into the middle of things by setting up an award. Since the Compacts seem to be the fastest growing segment of the auto industry, we decided to make the award to the model that qualified as "SPORTIEST COMPACT OF 1964.

With this in mind we sent automobile writer Brock Yates, an expert in the field, to Detroit to test the new compacts. Here is his report, and the reasons we are awarding the plaque this year to the Comet Caliente (left):

"Without exception, the new economy compacts have been transformed into more stylish, exciting automobiles with greater (--- TO PAGE 82)





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KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, SYRACUSE 2, N. Y.

Sonny has been a target of mounting criticism ever since he first began slugging his way toward the heavyweight title. But Marciano, with his customary hard-hitting style, feels the champ is really a tonic for his troubled sport

Martin Blumenthal



By Rocky Marciano

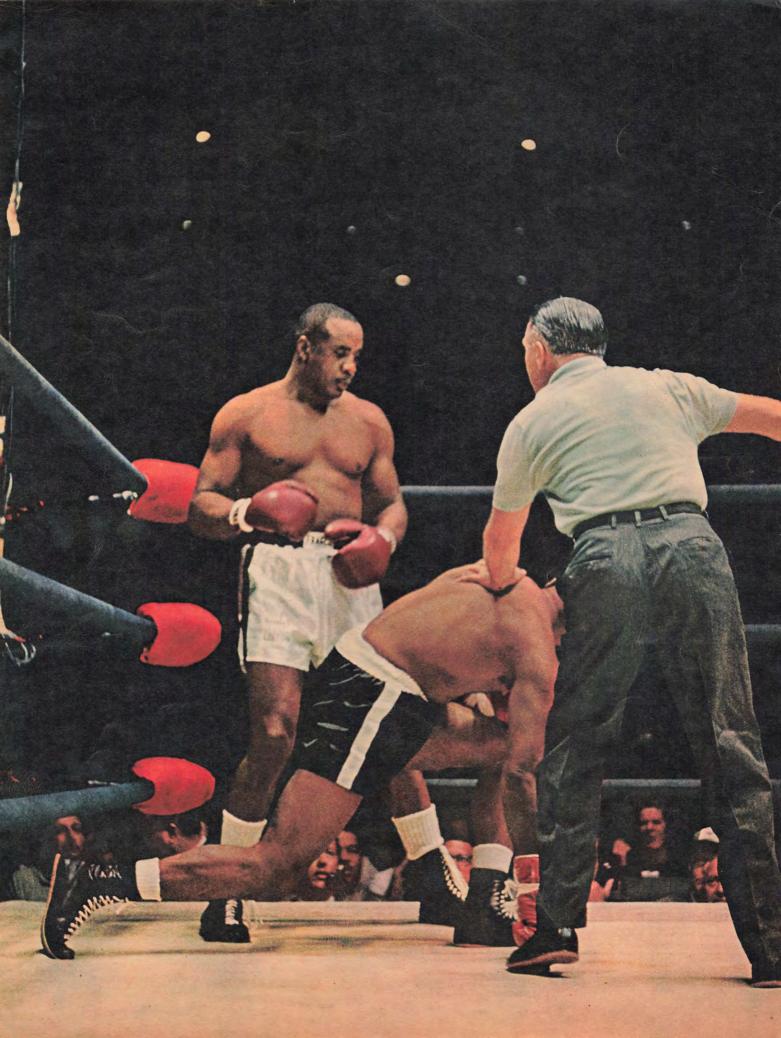
# I Say Liston Is Good For Boxing

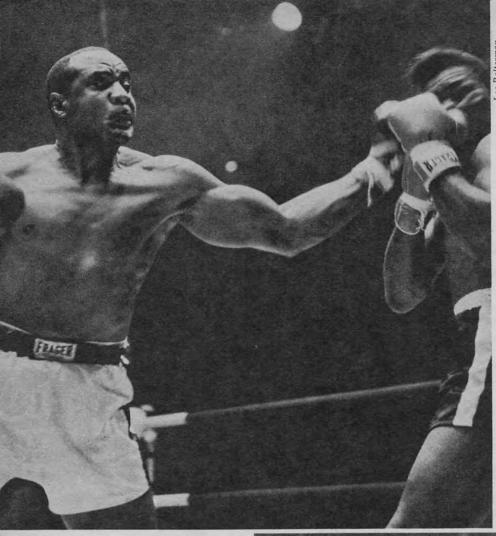
IT WAS THE DAY BEFORE the first Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson fight and I had joined the mob scene at Sonny's camp. All kinds of guys were crowded around the area where Liston was shadow-boxing, and a jazz record blared over a loud speaker. I walked by Sonny, nodded to him and then stopped to watch his workout. I don't know whether he saw me, but even if he had I would have no sooner expected him to stop everything than you would expect Benny Goodman to drop his clarinet in the middle of rehearsal just to greet a visitor.

So you can imagine the jolt I got the next day when I read a wire-service story that said: "Former heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano was snubbed by Sonny Liston yesterday." It burned me up then and it still does. It's just so typical of the way a lot of people have seized every chance to paint Liston as the meanest man in America since John Dillinger. Now I'm not saying that Liston hasn't deserved some of his bad press notices. When you're as surly as he is at times, you have to take the consequences. But

why go around manufacturing things about a guy?

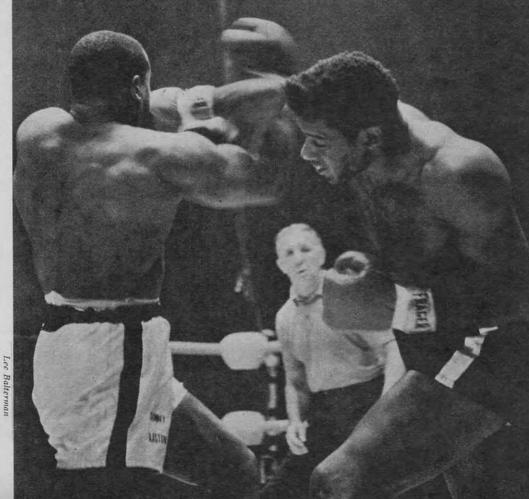
There's something else I find even harder to figure out. Ever since it became obvious that Liston would be our next heavyweight champ, self-appointed referees have been standing over boxing's body and counting to ten. These same people have been acting as coroners. When Liston disposed of Patterson in their two fights in the elapsed time of four minutes, 16 seconds, it wasn't really the sound of Sonny's booming punches you heard, these people said—it was boxing's death rattle. And their premature autopsies all came to the same conclusions. Liston's criminal background. Liston's meanness. Liston's inability to live up to the responsibilities of the heavyweight champ.





Liston used his best weapon—a booming left hook—often in his second fight with Patterson, at left. But no matter what he threw at Floyd it did damage. "His superiority over Patterson was so great," says former champ Marciano, "that it looked like Goliath in there with David. Only this time David didn't have his slingshot."

Patterson landed few blows in his attempt to regain the title from Liston, and even those that landed, like the right cross, at right, had little effect on Sonny. Says Marciano: "A person who goes into the ring with Liston is like a comedian who has to put on his act while a bunch of drunks heckle him. Both are in for a rough night."



As far as I'm concerned, these people are pointing to a villain who doesn't exist when they shake their finger at Liston. When Patterson and Liston fought, everyone said it was Good vs. Bad, and they were sad when Good lost. But I say that Good didn't lose—not from the standpoint of which man is better for boxing. I like Floyd and I think he is a fine gentleman. Yet the heavyweight champion must be more than that. He must measure up as both a symbol and a holder of the greatest single sports title in the world. Floyd failed. I don't think Sonny will.

It isn't exactly a secret that Liston is, at this point, one of the most unpopular champs of all time. But don't be fooled into believing that a fighter has to be well liked at the beginning to be good for his sport. How about Jack Dempsey? When he started out he was called a hobo, a draft dodger, a dirty fighter. By the end of his career he was idolized as the Manassa Mauler and when he was beaten by Gene Tunney—one of the classiest guys ever to enter a ring—the crowd and the nation was stunned by the loss of a genuine hero.

Dempsey proved the public wants, first of all, a guy who comes to fight and gives you action all the time. Rocky Graziano is another similar case. He was not popular at first because of his bad background but he proved to be good for boxing because of his fearless styles. He captured the public's imagination. This is the point I want to make: The first requirement any champion needs to be a credit to his sport is ability. The devil with popularity. Popularity will never give you ability, but ability, nine times out of ten, will put the crowd in your corner.

Sonny Liston may be a controversial guy, but there aren't many people who are going to knock his talent for laying a body cold. His superiority over Patterson was so great that he looked like Goliath in there with David. Only this time David didn't have his slingshot. It sounds corny, but Sonny is a real two-fisted fighter and the fight crowd likes this. Here's a champ who deserves to be called one. His punch is deadly, he has great strength and power, he's fairly graceful, he has a good left and a better-than-average right. We don't know if he can throw combinations because he's never had to. If he has any weaknesses, not many people know about them.

Maybe the most awesome thing about Liston is the way he can take a punch. A person who goes into the ring with him is like a comedian who has to put on his act while a bunch of drunks are heckling him. Both are in for a rougher night than usual. I think the biggest tribute to Sonny is the fact that through last July he had had only two championship fights and yet many experts were rating him the sixth best heavy-weight in history. In fact I've heard it said that Joe Louis, who ranks No. 1 in several polls, would have had trouble with him.

I mentioned above that ability can make a guy popular. As impossible as it seems at the moment, I think this can happen to Liston and it can happen sooner than a lot of people realize. Frankly, Liston could get many new fans just as soon as he signs to fight Cassius Clay. Everybody gets some pleasure from seeing a loudmouth and a phony exposed. Since the public can't do the job themselves, they just might be rooting for Liston to do it for them.

Sonny doesn't have much respect for Clay's ability, but if and when the fight does come off, you can be sure of one thing: Liston will train as though he were getting ready to fight a Louis or a Dempsey. This is another quality that makes him good for boxing. He trains hard for every fight. Say what you will about him, you still have to admire his dedication toward staying in absolutely perfect physical shape.

When Sonny was in training in Las Vegas for the second Patterson fight, the papers were full of stories about his flings at the crap tables. Sure he gambled. Show me a Vegas visitor with a little money in his pocket who doesn't and I'll show you a minister. But Liston also lost a lot of sweat in the desert and in the gym for that fight, a fight that the champ didn't figure to be any tougher than going a round with a sparring partner. Even when he's not in training for a specific fight, he is still a model for all athletes. He doesn't smoke and he usually drinks nothing stronger than tea. He even has a special machine for making (ugh) carrot juice. Now if drinking that stuff doesn't take dedication, well, it at least takes a strong stomach.

I'll tell you something else I like about this Liston. He's his own boss and this can't help but make him good for boxing. Why? Because so many managers in the past have really hurt their fighters with all their so-called advice. He doesn't have a Cus D'Amato like Patterson had or an Al Weill like I had, and believe me, he's much better off. Nothing's better for boxing than a fighting champ and I think Sonny's going to be just that. Yet managers like D'Amato and Weill will (——) To page 84)



Living up to part of his responsibility as champion, Liston toured Europe this past summer and put on exhibitions like this one, above, that drew 20,000 in Stockholm, Sweden.



# DEL SHOFNER

## **Pro Football's Iceman**

He rarely talks a lot, he shows very little emotion. But this iceman catcheth and, really, that's what counts

## By Larry Klein

WAS a lazy Monday afternoon. The mid-summer sun was hot, the green campus of Fairfield (Connecticut) University was serene, and the New York Giants were still savoring their first victory of the 1963 exhibition season. As Sam Huff shuffled along the path to the Giants' practice field, Del Shofner ran up to him, leaned over Huff's shoulder, and playfully said, "Come on, fella, let's move along." Swiftly, Huff's elbow lashed out and dug sharply into Shofner's chest. Huff turned and grinned. Shofner, doubled over for several seconds, straightened up slowly, then continued walking, without a word, without a smile.

In the violent world of Sam Huff, you hit first and maybe you ask questions later.

In the silent world of Del Shofner, you don't talk much any time. And almost always you keep your feelings well masked.

"Del is a model of emotional consistency, completely unaffected by time, weather, events, scores, anything," says Giant publicity man Don Smith, who (——) TO PAGE 74)



The enormous speed of Del, No. 85 above, enables him to get ahead of defenders. Once the ball comes near him he usually catches it: 53 receptions last season for 1133 yards and a dozen touchdowns. Says quarterback Y.A. Tittle: "He's the best receiver that I've ever thrown to."



## THE SPECIALIST IN PRO FOOTBALL, NO.8

# JERRY KRAMER GUARD

Kramer's skill has

made him the best in the

NFL at his position.

No luck involved there. He

is lucky, though, in

another respect. Jerry is

lucky to be alive

By HAROLD ROSENTHAL

A major responsibility of the guard is pulling out to lead the runner. Kramer, No. 64 at left, continually convoys the Green Bay Packers' backs for gains.

Color by Bob Peterson

ERRY KRAMER picked up the soft lead pencil, slipped it between the fingers of his right hand, and began to diagram quickly to help with his explanation of the many duties of the modern pro guard. Expressions like "pulling out," "folding on the linebacker," "pressure on the tackle," hurried on each other.

His listener tried to keep his attention riveted, but it was distracted by Kramer's unorthodox way of writing, stiff-fingered and without

using his thumb.

"That the hand that was hurt?" the listener asked. Kramer nodded, rolling up the sleeve of his sweater. A deep gash, deep enough almost to push a fist into, extended up the inside of his forearm, from wrist to elbow. The accident had occurred ten years earlier, an accident involving his grandfather's old-fashioned shotgun. When the family doctor had finished putting the arm together, Kramer's right hand was set in a semi-clinch forever.

The listener recalled the previous day's remarks of Bill Austin, the Green Bay Packers' offensive line coach. "He's not only one of the best football players around," Austin had said, "but he's lucky to be alive. Get him to tell you about all the accidents he's

had."

Kramer was talking as he diagrammed. "There are almost as many variations (to the guard's duties)," he was saying, "as there are opposing players. You might be going straight ahead on one play, handling a 270-pound tackle, and on the next you'll be pulling out to take a defensive back almost a hundred pounds lighter. Your job is to keep between the tackler and your man with the ball."

His listener was still somewhat distracted. He thought of other items from Kramer's harrowing medical history: the detached retina operation, the big sliver that drove through his abdomen to within a inch of coming out of his back, the leg fracture that had also parted the tibia and fibula at the base where they are joined near the ankle.

Kramer was speaking rapidly now about the guard's job. "There are two types of tackles," he said, clearly and briskly. "Those who come real hard and those who wait to 'read you,' and then react.

There are tough guys in both groups."

True, but on a per-pound basis, the guard may be the toughest man on the field. At 235-240 pounds, he is usually 30 or even 40 pounds lighter than the man directly across the line. Along with the center he is involved in hard contact on every play. He must block at the line of scrimmage on a running play, pull out and block in the secondary on a running play, or drop back to protect the quarterback on a pass play. Those are his three basic jobs.

"In today's game, the way the Packers play it, anyway," said Kramer, "85 percent of the time either I or the other guard pull out."

The other guard is Fuzzy Thurston. Like Jerry, Thurston has earned an all-pro rating. The other guard has contributed to Kramer's excellence in the same manner Kramer has contributed to his. Said Jerry: "We're friendly, but competitive. Both of us have lots of pride and that keeps us working hard.

"Because we pull on so many plays," said Kramer, "we change

up 45-55 percent of the time."

In football, the "change-up" is a switch in strategy at the final split-second. The switch is announced by the quarterback's "audible" at the line of scrimmage. When the guard hears it, he has one second to know:

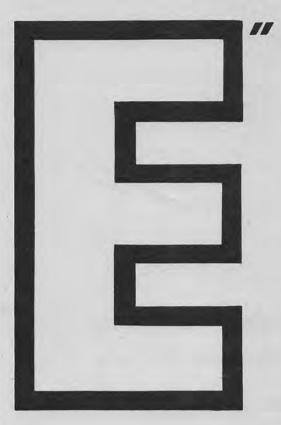
- 1. The original play is off.
- 2. What the new play is.
- 3. What the defense is.
- 4. Where his own backs will be coming from.

5. The blocking on either side.

Kramer lines up at the scrimmage line in the three-point stance, eyes straight ahead, head up, tail pretty straight. If he wants to go straight ahead, the right foot is back. That's the foot the opposing tackle tries to "read." The position of a lineman's (——) TO PAGE 80)

# "I'm For





BASEBALL, as a rah-rah game, draws its philosophic origins from a sentence in a French novel, published back in 1844. "All for one, one for all, that is our device," said a character in Alexandre Dumas' The Three Musketeers, and Dumas surely ought to have known. The Three Musketeers was written by a team of ghostwriters.

"All for one, one for all," remains the device—the mark—of the team, be it a team of writers or draught horses. It is a simple concept—to get the most out of your effort, it is best to pull together, each component of the team devoted to the whole, each disinterested in his own isolated accomplishment. It is a selfless act; the man in an eight-oared crew who is physically able to stroke more strongly and more swiftly than his seven partners must throttle his ability and yield to the mediocrity of the team. It is the house-divided-against-itself-that-cannot-stand theory, the all-who-must-hang-together-to-avoid-hanging-separately principle. It is the whole that is greater than the sum of its parts.

It is—or has been—the mark of baseball. Baseball is a team game, a collaboration of nine musketeers, backed up by 15 or 16 popguns. It says so in the rules. It says so on the printed scorecard you buy at the stadium. It says so on the lineup the manager hands to the umpire. It doesn't matter if your shortstop is a reformed cricket player who treats ground balls with a disdain that inhibits familiarity, you've got to put nine men on the field—any legal nine at all—or else you forfeit the game. Eight Mickey Mantles, even in good health, won't do.

This is the face of it. How about the game's innards? Is baseball really a team game? Do we do-or-die for

the team? Is there an essential namelessness, a face-lessness, an anonymity about the individual? Is he a man in a uniform, the same uniform worn by eight other men at that moment, doing battle with nine men in a different uniform? Does the spirit that infused The Three Musketeers—riding together into battle, risking life and limb for each other and for the greater whole—hold for baseball?

Listen:

"I probably could have caught the ball," the veteran major-league player said, "but I would have had to dive for it."

"And as long as you were three runs ahead, you decided not to dive?" a reporter suggested.

"I'm not going to dive into concrete for anybody."

—Roger Maris.

"When there are men on base and I'm at bat, all I can see is dollar signs."

-Tommy Davis.

"I hope to have a good year so I can be more in the driver's seat when we talk contract next year."

-Frank Robinson.

"Beer makes some players happy. Winning ballgames makes some players happy. Cashing checks makes me delirious with joy."

-Jim Brosnan.

"I want to walk down the street and hear them say, 'Jesus, there goes Dick Stuart!' I crave publicity."

—Guess who.

## Is this baseball's credo? It may be, from the front office to the field. The myths about the importance of team play, at least on a major-league level, are put in perspective here

## By Arnold Hano

"There's no room in baseball for guys who won't put out. Go on in the clubhouse if you don't want to play ball."

Manager Goldie Holt, at Spokane, talking to Jim

"Nineteen wins will sound good when I talk con-

-Art Mahaffey.

"I have no intention or desire to win 20 games, because they keep expecting it of you."

-Billy Loes.

"Tell me," the reporter asked, "who are you for, the team or yourself?"

"I'm for me," the ballplayer said. "I have to look out for me. Nobody else will."

-Maury Wills.

I'm for me.

Is this the creed of today's ballplayer? Is Togetherness as outmoded in baseball as it is at McCall's magazine? Is baseball experiencing a revolution, a breakdown of team effort, a shivering of the team into its individual parts?

It would be surprising were this not so, to some degree. Today's player has discovered a more secure world in a modern sea of anxieties. He can make more money, attract more publicity, reap more outside benefits, gain greater adulation. Not because he is a member of the New York Yankees or the Los Angeles Dodgers, but because he is The Home Run King or The Strikeout Champ. He can establish equity in a

generous pension plan. He can get money by having his picture on a bubble-gum card. This is the day of Frank Scott, ballplayers' agent. Lou Burdette will talk about spitballs, for a price. Yogi Berra will make an appearance on the Ed Sullivan show, for a price. Nor is this confined to the players alone. Clubowners subscribe to the I'm-for-Me creed. Walter O'Malley jerks his ballclub out of Brooklyn where it had made more money in the preceding five years than any other ballclub in history, simply because he knew there was even more gold—for O'Malley—in them thar western hills. The photograph that represented baseball in 1963 was not a picture of Sandy Koufax in fluid motion, or Wills in the dust, or Mantle clutching his broken foot, or Willie Mays collapsing at home plate, but a picture of O'Malley, slouched fatly in a chair in a Los Angeles courtroom, while his lawyers fought an action by the county assessor to increase the tax bite on Dodger property at Chavez Ravine.

With liberal exceptions, today's ballplayers, managers, and owners are a greedy lot, and the banner they play under reads: I'm for Me. The uniform they wear is a neutral-colored business suit. Al Dark, the Christian martyr who manages the Giants, said to me this past spring when I was in Arizona on an assignment from another magazine: "No, I won't cooperate with you on a story. The magazine you're with blasted me, back in 1949. They called me a hypocrite." And then his dark eyes glittered, and he said, "How much

will you pay me to cooperate?"

It is easy to look back—from a perch in the 1960s and say: All is different today. Where are the Orioles of '94? Where are Chance's Cubs of 1905? Where are the Braves of '14? Where are the teams? It is easy

to cry: The team is dead; long live the individual. It is also almost totally incorrect.

Baseball historically is threaded with the saga of the individual; it is warped, and I ain't a-woofin', with the I'm-for-Me creed. It always has been tinged with a crass commercialism. We look back, we amateur historians, and we see team play and spirit, and we exaggerate it a hundred fold, because this is the mark of the baseball historian; he is smitten with a nostalgic love

for a game he played as a youth. But the game he played as a youth is not the profession labored in by men. The two have always been different; we kids played ball on rocky sandlots for fun, for love, for excitement, and for the team. The team I played on was the Montgomery Avenue Trojans, and we played on a diamond at Macoomb's Dam Park, in the Bronx. It was marvelous to go 2-for-4, but if the team lost, all was black until next Saturday morning.

And we historians have always confused our own childish enthusiasms and sacrifices with what goes on on the ballfield that exactly borders Macoomb's Dam Park, and which is called Yankee Stadium.

We extol the ballplayer who yields himself to the team, even though we—in this Age of Anxiety—know a man must satisfy his ego, or else perish in a world of other ego-satisfiers. On October 4, 1862, a handsome 21-year-old athlete named Jim Creighton died. Four days earlier Creighton had swung so hard at a baseball that he ruptured his bladder. But he hit the ball, and raced around the bases, and he did not collapse until he had his home run. There is glory in Creighton's sacrificial act, but we conveniently forget that this is the same Creighton who jumped the Brooklyn club with whom he had a legal, binding contract, when offered an under-the-table money deal by the Excelsior ballclub. A hundred years ago. I'm for Me.

Robert Smith—baseball's most literate nostalgian—speaks of the baseball revolution of the 1880s, when Charles Comiskey took over as manager of the St. Louis team:

"Commy developed infield combination plays of every variety, with men backing up throws, taking fouls near the stands, hastening out to the grass to relay throws to the plate, and generally behaving like a team rather than a group of individual athletes."

Emphasis mine. Before there were team-oriented teams—in the 1880s—there were groups of individuals. I'm for Me.

It was the habit of olden pitchers—says Smith—to give more thought to the pose they struck, than to the pitch they delivered. And the batter? "He was often more concerned with a graceful stance than with getting the maximum power in his swing." Was baseball, then, a team game of nine men? Literally, no. Established stars deliberately showed up late for games, so as to claim the full attention of an impatient crowd. Teams fielded eight men for an inning or two, until Mr. Big arrived to take his position, midst the roar of the crowd. I'm for Me.

Commercialism? A man named Higham played rightfield for the Mutuals in the 1870s, and then—when his career ended—became an umpire. Umpire Higham agreed to call 'em not as he saw them, but as the gamblers dictated, for a price.

Commercialism? Arthur Soden, the arrogant, grasping president of the Boston club, originated the reserve clause in the 1890s, placing ballplayers forever after in a state of near-slavery, their financial reward controlled by stingy I'm-for-Me owners.

But it is the ballplayer I am mostly interested in. Is today's ballplayer markedly different from yesterday's in this matter of I'm for Me?

This past season the Los Angeles Dodger ballclub staged a bitter beef when a schedule mix-up put the players on a second-rate bus for a brief spell. Manager Walter Alston had to step between bickering players and traveling secretary Lee Scott, to settle the matter. Is this new? A ballplayer—wrote Edward Bayard Moss, in *Harper's Weekly*, of September 7, 1912—"realizes that he is both a public character and a popular favorite and demands treatment in keeping with his position. When he travels, the best is none too good for him, and woe betide the economical manager who tries to book a star for an upper berth or at a second-rate hotel."

In 1912—Moss tells us—big-name stars roomed alone on the road. The lesser players doubled up, two to a room. Clubs did not carry publicity departments. Still—Moss writes—"the men are handicapped by hero worship which runs close to idolatry, and it is not to be wondered at that some frequently suffer from exaggerated ego." Fifty-plus years ago. I'm for Me.

Was baseball—then—a thing of fun? "No player looks upon the game as a recreation," says Moss, flatly. Money was the lure. "There never was a player who was not ready to prove that his semi-monthly check should really be larger." Two years later, in 1914, another magazine writer described ballplayers as "nothing but petted darlings."

They remain petted, ego-centered darlings. In a ballgame in July of 1961 against the Chicago Cubs, Frank Robinson hit an early-inning home run and then drove in the winning run with a ground ball to the first-baseman. The victory stretched the Reds' league lead to five games. But what of Robinson?

"His composure turned sour when he learned that the official scorer had given him a fielder's choice instead of a base hit on the ground ball. 'You just gotta get those hits at home!' he screamed: 'You sure as hell don't get 'em on the road! Whose side are you on?' he asked the scorer." (Our historian in this instance is Jim Bros- (——) TO PAGE 83)

# UNREST IN MONTREAL

By DAVE ANDERSON

PLEASE TURN PAGE 21

## The Canadiens' hockey dynasty is decaying, and trouble

N THE BIG blue door is the team crest: the large red C with the small white H inside it. Now, moments before game-time, there is a shout of voices behind the door and the black-uniformed police clear a path through the fans in the corridor. The big door opens and the fans stand back, almost in awe, as out of their dressing room come the Montreal Canadiens.

Most hockey players are of average size but in their equipment-bulged bleu, blanc, rouge uniforms they appear to be much larger. They are taller, too, because of their skates and, holding their long wooden sticks with leather-ridged gloves, they clomp along a black rubber mat to protect the razor-sharp steel blades. Suddenly they emerge into the runway behind the bench. The big crowd in the Montreal Forum sees them and the applause begins. One by one the players glide onto the milk-white ice and now the big crowd's applause becomes a roar.

The big crowd—the men in their black overcoats, the women with their chic hair-dos and most of them chattering in French—is as much a part of hockey

in Montreal as the team itself.

There is always a big crowd. For every game all of the old arena's 13,728 seats have been sold. In addition, as many as 2000 standing-room tickets have been sold. But this season, despite the crowd and the clamor and the colour, the Montreal Forum is empty.

The Stanley Cup isn't there. Neither is the Prince of Wales Trophy.

The Stanley Cup, in all its gleaming glory, was

won by the Canadiens for a record five consecutive years, 1956 through 1960, in the National Hockey League's post-season playoffs. The Stanley Cup represents the world championship but the Prince of Wales Trophy is almost as important. It's awarded to the team which finishes in first place over the 70-game season. The Canadiens also won this trophy five straight years—until last season when they slipped to third place behind the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Chicago Black Hawks. In the playoffs they were eliminated in the semi-finals for the third straight spring, this time by current two-time Stanley Cup champion Toronto.

Now, after seven straight seasons of possessing the Stanley Cup and/or the Prince of Wales Trophy, there is dust in the Forum storeroom where they were kept;

dust from the decay of a dynasty.

While the dust settles, issues are being raised. Oh, there were issues during the glory years, too—both of them facetious. How many games would it take the Canadiens to win the playoffs? How soon would they clinch first place? But today in Montreal, at the start of the winter of its discontent, there is intrigue in the issues; intrigue involving the players and the coach and the front office and even the fans.

Perhaps in no other city in major-league sports are the fans so integral a part of a team's situation, for better or for worse. But to understand, Montreal hockey fans, it is necessary to understand Montreal.

It is a huge city, the seventh largest in North America and the largest in Canada. Its downtown office buildings and residential small brick homes sprawl across



Henri Richard, scoring left, and Gump Worsley, diving, are teammates this season. Much of Montreal's chances for success depends on how well they play. Too, the team needs a leader.

## is brewing behind the scenes. Here is the inside story

a huge island in the St. Lawrence River less than 100 miles from the New York border. But there is a huge difference between Montreal and big cities in the United States; even between Montreal and other big Canadian cities. Montreal not only is in Canada, it is in the Province de Quebec; it is not only in another country, it is in another culture.

Many people in the United States have a mistaken impression that all Canadians speak French. Not so. Almost all Canadians speak only English, except in the Province de Quebec. There, nearly everybody speaks French. The French Canadians, as they are known, comprise 92 percent of the provincial population. In Montreal and its suburbs they outnumber the English-speaking people two to one in the popula-

tion of more than 2,000,000.

Montreal, by necessity, is bilingual with a French accent. So is its hockey team. When a goal is scored at the Forum, it is announced in French first, then English. The official team name is Le Club de Hockey Canadien out of tradition from the time when there were two NHL teams in Montreal (the Maroons, the English team, folded in 1935) and out of loyalty to the people who support it and the players who staff it. French Canadians comprise an estimated 80 percent of the big crowd at the Forum. Of the team's 18 players, ten to 12 usually are French Canadians-many of them from the backyard rinks of Montreal itself, all of them from the Province.

As a result of this French-Canadian flavor, the French-Canadian people have come to identify themselves with the team. Its success is their success; its failure is their failure.

Success is sweet because many French Canadians believe themselves to be treated as second-class citizens by their English-speaking countrymen. It is bad enough in the Province. It is worse outside of it. When one of them travels into neighboring Ontario and lapses into French, someone may say insultingly: "Why don't you speak white?" Their problem is similar, to some extent, to the Negro in the United States. And, as Jackie Robinson was the sports symbol for the Negro, the sports symbol for the French Canadians was Maurice Richard, the Rocket, the famous firebrand who skated out of poverty in Montreal to battle and brawl and blaze his way to a record 626 goals during regular-season and playoff competition.

There had been other French Canadian stars throughout NHL history but the Rocket was somebody special. And in the closing years of his career, he did what every French Canadian fan would like to have done: lead the Canadiens to their record five consecu-

tive Stanley Cup conquests.

The Rocket was a leader on the ice as hockey's greatest clutch player. He accounted for 18 winning goals in Stanley Cup games, including six in suddendeath overtimes-both NHL records. He was a leader off the ice, too, and the memory of him creates the first issue.

Is it significant that the Canadiens have failed to win the Stanley Cup since the Rocket retired following the 1960 playoffs?

"When you lose Maurice Richard," admits Frank Selke, the small, shrewd 69-year-old managing director of the Canadiens, "you lose more than the man's name. Everybody knows all about his scoring records but here's probably another record: in 18 years he never was late for practice. In fact he usually was one of the first in the room. That's the type of thing that impresses young players. If Rocket's there early, they know there's no reason why they shouldn't be, too."

"He was a leader," says Henri Richard, the Rocket's younger brother and one of the league's best centers. "Just the fact he was in the room, just his name. It made a big difference. And on the ice he was always

there to get the big goal."

Without the Rocket the Canadiens have been unable to get the big goal in the playoff games. Sometimes they've been unable to get any goals at all. In Toronto last spring they lost, 5-0, in the fifth game. That finished them, four games to one, and in the dressing room the players sat in silence for a few minutes. Then one of the young players had the nerve to pipe up, "Next year, we'll get 'em next year."

Had Rocket Richard been there, he would not have

been waiting for next year.

"Rocket," says Red Fisher, the sports columnist of the Montreal Star, "would've come into the room after that game and thrown his skates through the wall. As for the guy who made that crack, Rocket would've thrown him through the wall, too. It's more than a coincidence that they haven't won the Cup since Rocket left. When Rocket was there the players would go out for a beer after a game and there'd be 15 of them together. Not twos or threes or singles like they do now. The Rocket isn't there to lead them."

The leader. Why hasn't team captain Jean Beliveau or Bernie (Boom-Boom) Geoffrion been able to suc-

ceed Richard?

"When they lost the Rocket," says George (Punch) Imlach, the general manager-coach of Stanley Cup champion Toronto, "they lost the fire."

"It is not easy for me to take the place of Rocket," says Beliveau. "You do not find a big guy like Rocket

every day for a team."

When Richard retired, defenseman Doug Harvey was elected captain by his teammates. "Doug was good," says Henri Richard. "He was a big guy in the room. He would talk it up." But the following season, after Harvey was traded to the New York Rangers, Beliveau was elected captain although Geoffrion was the team's veteran in point of service.

"It hurt me a little bit," Geoffrion says. "I was hoping I would get that 'C' on my sweater. But I never

said anything of it."

"Dickie Moore would be the guy," says goalie Jacques Plante, who first mentioned the lack of a leader during the playoffs and was traded to New York in June. "But Dickie's legs are bad. He can't drive himself to skate. So how can he drive the other players?"

"If Plante thought we needed a leader last season,"

says Frank Selke, "why didn't he lead us?" "How can a goaltender get on the ice and lead the

players?" says Plante. "A goaltender can't do it." "Being a leader is a gift," says Selke. "You can't make a player a leader. You just have to wait until

one comes along. This young (-- TO PAGE 62)



When Renfro's on the run, opposing coaches suffer. "Frankly, I don't even want to talk about him," says Washington's Jim Owens.





Photos by Bob Peterson

N CERTAIN AREAS of Texas, to compare any modern football player with the great Dicky Moegle would be as blasphemous as extolling the Great Pumpkin on the eve of Father Christmas. But a football player was so compared—a Negro player, at that—one muggy evening last fall in Houston when 30,000 Rice University fans gave a standing ovation to an Oregon halfback, Mel Renfro.

The University of Oregon, which plays a flossier brand of football than most people are aware of, had just flattened the Owls, 31-12. Renfro left a list of damages that included, curiously, but one touchdown. Yet he made all other scores possible by running 141 yards (more than the entire Rice backfield), catching two passes for 27 yards and producing a spectacular 65-yard pass interception return that left Rice end Gene Raesz gasping: "One man alone can't grab him down or hem him in. And when there're two men there, he does something else."

To be technically accurate, he does about everything else. He runs, as one Houston writer put it, "in all directions like spilled ink." He also passes accurately, receives well, takes off like something catapulted from Cape Canaveral, tackles authoritatively and blocks with the recklessness of an uninhibited rhinoceros.

A Houston writer, Bob Rule, stirred his memory of southern football greats, found them wanting, and dared to conclude: "For one game, at least, Rice Stadium saw Moegle's equal Saturday night."

This fearsome apparition scarcely slowed down for the balance of the season. At the end of his junior year, Renfro had gained 753 yards (a school record), completed five passes, two for touchdowns, received 16 other passes (three touchdowns) and scored 78 points for the season. Defensively, he played his safety position with the agility of a centerfielder. All of this earned Renfro All-America acclaim and the Washington, D. C., Pigskin Club's citation as "collegiate back of the year." This season he is a likely candidate for the Heisman Trophy—won last year by Renfro's one-time teammate at Jefferson High, Portland—Oregon State's Terry Baker.

Renfro, a soft-spoken 195-pounder, was hardly the best-kept secret in football when he graduated from high school four years ago. He earned recognition on two high-school All-America selections and had gained similar recognition as a track star. He still holds state high-school records in the high hurdles (:14 flat), the low hurdles (:18.9) and shares the broadjump record of 24-1%.

He was besieged by glad-handing recruiters from all over the nation but wound up at Oregon chiefly because his father, who works in a furniture upholstery factory in Portland, favored the school at Eugene. "He was," says Oregon coach Len Casanova, "the funniest acting kid I ever recruited. He was too shy to declare himself, but his dad kept saying, 'Keep trying, I think you're doing all right.' I wasn't sure I had him until he arrived."

Casanova, on the other hand, is definitely sure of what he got on arrival. "Renfro," he has declared more than once, "is the best football player I've ever coached."

In his early days at Oregon, Renfro was a painfully withdrawn boy. "He was shy, but never sullen," says a friend. "Some boys are quiet, and back of their silence is hostility. But Mel always had friendly eyes. He just didn't say much."

To this day, Renfro is afflicted by agonizing pre-game



## RENFRO ON THE RUN

In one game he played less than ten minutes, he touched the ball only five times, yet he produced 18 of his team's 19 points. Obviously, he's not always as successful as this, but he's successful enough to rate as a top contender for this season's Heisman Trophy

## BY EMMETT WATSON

jitters. "I'm very nervous and I don't want to show it," he admits. "Along about Friday the food starts to taste bad. I try hard to eat on the day of a game, and I put it down. But I don't think it does me any good." He tosses restlessly in bed two nights before a game. "I always go to bed about 9:30, but it seems fruitless," he says. "I just lie there and think of this play and that play, and what I'm supposed to do on Saturday. I never seem to get to sleep before 12:30 or 1. To me, those three hours are just wasted."

This picture of a tortured, restless, even frightened young man scarcely equates with the explosion that frequently follows on Saturdays. Before his first collegiate game, against Idaho in 1961, he went through

some 48 hours of pre-battle wretchedness.

Within five minutes of the opening kickoff he ran 80 yards for his first touchdown. He carried the ball from scrimmage only four times and gained 122 yards. He returned one punt 42 yards and caught another pass for 20 yards and wound up playing no more than 15 devastating minutes in Oregon's 51-0 rout of the Vandals.

In fact, he played very little football in the next five weeks. Sidelined by a foot injury the next week, he remained dormant through four more games until Casanova decided he might be fit for "spot" duty against Stanford at Palo Alto. What followed has become almost a legendary example in athletic time-andmotion studies.

Late in the first quarter, Oregon held the ball, fourth down and goal to go on the Stanford four-yard line. Renfro was rushed in from the bench, took a pitchout and powered his way in to score. As the half came to an end, Renfro was given the ball for the second time in the game. He passed 39 yards to end Paul Burleson to give Oregon a 13-0 lead. At the beginning of the second half, he received a Stanford kickoff and ran it back 93 yards for a touchdown. Renfro touched the ball two other times in the game—one for a 15-yard gain on a reverse and, finally, for a 17-yard gain on a pass reception. He had played less than ten minutes, touched the ball only five times, yet had produced 18 points in Oregon's 19-7 victory.

Such explosiveness quickly caught the eyes of the whole West Coast. In that first sophomore year, Renfro played in only five games, but still was picked on virtually every All-Coast team. He is, of course, an outstanding college track star. As a sophomore, he sparked the Webfoots in their capture of the NCAA championship, finishing second to a teammate, Jerry Tarr, in the high hurdles with a 13.8 clocking, placing third in the broad jump with a leap of 25 feet, 11¾ inches. This year, against Oregon State, he ran the low hurdles in :14 flat, broadjumped 25-6, but finished his track season in the NCAA meet when he injured his knee in the broadjump.

Still noticeably reticent, Renfro nevertheless has made remarkable social progress in his three years at Oregon. A Physical Education major, his grades remain somewhat less than explosive than his athletic achievements. "I'm a little above a two-point," he admits. A year ago he married and his wife now works as a secretary in the chancellor's office at Oregon. The couple expects its first child in January.

The kid who was once almost mute among strangers readily accepts speaking engagements from service clubs and banquet committees. "When he first came here," says Casanova, "you couldn't (——) TO PAGE 83)



### SPORT'S HALL OF FAME

He played football four seasons at Southern
Louisiana, another four at West Point; he played with an
All-America's skill at both places. Chris
Cagle was one of the most exciting backs of all time, but
he's remembered as well for his controversies

# CHRIS CAGLE: Eight years a college star

## By ED LINN

WHEN CHRISTIAN KENNER CAGLE took his entrance exam to West Point he was already a college graduate. He was eligible to play football only because of the special rules then in force at the Academy. Without that rule, of course, he would never have bothered to go to West Point; Cagle never pretended he was burning with any great desire to become an army officer. He was burning only with the desire to prove that he could play big-time football. He proved it so convincingly that he now ranks with Red Grange, Tom Harmon and Glenn Davis as one of the four great halfbacks in collegiate history.

Cagle's great extra-territorial fame, however, rests on the fact that, in strict non-compliance with the rule prohibiting a cadet from having "a dog, a wife or a mustache," he was secretly married during his last two years at the Point. When the news broke, a month before he was scheduled to graduate, he was drummed out of the Academy without diploma or commission. Cagle could easily be forgiven if he had done nothing more destructive than getting married. Unfortunately, he also became the model for a spate of musical comedies (pick your own sport) in which the hero's marriage was discovered on the eve of The Big Game—Hollywood having a more delicate sense of timing about these things. Even after all these years it is not easy to forgive him that.

Keener Cagle was raised on a cattle ranch in Merryville, Texas, a little town just this side of the Mexican border. He always claimed that he had developed his passing eye by lassooing calves. ("Keener" was what he was called throughout his youth. It was only when he came to West Point that he began to be called "Chris" by the newspapers and "Red" by his friends.) As a boy, he wanted to become—of all things—a doctor. In his first year at Southern Louisiana Institute, he discovered that a pre-med course—mixed with football, basketball, track and waiting on tables—was far beyond him. It was only the first of many ambitions that Chris Cagle put behind him.

Like many another athlete, he decided his best bet was to make use of his more obvious talents and become a coach. He was a good basketball player, a fine quarter-miler—and great in football. For four years, he ran wild. In his junior year, 1924, the first time SLI bothered to keep statistics, he set a national passing record by completing 67 out of 125 passes. He was also fifth nationally in scoring and, quite probably, the country's rushing leader with a 13.3 average. The following year, his statistics were almost as good.

The trouble was that no one was looking. He was then a 150- (--- TO PAGE 69)

Havlicek did very well as a rookie with Boston last season. Now, he tells his former college teammate what he can expect in professional basketball

# WHAT LUCAS WILL HAVE TO LEARN

## By JOHN HAVLICEK

with Bob Sudyk

ERRY, IF YOU really don't like living out of a suitcase . . . playing over 100 games a season . . . being away from your family for long periods . . . eating french fries and hamburgers for breakfast . . . sleeping sitting up in a plane . . . or playing basketball when you should be in bed on the other side of the U.S.—then being a pro in the National Basketball Association will be tough.

I'm giving it to you, as I experienced it, after one season with the Boston Celtics. Every NBA rookie was a star at his college. You were rated one of the best college players in the history of the game. And I know you can become a superstar in this league because you are a fundamentally sound basketball player. You've got the speed, strength, coordination, a shooter's eye and great defensive ability. There isn't much more anyone can have. But you have to want success 100 percent to succeed as a pro.

You are nobody until somebody loves you, the song goes, and nobody loves you in the NBA until you give them something to love. The fans will be expecting a lot. The pressure will be terrific. Some people are not going to be happy unless you fail. And some are just waiting for the chance to cheer you.

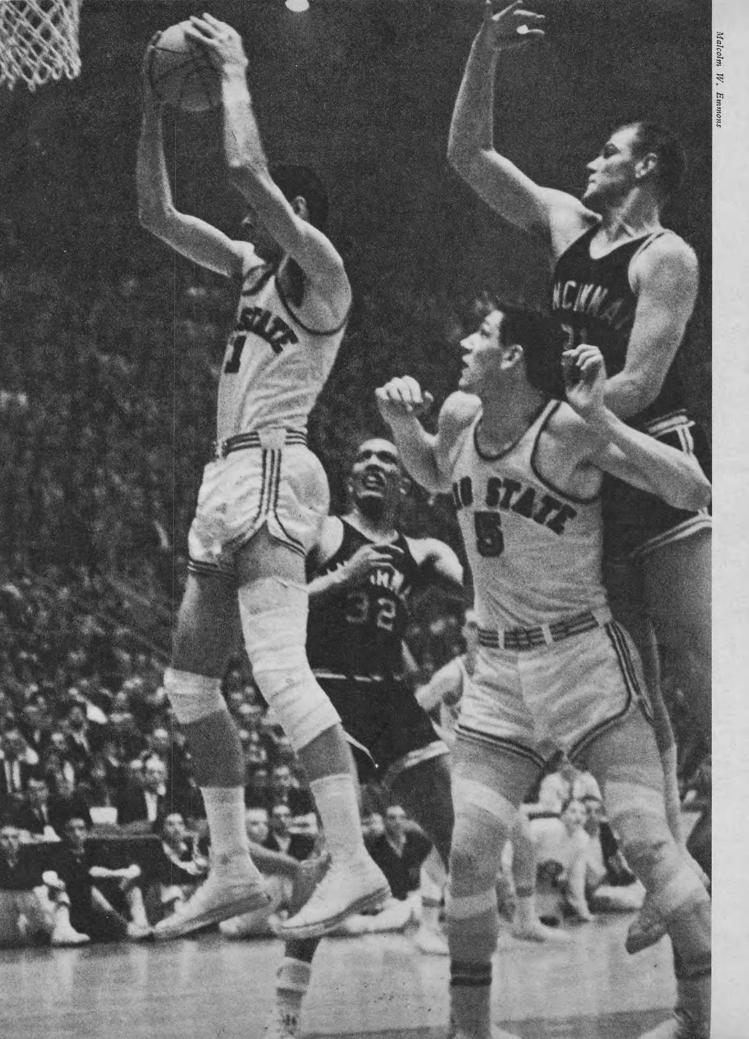
A college reputation lasts only until the opening whistle of your first game. Then you are just another guy in bare knees. You and you alone will have to prove you're a pro from that moment. A lot of fellows have trouble making the transition from college ball to the pros. But I know you have the desire and there is no doubt about your ability. There is a story Celtic Bob Cousy told about Jerry West of the Los Angeles Lakers: "In 1960 in his first year in the league, West allowed players who weren't half as good to push him around. He wouldn't force a scoring opportunity even if he thought he could get away with it. He'd pass off. But by the end of the season he learned and learned and learned." All rookies have to make the same difficult adjustments.

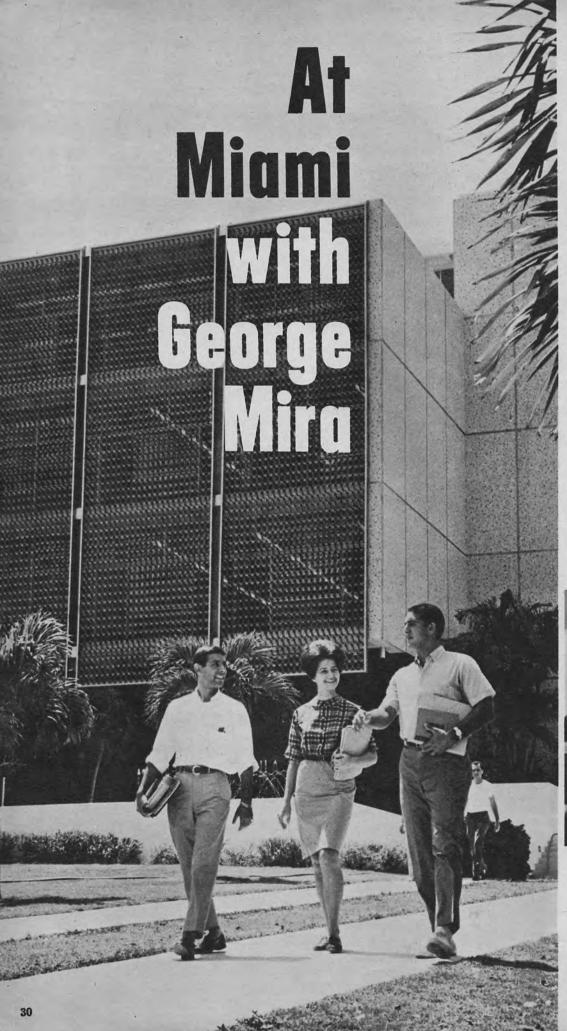
First of all, people will expect you to shoot more than you ever did at Ohio State. The NBA game is a shooting game. I'm sure your coach will expect you to.

There is a tendency for every rookie to feed off more than he should. I did the same thing until Cousy took me aside early last season. He said, "Spider, go up with it. It takes five men to win at this game. Every unnecessary pass gives us one more chance for error!" The other teams had started sagging off me because they knew I wasn't shooting. This loused up our whole offense and Cousy knew it. Most rookies are hesitant about taking a shot and everyone has to get over it. Our coach, Red Auerbach, says to keep on shooting even if you're missing and they're sagging off on you. "Don't let them insult you," he says.

That hook shot you used so successfully at Ohio State may have to be altered. Fellows like the Celtics' Bill Russell or San Francisco's Wilt Chamberlain make it almost impossible. For instance, Wilt, who has the wing spread of a B-29, (----- TO PAGE 76)

Lucas, rebounding, and Havlicek, No. 5, were Ohio State stars three years. Now they're opponents.





On the football field, the nation's No. 1 college quarterback performs with All-America flare, a sharp contrast to his campus life

Photos by Ozzie Sweet



The bronzed coeds, sheltering palms and recreational facilities that abound on the Miami campus offer tempting distractions from the study routine. But Mira realizes the value of his education and hopes to coach or teach should he fail to make it as a pro.





Mira is a rare Miami football player in more ways than just ability. He was one of only 11 Floridians listed on the Hurricanes' 1963 spring roster. And unlike his northern teammates, many of whom have led severe lives in Pennsylvania and Ohio mill towns, George has no taste for fraternities or Miami Beach night clubs. He prefers dining informally in the school's cafeteria, above, when the team training table isn't in session, and he relaxes with an occasional round of golf. Workouts, left, are also part of his campus life.

WHEN GEORGE IGNACIO (The Matador) Mira receives his college diploma in June, 1964, he'll be bombarded with offers from professional football and baseball teams. The Miami Chamber of Commerce, however, is one organization that won't be standing in line for his services.

A native of Key West, Mira has constantly complained of colds since his freshman days at the University of Miami. "He blames the Miami climate," says trainer Dave Wike. "He talks like Miami is the North Pole."

George may not be the best public-relations man the city of Miami has ever had, but he certainly is worth more than his 180-pound weight in gold to the University's athletic prestige. Not until Mira took over as quarterback in 1961 did Miami pose a consistent threat to such traditional powers as Alabama, Maryland, Pittsburgh and LSU. Since then George has set virtually all school passing records, was named an All-America last season and seems a certainty to be the pros' first quarterback choice in the draft this December.





## At Miami with George Mira

continued



Jay Spencer

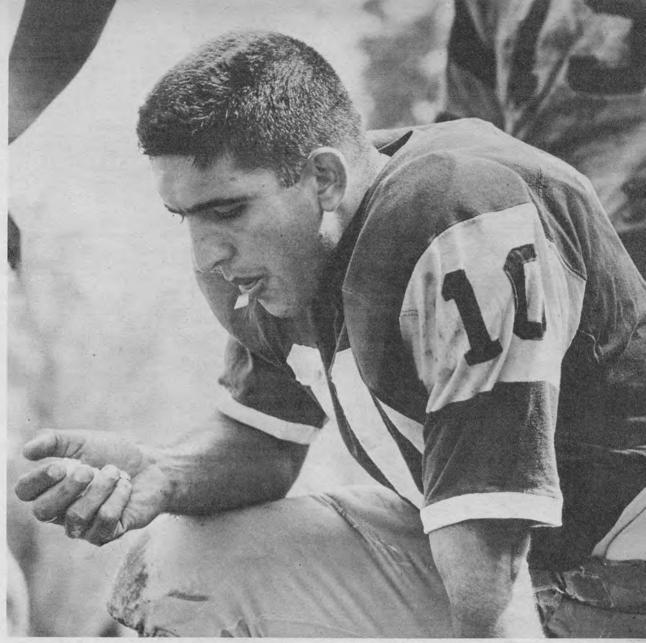
Mira's cool calculations even when pursued by such big linemen as No. 70, above, help him attain All-America stature. He passes and runs for Miami, and he also holds the ball for the point-after-touchdown attempts, left. Says Northwestern coach Ara Parseghian: "That Mira is the quickest quarterback I have ever seen on a football field. He's incredible." Others agree.

Mira was just as sensational in high school, and not only in football. He pitched three no-hitters and received a \$13,000 bonus offer from the Baltimore Orioles. But he decided to get a physical education degree at Miami before choosing between the two sports. Just to make sure George wouldn't change his mind, Miami assistant football coach Walt Kichefski met Mira at the Miami bus depot and took his suitcase to the dorm.

The precaution taken by Kichefski may have been inspired by tales of Mira's volatile on-field temperament, a characteristic that is still as much a part of Mira. Once against Tulane, George did everything but curse at head coach Andy Gustafson when the coach sent in an off-tackle play instead of letting Mira pass from the two-yard line.

"How do you like that?" said Gustafson. "This guy wants to run the shop. But believe me, you can put up with that when a guy can throw a football."

And if the coach can take it, who is the Miami Chamber of Commerce to complain if the cocky but talented quarterback does nothing more than knock the local climate?

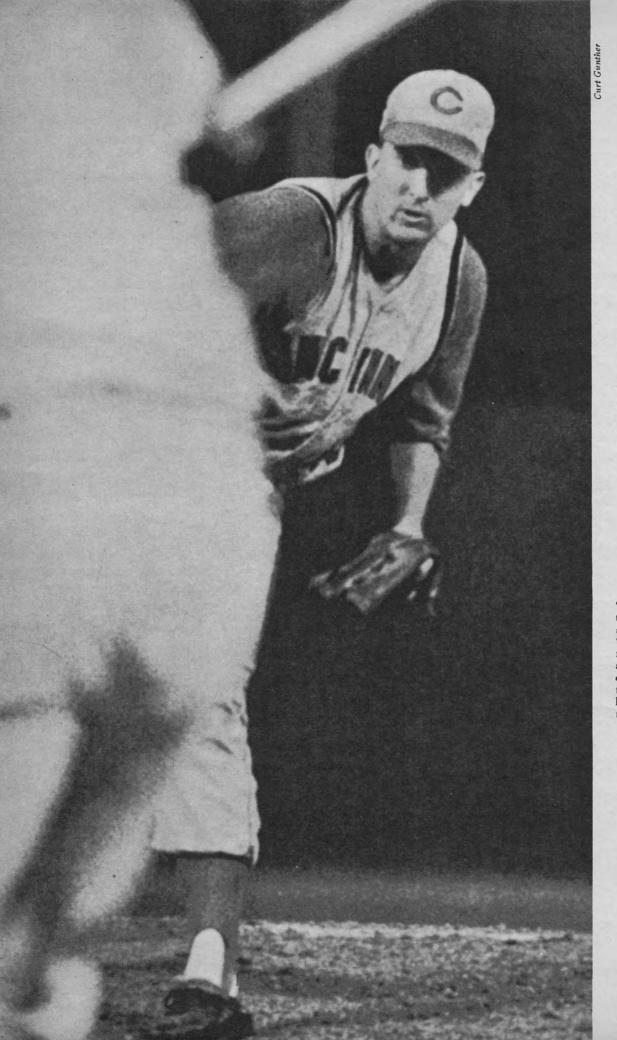


During a brief rest, George soothes his parched throat with ice and maps out the next attack.



Coach Andy Gustafson, above left, was criticized heavily for building his offense around Mira even before George's first game. But all that has changed and Miami's greatest sports hero is as admired by the erstwhile critics as he is by the youngsters, right, who continually seek his autograph all over the campus.





"I didn't have a clue as to how to pitch," Jim says of his early days. "I was trying to throw my fastball right past all of the hitters. In college ball you can do that. In professional ball you can't. They were rocking me all around."

Jim had the same philosophy in business dealings and in pitching, and it took time before he realized that what worked in one occupation could only hinder him in the other. The results of his realization now show on his record

### SQUARE DEAL MALONEY OF THE REDS

By ROY McHUGH



HONEST JIM MALONEY was a used-car salesman who refused to peddle junk. "The public," said Maloney sincerely, "must have confidence in you. The public must have trust in you. When you say to a customer, "This is a good-running automobile, this car is mechanically sound,' he has to believe it. And how can he believe it unless you believe it yourself?"

These were excellent precepts for creating goodwill on behalf of Earl (Hands) Maloney's Used-Car Lot—the third largest used-car lot in Fresno, California. Earl (Hands) Maloney is Jim Maloney's father. Both he and the Fresno Better Business Bureau have a right to be proud of his son. There was the customer last winter who bought a 1940 Buick from Jim, returned to trade it in on a 1951 Plymouth, and then traded that in on a 1953 Cadillac. With each transaction, he de-

clared himself perfectly satisfied. Jim (Square Deal) Maloney peddles no junk, a fine rule-of-chassis in the used-car business.

But his other employers, the Cincinnati Reds, were inclined to be fretful about it.

In 1959 the Reds gave Maloney \$100,000, more or less, for agreeing to go to work in their farm chain as a pitcher. Maloney's conception of pitching at the time was to throw as hard as he could, which was very hard indeed, for as long as he could, which was seldom nine innings. He peddled no junk, no soft stuff. Slow curves and changeups seemed as reprehensible to Maloney as bald tires and oil leaks and rust on the fenders. So, with absolute confidence that Maloney would throw a fastball, with absolute trust in his lack of guile, the hitters in the Three-I League were gleefully knocking his brains out.

The solution, the Reds could see, was a simple one. Square Deal Maloney had to be somehow convinced that in pitching, unlike the used-car business, honesty is not the best policy. To this task they assigned a man with a plain, honest face, a grizzled former member of the business community named Jim Turner. When Turner was a dairy owner in Nashville, Tennessee, nobody ever accused him of watering the milk, but he proceeded to cleanse Maloney of all his scruples. Today Maloney's pitching scruples have vanished to the point where a guy with a bat in his hands might be tempted, now and then, to use it on Maloney instead of the ball.

At the age of 23, pitching his second full season for the Reds, Maloney this year was a 20-gameplus winner. There were batters who described him as the fastest righthanded pitcher in the National League—as fast, some believed, as the fastest lefthander, Sandy Koufax of the Dodgers. There were others who pronounced him the toughest righthander to hit. The testimonials were

not quite synonymous.

Bill Virdon of the Pittsburgh Pirates clarified this toward the end of the season. "Even when you know he's going to throw hard, he can throw the ball by you anyway," Virdon said. "But the big thing is that he's mixing it up—he's mixing up his pitches and getting them over." Back in the days when Maloney was more reliable—when a hitter could stand up there and feel that sooner or later he would get the exact fastball he wanted—batting against him was almost a pleasure for Virdon.



SPECIAL SECTION: BASEBALL'S NEW STARS

### JIMMIE HALL A Hidden Star

The Twins tried to cover up Hall
last winter, just in case he had enough
talent to play in the big leagues.
He had the talent, and other ballclubs
now regret not scouting him closer

By LEONARD SHECTER

IMMIE HALL, a rookie on the way up, is a nice kid. He'd never take anything that didn't belong to him except maybe an extra base. He's never made a lot of money and if he ever does it will be by playing baseball, not sticking up a bank. Jimmie Hall is the kind of kid you'd like to see on a date with your sister.

Yet Jimmie Hall's life is entangled with two of the least admirable, though traditional, aspects of baseball—chicanery and ignorance. His experience illustrates this sad truism: while baseball people have infinite talent for putting over a fast deal they have almost none for judging baseball ability.

No one was ever fleeced so thoroughly, for example, as the people in New York and Houston who paid \$2,400,000 for admission to the National League to find they had bought permission only to hang limply at the end of the league like a ribbon on the tail of a cat.

Recently the draft rules have given baseball men an opportunity to work their sleight of hand on each other. This seems innocent enough, rather like stealing each other's wash, but in practice it works to hurt most the teams the rules were designed to help, the have-nots.

So it was that Paul Richards, when he ran the Baltimore club, coached Chuck Hinton into staging a remarkable collision with an outfield wall during which Hinton broke a collar bone. The remarkable thing about it was that Hinton didn't hit the wall and he didn't break anything but his promise to his mother to tell the truth. Richards simply figured that no one with an ounce of sense would lay out \$25,000 in the draft for a crippled ballplayer. He was wrong. Washington drafted Hinton anyway.

The Minnesota Twins were as sly with Jimmie Hall and a good deal luckier. Playing only three-fourths of the '63 season, Hall broke Ted Williams' record of having hit 31 home runs in his rookie year. He would have been the star of any of the expansion teams and a few of the older ones, too. And the only reason another club didn't get him is that nobody wanted him.

Hall was open to the draft. He was allowed to show his stuff in the Flordia instructional league last winter, a league that's scouted by more wise and bald heads than a burlesque show. All he did was hit .351. That's where the chicanery comes in. Although the Twins were far from sure they wanted to keep Hall they didn't want him to look like too choice a morsel before they made up their minds. So when he reported to Orlando, Del Wilber, the manager, said, "You're our third-baseman."

Hall is a third-baseman like Jayne Mansfield is a man. "I didn't get killed," says Hall, who is from North Carolina and has a corn pone accent (ah for I and y'all and all that jazz). "But the way I was playing you'da thought I was going to."

In one respect, at least, Hall is the perfect baseball player—he doesn't ask questions. He didn't even ask Wilber anything. "I never ask nothing," he says, and perhaps that's why one of his favorite expressions is "I don't know."

Hall found out about the plot by reading it in the papers. "I wasn't mad," he said. "I'm happy about it now, the way it worked out."

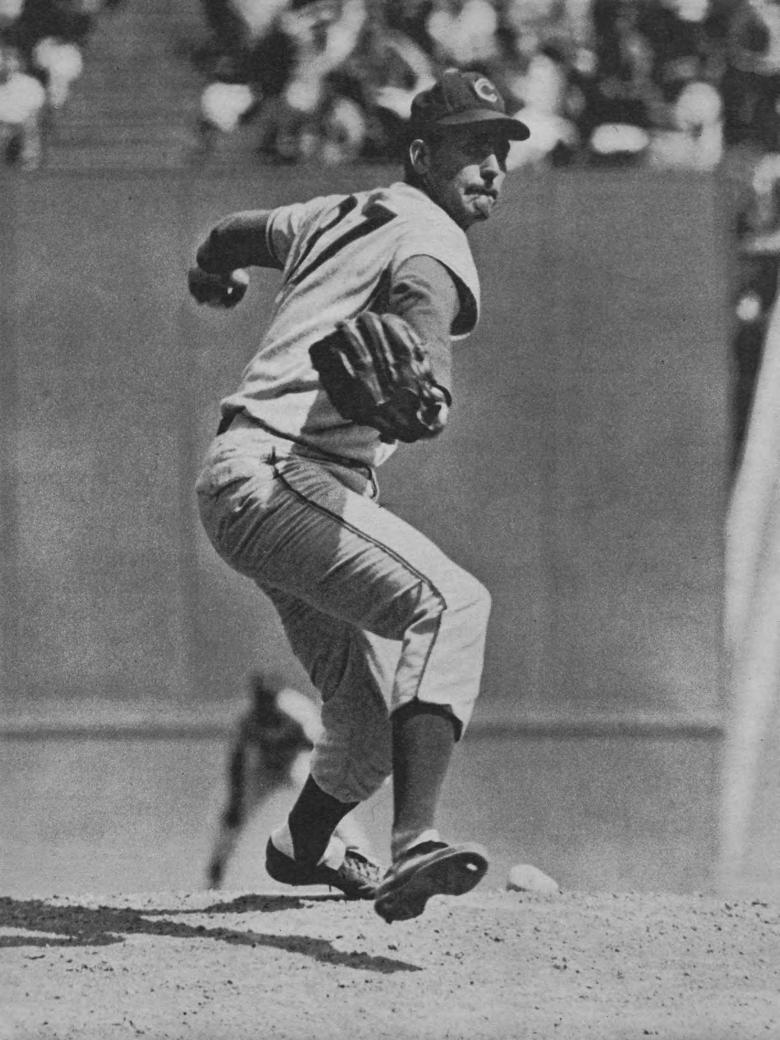
Other clubs are not so happy. Johnny Murphy, the New York Mets' farm director, was moved to go over his files on Hall the day after the sensational rookie hit two home runs to raise his total to 27. "Our reports on him," Murphy said, "were that he had some ability with the bat." He also had some ability as an outfielder, but evidently this got by in the confusion of watching Hall play third base. "This made us look back at his other performances," Murphy went on. "He'd been kicking around for years and never did much. It made you think maybe he was hitting only because there were a lot of kid pitchers in the instructional league."

This is what baseball men go by, of course. You take all these keen-eyed observers who can take a swing apart surgically at a glance and you find their biggest asset is a Baseball Register. In this case it was a great liability. Because Hall turned out to be one of the people who show nothing in the minors, everything in the majors. Once Hall started to play regularly—in June—he hit at a steady just-under-.300 pace for the rest of the season. And the home runs came in clusters, like grapes. "He's killed us," Gil Hodges, the manager of the Senators, said toward the end of the season. "And that's putting it mildly."

Of course the word from Sherry Robertson, the Twins' farm director, is that they weren't trying to hide Hall at all. "We were just trying to find a place to play him," Robertson says. You can believe him if you want, but keep in mind (——) TO PAGE 86)



Wally Post, right, was one of the Minnesota veterans Jimmie went to for batting assistance. Post gave him some tips on pinch-hitting. "I told him: 'Keep swinging,' " Wally says. "If he swings he'll get his hits." The important point is Hall frequently asks veterans for advice.



A 20-game loser in 1962, he became a 20-game winner in 1963. His success and the resulting success of his team added up to one of the biggest surprises of the sports year

## DICK ELLSWORTH DID IT

By GEORGE VECSEY

HE WORLD BEAT a path to Dick Ellsworth's locker during the 1963 baseball season. Even the considerable patience and diplomacy of Yosh Kawano, the clubhouse man, were tried, as all sorts of visitors attempted to gain access to the Chicago Cubs' bright young pitcher.

Some visitors wanted to meet Dick and shake his hand and congratulate him on switching from 20-game loser to 20-game winner in one season. Others offered jobs or deals or even a speaking fee.

Once in a while reporters came around. They wanted something, too.

They wanted to know: "What took you so long?"

Twenty-three-year-old Dick Ellsworth possesses many commendable attributes. But sense of humor is not foremost among his noticeable traits. Still, he took the question well, stretched out his 6-4, 195-pound frame and peered out at his visitor from serious, frank eyes. He tried to explain what took him so long.

He had to learn to control his temper.

He had to learn to control his pitches.

He had to learn to throw a slider. He had to learn to throw a change of pace.

He had to work hard on his curve.

He had to grow and gain experience and that's what took him so long.

So long? Now wait a minute. Sure, Ellsworth had pitched in a major-league game in 1958. But he was only an 18-year-old bonus rookie then. In another

organization he might have spent three or four years in the minors, learning the complex trade of a pitcher. But strange things happen in the Cub organization. Ellsworth has 58 minor-league games behind him. But he had pitched in 106 major-league games before 1963. He was hit hard, he made his mistakes—and he grew up—in front of major-league audiences.

So long? Ellsworth had won 26 games and lost 45 before 1963. His ratio wasn't good, but neither was the Cubs'.

So long? While still 23 years old, the young left-hander had won more major-league games than Robin Roberts (42), Early Wynn (31), Sandy Koufax (28), Whitey Ford (9) and Warren Spahn (0) had won at the same age.

Still, Ellsworth had gone through the traumatic experience of losing 20 games in 1962. He won only nine. The bitter season could have broken him down, but he didn't let it.

"I didn't get discouraged," he said. "For one thing, I didn't pitch too many real bad games. Another thing, they kept pitching me. Oh, once in a while I'd be in the bullpen for a couple of days. But then they'd start me again. As long as they went with me, I figured I could still improve."

The improvement came in 1963. It came in the form of sharp curveballs breaking before they reached home plate. It took the shape of change-up pitches floating untouched across the strike zone. It appeared as high, tight (——) TO PAGE 87)

# "THE FRESHEST ROOKIE I EVER SAW"

So says Mickey Mantle, describing Joe Pepitone. With his unique talent and personality, Joe has attracted considerable attention

By BERRY STAINBACK



OSEPH ANTHONY PEPITONE of the New York Yankees got his real start in baseball with a semi-pro team from Brooklyn, Nathan's Famous Hot Dogs. Many people, even his fans, feel Joe's been a hot dog ever since. Actually there is nothing more than a little cocktail frankfurter in him, but this is magnified by his staid, almost aristocratic Yankee pinstripes. Pepitone is not a typical New York Yankee from Brooklyn. He is not a typical New York Yankee from anywhere. He is, praise be, a live one.

The team got an early clue that Joe did not fall squarely into the "Yankee image." As a teenager he reported to spring training in his Thunderbird, towing a 14½-foot motorboat. (Traditionally, the helpful Yankee management immediately helps this kind of youngster launch his boat in the Atlantic Ocean, after drilling a small hole beneath the waterline. Joe's unusually large bat kept him afloat.) Even after almost two seasons with New York the 22-year-old Pepitone was reiterating the fact that standard Yankee demeanor means about as much to him as Super Blue blades mean to Fidel Castro.

There was the night at the Stadium last August. In the first two games of this series against Cleveland, Pepitone had six hits in eight at-bats, 25 hits in 56 appearances on the season. The Indians, in other words, hadn't exactly found his weakness at the plate. They discovered that night, however, that Joe had trouble with a ball on his wrist. Smack on his wrist. A wrist does not propel a baseball as far as a bat.

Cleveland pitcher Barry Latman threw a ball that hit Joe on the wrist in the third inning and Joe was annoyed. He writhed on the ground as if his right wrist had been broken. He was further annoyed in the eighth inning when reliever Gary Bell threw a pitch behind him, then nicked him on the shirt. Joe wanted to take the mound instead of first base, but umpire John Stevens intercepted him while the plate umpire was fining Bell \$50.

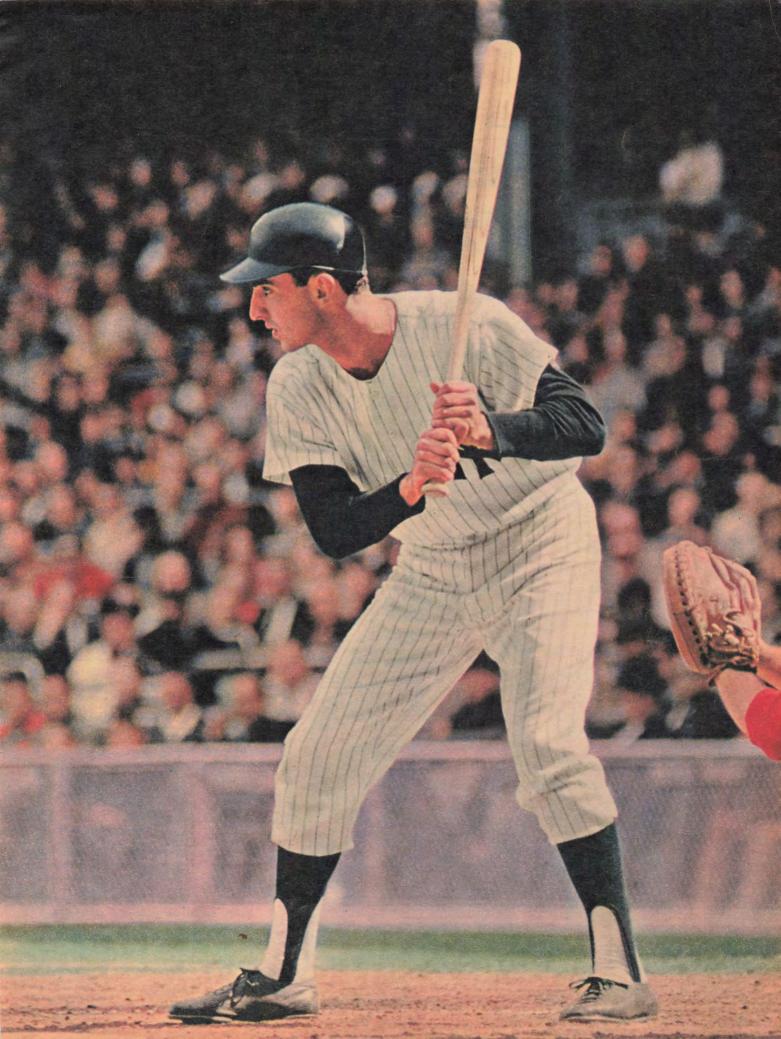
Pepitone played it very cool at first base. "I'll get you!" he yelled at Bell.

"Come on!" Gary yelled back.

Charge. Fred Whitfield, the Indians' peacemaking first-baseman, grabbed Joe from behind, but the only peace Pepitone wanted was a piece of Bell. He struggled and Whitfield threw him toward the ground. Somehow, though, as he went down Joe suddenly spun Whitfield onto his back. And the peacemaker received two sharp punches to the head.

The Indians raced angrily from their dugout and bullpen; the Yankees raced angrily from their dugout and (——) TO PAGE 58)

Pepitone is a tough battler, left, and an outstanding batter, right.



### DRESSED FOR SPORT

### Pete Retzlaff

PALMER (PETE) RETZLAFF is another of those guys from a small college (South Dakota State) who was virtually overlooked in the product of the Army two years later, sold him to the Eagles for \$100. That was regarded as sport's biggest bargain until John Pregenzer. A spot player in Philadelphia in 1956 and '57, Pete caught only 22 passes. The following year Retzlaff had 56 receptions to lead the NFL, with Raymond Berry, in that department. In succeeding seasons, he caught 34, 46, and 50 passes from his split end position. But in the third game of 1962 he broke his right arm and missed six games. He returned, with his arm in a cast from wrist to elbow, as a tight end for the last five games. "It's foolish to say the arm didn't hurt," Pete says, "but the point was that there was little danger of rebreaking it. It was well protected." He blocked well and caught 23 passes in those five games to finish with 30. The 6-1, 210-pounder will again play tight end this year. On his play, coach Nick Skorich says, "The guy rarely makes a mistake." This goes for Retzlaff's choice of attire, too.

Photos by Burt Owen





Wide World

Above, Pete, No. 44, fakes his way clear of Giants to catch a pass. He doesn't pass in the NFL, but he knows the techniques. He shows them, left, to Chuck Trenn, who works summers for the Eagles. Pete wears an Arrow gabardine shirt, Paris belt and slacks by Sol Newman Trousers, Ltd. Chuck's Wool-Kodel cardigan is a Robert Bruce, his shirt an Arrow and his gabardine slacks are a Metro product.



"I'm looking forward to my best season," Pete said early this autumn at the Philadelphia Eagles Hershey, Pennsylvania, training camp. "I've been working out since April and I'm confident," he added. He has on a worsted ski sweater by Jockey Menswear.

Although most football players are past their prime at 32, Retzlaff figures he's good for several more years of play. "I matured later physically than most players," He says. "I'm faster now and feel stronger now than I did in college." Below, he wears Mighty-Mac's Antron nylon ski parka. Over his Or-Ion Robert Bruce ski sweater Chuck wears Lakeland's adaptation of the Olympic Parade Coat selected for wear by the U.S. team at the 1964 winter Olympic Games in Innsbruck, Austria. Pete will closely follow the games in his capacity as a sportscaster for WCAU-TV and WIP radio in Philadelphia, jobs which he performs the year-round.



### **Pete Retzlaff**

continued

Chuck, a high-school sophomore in Hershey, models a red-and-white striped Arrow button-down. Below, he has on a two-button Orlon-worsted sharkskin suit in Continental styling (slanted pockets, side vents). It's from Calvin; his striped oxford button-down is from Honor Man, Division of Kaynee; and his silk-wool tie is from Beau Brummel. Retzlaff's camel basketweave blazer is a wool-Orlon blend from Stanley Blacker, his short button-down is from Wings and his silk tie is from Beau Brummel.

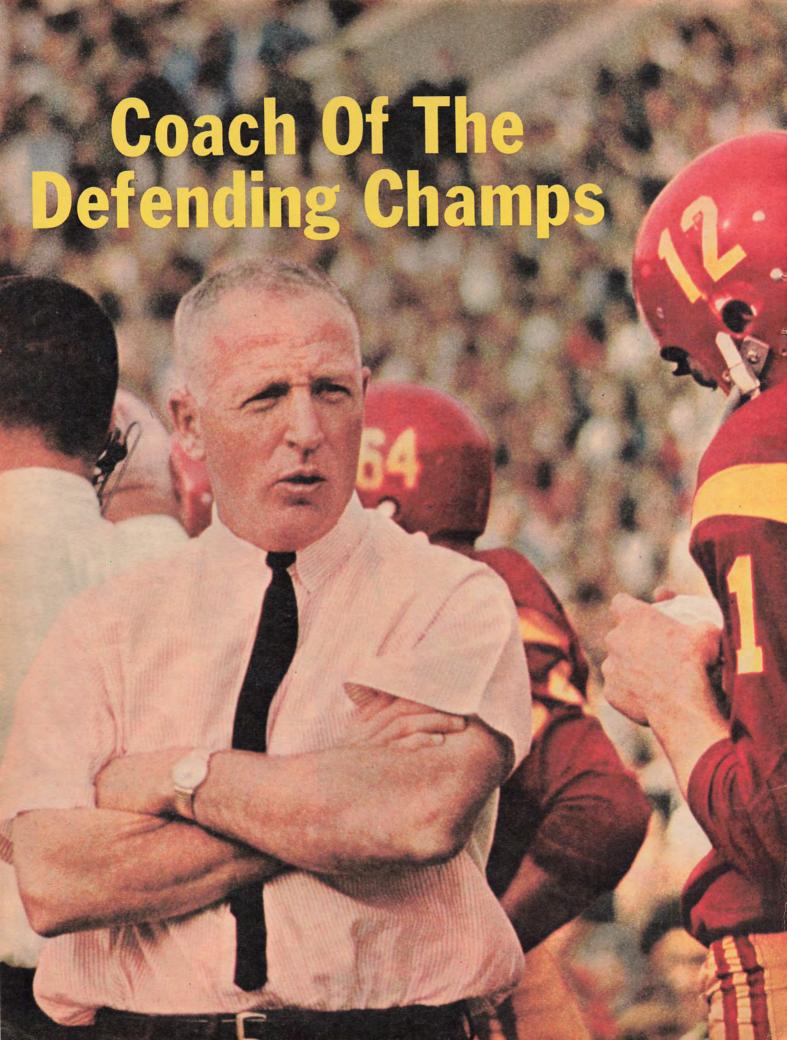




A glance at Retzlaff's hand on a football is all one needs to know about why the coaches say "he's got the good hands." At right, he wears a wool-Orlon knit sportshirt (Jockey Menswear) and Dacronwool gabardine slacks (H. D. Lee). Chuck's traditional trousers are of Metro's flannel blend of 420 Nylon with rayon. His elastic belt is by Paris. Below, somebody seems to have left his shoes in the stands. The wing-tip is an M.T. Shaw in softly grained leather; Shaw's classic black mocassin has hand-stitched sides and vamp. The shoe on the right is a Leverenz "Seat Belt" slip-on, featuring a buckle similar to car seat-belt buckles. The striped-top Orlon crew sock and the wool-nylon stretch crews are by Wigwam. The football is a product of Rawlings.







USC's football status had never been so low. Then John McKay took over and built a national champion. His success secrets? For a starter, he says, "I never take a vacation and I probably won't take one until I retire"

### By Al Stump

SENIOR HALFBACK Johnny McKay, of the University of Oregon, sat on his bunk in the Alpha Tau Omega house, groping with a tough decision. Through the intercession of friends, he had secured a blind date that evening with a Beautiful Blonde, a coed he'd admired until now only from afar. The Beautiful Blonde was in heavy demand by Big Men on the campus and Johnny McKay, given what might be his one opportunity to impress her, didn't want to fumble it.

He studied himself in the mirror. Not handsome to begin with, he had a plaster bandage spread across his puffed nose. Two teeth were chipped and he looked like a guy fresh from a street fight, Furthermore, he couldn't walk. With one leg in a cast, the only way he could move was

to swing himself along on crutches.

Against Stanford the previous week, taking a hand-off from quarter-back Norm Van Brocklin, he'd cut inside guard and been knocked tail-over-teakettle, and then piled upon, after which tender hands had delivered him to a hospital, a 165-pound mass of contusions and torn knee ligaments.

Should he cancel the date with the Beautiful Blonde and try again

when he was more presentable?

When the odds are the most unpromising, Johnny McKay never has been the type to hesitate. Pulling on a necktie, he hitched a ride to the house of the Beautiful Blonde.

Miss Nancy (Corky) Hunter, the Beautiful Blonde, stood speechless when she opened her door and saw what was standing there on crutches. Johnny McKay's opening line was: "A funny thing happened on the way over here—a building fell on me." He grinned at her crookedly. "Are you ready to go to dinner?"

Bursting out laughing, Corky Hunter got her coat and away they went, and—not many months later, while Big Men of the campus enviously ground their teeth—Johnny McKay married the Beautiful Blonde. The time was June, 1949, and Corky and Johnny McKay (——) TO PAGE 78)

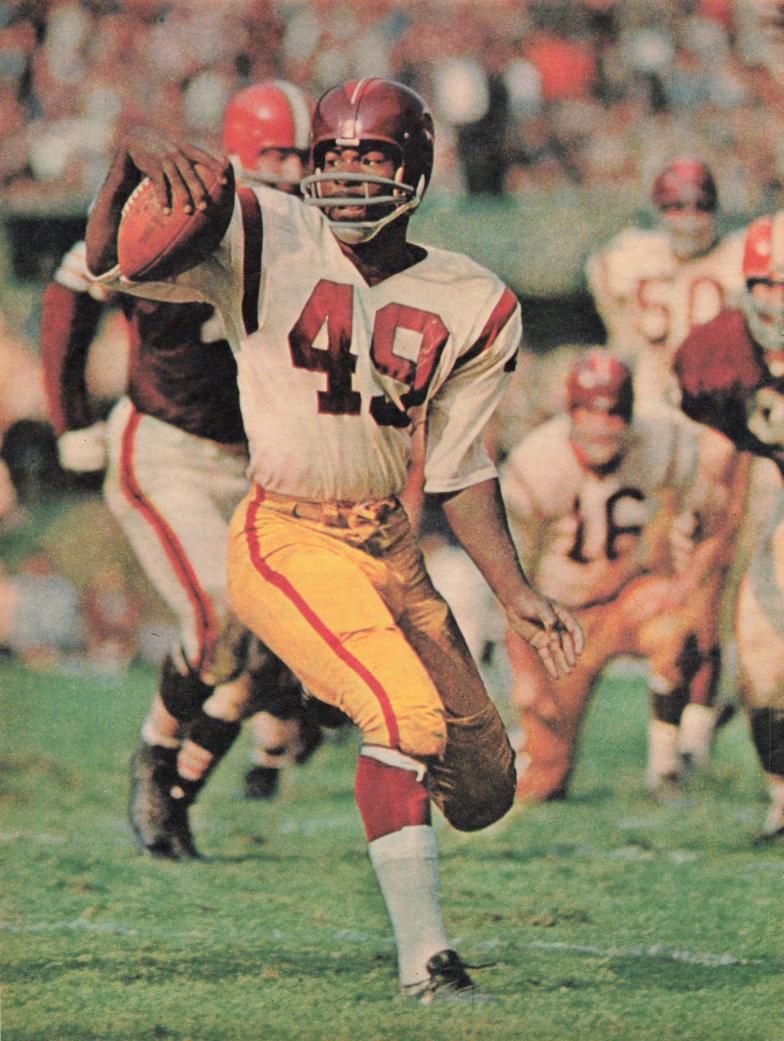
Giving instructions, left, watching the action from the sidelines, right, McKay is always thinking ahead. He excels at anticipating moves by his opposing coaches. But, says Duke's football coach, Bill Murray, "just try to anticipate his offense. If it isn't impossible, it's the next thing to it. No pro coach gives more attention to detail than McKay does."

PHOTOS BY DAVID SUTTON









# BOBBY MITCHELL The power of confidence

He's hurdled a
lot of obstacles and he
realizes there
are a lot more in front
of him. But he
believes in himself, and
that, he says,
is an important starter



The gunmetal-grey Sting Ray raced along 16th Street NW, looping through the Washington, D.C. traffic. Bobby Mitchell sat straight in the bucket seat, one big hand flapped around the wheel, the other fingering the gear-shift stick. He was wearing wranground sunglasses and on

fingering the gear-shift stick. He was wearing wraparound sunglasses, and on the broad, dark face there was the tight-lipped, give-'er-the-gun look of a 50-mission fighter pilot.

'er-the-gun look of a 50-mission fighter pilot.

"She can go all the way up to a hundred and sixty,"
Mitchell was saying. "Not that I ever go that fast.
High speeds—that's one thing I'd never fool with."

His passenger, a visiting note-taker, scribbled down the words and then added two of his own: Like hell!!!!

Let Phil Hill drive up to Bobby Mitchell's house and challenge him to come on down to Daytona Beach. Out Bobby would come, head cocked to one side, walking in the chesty way of his, and on his face there'd be a

kind of quizzical grin. He'd jump into the Sting Ray and he'd say, "OK, let's go."

Oh, Hill might defeat Bobby the first time. And the second or third. But after each defeat Bobby would look that Phil Hill in the eye, squinting his own right eye the way he does when he means what he's saying, and he'd say:

"I'm going to beat you, hear? I'm going to beat you."

By JOHN DEVANEY

Color by Tony Tomsic

And if Bobby Mitchell and that Sting Ray stayed in one piece-"all things remaining equal" is the way Bobby would put it-there'd come the day when he would beat Hill. And he'd likely break a world record doing it.

One can not prove this, of course. One can only sub-

mit the evidence of history.

One begins with an admission: Bobby Mitchell, a six-foot, 190-pound football flankerback for the Washington Redskins, does not race cars. Never has, probably

But once he had never jumped hurdles, either.

That was in 1958, Mitchell's senior year at the University of Illinois. A sprinter, he had run the 100 in 9.5 seconds. But there were faster sprinters, so Illinois coach Leo Johnson had a suggestion: Why not try the hurdles?

Mitchell frowned. He had always been a little leery of the hurdles; they reminded him of skimming over

pitchforks. But he decided to try.

At the time Ohio State's Glenn Davis was the best low hurdler in the Big Ten. "I'm going to beat you," Mitchell told Davis, who just grinned and beat Mitchell in four straight races. But Mitchell was coming closer. And after each defeat, he'd sidle up to Davis and say in heavy measured tones: "I'm going to beat you."

And one day he did. Not only did he beat Davis, he

broke a world record for the 70-yard low hurdles that had stood for 16 years. "And never again," he'll tell you,

"did Davis ever touch me."

Six days later, though, Hayes Jones broke Mitchell's record. Mitchell smiles now, thinking about his short reign as world champion. But he smiles only a little while and then he says: "I never got a chance to run against Hayes Jones. Always figured I could have beaten him."

Confidence. This is to Bobby Mitchell as beauty is to Elizabeth Taylor, as conservatism is to Barry Goldwater, and wryness is to David Brinkley. Confidence seems to steam from his pores; it is his life force. "On that football field," he says, "I am confidence personified."

Confidence Personified likes to talk about the Cleveland-Washington game at Cleveland last fall. It was a game of tremendous personal meaning for Mitchell. For four years he had played halfback for Cleveland, always in the shadow of Jimmy Brown and always knowing that somehow he was not satisfying coach Paul Brown. Late in the 1961 season, Brown traded Mitchell to

Washington for the late Ernie Davis.

The Redskins switched Mitchell to flankerback, and here he was, back in Municipal Stadium, eager to make Paul Brown sorry he had let him go. The Browns knew how anxious Mitchell would be. They slapped an insideoutside zone on him, with two and sometimes three men pinching him in. "You realize I went most of four periods without touching that ball?" says Mitchell. "I wanted it so bad. You can imagine how bad I wanted it. But the more a receiver goes without touching the ball, the more he tightens up. It takes a pretty good man to come back punching.'

Mitchell's turn to punch came with two minutes left and the Browns leading, 16-10. Washington had the ball on the 50. Mitchell was supposed to go straight downfield for a long pass from Norm Snead. But he was bumped by Galen Fiss at the line of scrimmage,

and now there wasn't time for him to go deep.

Snead, facing a swarm of red-doggers, threw a linedrive pass at Mitchell. Somehow, still spinning from the bump by Fiss, Mitchell grabbed the pass and held it. He bolted to the left sideline, dodged through a circle

of tacklers, then shot between two safetymen to score

the winning touchdown.

"It was an impossible run," he says now. "I had nowhere to go but I found somewhere. I don't think that many individuals could have done that. I don't think that I could do it again myself. It was the greatest run I've ever made, and I've made many a run, caught many a pass. And with all that pressure on me. That was

confidence personified."

Later that season Confidence Personified was talking to New York writers at a football luncheon. He was on his way to leading the National Football League in pass receptions (he finished with 72 for 1384 yards, 200 yards more than the runner-up, and 11 touchdowns). The previous day he had been "held" to five catches, for 158 yards and two touchdowns, by the Giants' Erich Barnes, who had played him all alone. "When a man can hold me down, playing man to man like Erich held me," Mitchell unabashedly told the writers, "he is doing a tremendous job. Man for man, that's just unheard of. It just doesn't happen."

He laughs about the speech today. "Yes, sir," he says, "that shook a lot of people up when I said that. But Erich, he understood. The defense man, he's at a disadvantage. If he tries to cover me man to man, that is unheard of. I'm not bragging about my ability. All I'm saying is, there's a lot of field out there for him to cover.

"I'm not a cocky individual. I'm confident, but I don't go around making statements on a par with the number that someone like Jim Taylor makes about himself. If I said I have the best moves or that I can score any

time I want to, that's bragging.

"But you have to go out there confident. If you come hesitating, that defenseman, he has you in his back pocket. You got to aim at him with authority, make him worry about you, and not you worry about him. You can't do anything in your life if you don't go at it with confidence.

Some years ago Mitchell decided he could do a selling job for a meat-produce firm in Cleveland, where he was playing at the time. He looked up the phone number of the company's president and called him at home one night.

'I don't need any more salesmen," said the president. "Just let me talk to you tomorrow at your office,"

said Mitchell.

The next day he went to the president's office. They talked for an hour. When Mitchell came home, his wife Gwen asked if he had gotten the job.

"Yep," said Mitchell.

"Did he say so?"

"No, but I'm sure I convinced him."

"You're crazy," said Gwen.

That night the phone rang. It was the company's president. He wanted to hire Mitchell.

"Now I ask you," says Mitchell, telling the story. "Was that confidence or wasn't it?"

He tells the story while sitting in the wood-paneled den of his rambling two-story brick house in the ultrafashionable northwest section of Washington. He has shown a visitor the basement with its sweeping bar ("Don't drink but I have lots of friends who do"), the game footballs ("Cleveland 31, Washington 10"), the photo behind the bar of Mitchell and Jim Brown huddled together on a rain-swept bench.

He has played the three hi-fi systems, one for each level of the house ("so I can have music no matter where I go"); he has strolled on the front lawn that runs onethird the length of a football field; he has shown the

visitor the central air-conditioning unit.

Now the hi-fi is playing. Mitchell introduces his two children, Terri Sue, 4 ("this is daddy's heart"), and



"You've got to go out there with confidence," says Bob, catching a pass above, signing autographs right. "If you come hesitating, that defenseman, he has you in his back pocket. You got to aim at him with authority and make him worry about you, and not you worry about him. You can't do anything at all in your life if you don't go at it with confidence. That's how it is,"

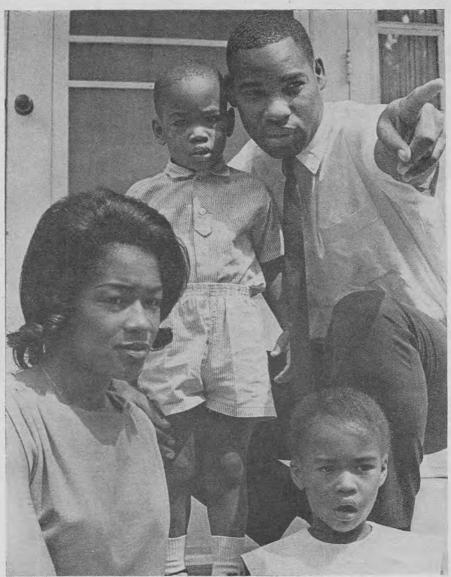


Photos by Dick Darcey

#### **BOBBY MITCHELL**



At home Mitchell spends considerable time listening to records, above, and considerable time with his wife Gwen and his two children, right. But he also can be a loner. "Lots of times I go off by myself in the house," he says. "Just to be alone. That's why I have the three hi-fi sets, so I can hear music anywhere in the house."





"Sometimes Mitch will go off by himself for four or five days without talking to anybody," says his wife Gwen. "It used to bother me, but now it doesn't. I don't care. I tell him I'm going to put a bed in the rec room in the basement." Robert, 2 ("built like a linebacker, isn't he?"). His wife, Gwen, comes in to say hello, then she leaves with the children.

Mitchell sits back, relaxed, dressed in khaki Bermuda shorts, an orange polo shirt, and rubber sandals. He is a refreshing man to talk to in this day of cautious athletes. "I have to say what I think," he says in the soft-toned voice that laughs a lot. He is friendly and outgoing.

Yet he wasn't always so outgoing. Only five years ago at the University of Illinois he was a campus loner, the odd-ball who might walk right by a person, looking at the ground. And earlier, as a kid in Hot Springs, Arkansas, he'd go off by himself, kicking rocks down a

country road. And sometimes he ran with the wild ones.
"When I was a kid," he says, "I guess I spent threequarters of the time by myself. I'd take long walks and if I saw somebody I knew, I'd cross the street. I never understood it, except sometimes I needed to be alone.

He pauses, reaching back to remember. "I guess I used to think that everything and everybody was against me. You know? I mean, I was anti-everything and anti-

everybody.

"All of a sudden-I don't remember when-I was looking at the other kids and thinking: I don't want to go where they're going. I could see—I was no fool—I could see that some of them were headed straight for jail, and that most of the rest would never amount to anything.
"I made up my mind I wouldn't be like them. So I

had to be better than them-in everything. I never ran from a challenge. I think that was the important thing."

He laughed. "If somebody was a fast runner, I had to be faster. If someone hit a ball far in a game, I had to hit it farther.

"When I got to high school, I had to be the best at everything-in track, in baseball, in football, everything. After awhile I was even getting better grades in school. As I got this physical confidence that I was best, I got this mental confidence, too, you know? Like once I used to think that every kid walking by was smarter than I was. Now I didn't think I was the dumbest kid in the class by a long way.

"All my life I've kept this confidence. And because I had the confidence, I cultivated my talents. In other words, I kept practicing. You see so much natural talent fall by the wayside, but I made myself amount to some-

thing.

Someone who helped was Gwen Morrow from Camden, New Jersey, who had come to Illinois with a desire to learn so fierce that sometimes she thought she'd choke

just thinking about it.

Mitchell was an athlete, big and silent, with no taste either for books or campus parties. Although he was a junior and she a freshman, she had far more friends than he.

They weren't much alike, but Gwen was attracted to this moody, introspective boy. In May, 1958, just before he was graduated, they were married. Two years later he told writer Hal Lebovitz in Sport: "This may sound corny, but without her I never would have amounted to much. She has given me direction, a reason to be a success."

Gwen kept him from slouching off so often into that solitary world where he had lived so long. ("You can't turn your back on your wife and kids," he says now.) She convinced him to make pro football a career ("thank heavens she did; I'd be nowhere today if I hadn't played football."). He even began to go to a few parties, not saying much, but he went, sipping soft drinks and looking embarrassed when people talked football.

He was a star as a rookie with the Browns in 1958, Mr. Outside to Brown's Mr. Inside. He was also an ex-

pectant father, with new responsibilities, and as a result he began to look a little harder at this world he did not trust. He became very close to Jim Brown and he saw that the big money in sports does not necessarily go to the swift and the strong, but to the swift and the strong who know how to sell themselves in the world of commerce.

Jim Brown, a salesman for Pepsi-Cola, knew how. and Mitchell watched and learned. He learned right off that you had to be able to talk to people, free and easy. So he began to talk. It wasn't always easy for a guy who was anti-everything and anti-everybody. And sometimes, when he had to mix when he didn't want to, he became someone else who mixed and talked very easily: an eye-rolling cut-up who wore a dashing Alpine hat and a grin. Gradually he developed an image that contrasted nicely with Brown's: Jimmy was the vest-wearing banker; Bobby the gay blade in the fire-red sports jacket, "the laughing mountebank," Philadelphia columnist Sandy Grady once called him.

And of course he was a mountebank, an imposter, a pretender. He was not, never had been, the grinning

When he came to Washington, the District of Columbia Pepsi-Cola people offered him the same deal that Brown had in Cleveland: making goodwill speeches to

adult and children's groups.

Mitchell knew it was a good deal, but now he had to be someone else, someone like the reserved, vest-wearing Jimmy Brown. Like he says, he has never run from a challenge. And with all the confidence that had been gradually building within him that he really could talk to people, he carried it off, putting on a new suit of clothes, adopting a new identity. He looked into the mirror, tightening his Madison Avenue striped tie, and now he was the easy, self-assured man in the grey flannel suit, carrying a sleek black attache case and talking in grave terms of "the pressing dropout situation" and the need for his company to make itself known "imagewise."

He gave his new identity a new name. "People call me Bobby Mitchell," he says, "but I think the name Bobby is kind of childish. As an athlete, I prefer to be called Bob Mitchell. But in my job at Pepsi-Cola, I sign my

name Robert C. [for Cornelius] Mitchell.'

Yet sometimes he must drop the sleek black attache case and run away from the world of Robert C. Mitchell to that other world of solitude. "I want to reserve the right to walk by somebody and not talk if I don't want to talk," he tells you. "Everybody else reserves that right. Why not me?

"Lots of times I go off by myself in the house somewhere, just to be alone. That's why I have the three hi-fi sets, so I can be anywhere in the house and listen to what I'm in the mood for. Like sometimes I might just want to hear Sinatra. Or"—and he laughs now—"if I'm in that soulful mood, I'll play nothing but Ray Charles."

Gwen Mitchell does not laugh when she talks about her husband's moods. "Sometimes he'll go off by himself for four or five days without talking to anybody," she says. "It used to bother me, but it doesn't any more. I don't care, really. I tell him I'm going to put a bed down in the rec room in the basement, and he can just

stay down there until he gets over it.
"When something's bothering Mitch, when he has a problem, he tries to keep it inside him. That's the way he is. Other people cry or yell, scream or have tantrums, and they burn off the tension. Mitch releases the tension

slowly; he lets it drain out of him."
Says Mitchell: "I've worked hard to build an image. I think everybody should build an image. Suppose, for example, Bob Mitchell is thought of only as an athlete. I walk off the field and what have I got? If I've got nothing, that means I didn't build an image."

A visitor asks him what kind of an image he would

like to have.

He laughs quickly. "Why," he says, "everyone would like to be thought of as a gentleman and a scholar, the

whole works."

He is silent while that is written down. Then he is talking again: "First of all, as an athlete, I'd like to be thought of as a clean individual. I'd like people to know that I don't drink or smoke.

"Second, I'd like people to know me not as Bob Mitchell the football player but as Bob Mitchell the person. I don't want to be considered like in the old

adage: All brawn and no brains.

"Third, I'd like to be known as a good citizen. I don't want to be thought of as the greatest worker for humanity in the world"-he's laughing now-"but as decent

and law-abiding.

"Fourth, I want to build an image so that when people think of Bob Mitchell they think of Pepsi-Cola and when they think of Pepsi-Cola they say, 'Hey, that's the company Bob Mitchell works for.' It's an honest image. Maybe then some kids will realize that you don't have to drink Scotch to be a success."

He talks about the work he does for Pepsi. "In the last year or so," he says, "they figure I spoke to more than 100,000 people. When you realize I seldom spoke to more than a hundred or so at a time, that's a lot of

speaking engagements.

"I talk about different things. I don't believe in making what I call a football speech, telling them how I ran 80 yards down the field. I concentrate especially on the dropout situation. But I don't limit myself: I go into the physical-fitness sphere, the delinquency sphere, everything.

"I would say that about 85 percent of my speeches are impromptu. A lot of people would be afraid to do

that. But it's never been a problem for me.

"Another thing: I push the fact that I'm less interested in discussing the problem than I am in being part of the solution of the problem."

The writer wonders what are the solutions to prob-

lems like high-school dropouts.

"I have a lot of ideas because I see a lot of things," Mitchell says. "Like recently I met a woman who didn't know what school her child went to. Imagine! She didn't know, even though the school building was only three blocks from her home. Isn't that awful! How is a kid going to stay interested in school with a mother like that?

Does he do any reading on social problems?

"I'm buying books and bringing them home all the time, popular novels, historicals, books by Negro authors like James Baldwin. And I read them all. The only trouble is"-and he's laughing softly again-"the only

trouble is, I'm up to page ten in all of them."

Says Gwen: "Mitch brings home the books, but I finish them and tell him how they ended. But not always; sometimes he really surprises me. Like a few years ago, I was taking political science courses at Western Reserve. I'd come home with required-reading books like C. Wright Mills' The Power Elite, things like that. Heavy stuff. I'd read a few chapters, then rest for awhile. Often Mitch would pick one of them up, and he'd read it all the way through. I'd say, 'Did you read all that?" And he'd say, 'Yes,' and I'd just laugh and say, 'Mitch, it's like you weren't normal.'"

The talk drifts to the Negro march that had been held in Washington just a few weeks earlier. He says that his wife was one of the leaders of the march, but that

he had played no part in it. He explains why.

"Like I told you, when I was small I felt that everyone was against me. I was opposed to things. In college I wouldn't join a fraternity. Today I still refuse to join groups. Like the Junior Chamber of Commerce here, which has asked me at least three times to join. It stems from the same old thing. I'm just anti-everything."

He pauses. "I know," he says slowly, "that Negroes have criticized me, but I don't believe in building an image that isn't a true image of me. With some organizations that ask me to join, I can see their falsity. Others just don't interest me. As for the NAACP, I just feel I am not ready to be a part of them." He studies his finger tips. "In due time I will be a part of them."

He leans back, the ropy legs stretching. "I think that any Negro athlete can say: I'm doing as much as the next man. Look at the strides we have made in sports. Tremendous! I don't have to apologize to anybody. Everytime I run down that field, I am doing something tremendous for the Negro race."

Several years ago, George Preston Marshall was asked when he would sign a Negro to play for the Redskins. "We'll start signing Negroes," he said, "when the

Harlem Globetrotters start signing whites.'

"Mr. Marshall has been very fine to me," says Mitchell, looking out the window at the rolling lawn. "That's the only way I can judge him. He has never tried to stop me from appearing at civil rights rallies. In fact, I did appear at one last spring in Alexandria [Virginia] to raise funds.

"My wife is as active as anyone in this city in civil rights. And look at all the talks I make to white and Negro kids in the schools here. Those talks have got to make for better understanding between the races. I'm doing my share. But I reserve the right to say no.

Mitchell talks some more and, after a while, the visitor leaves. The visitor comes to see him again on a Saturday afternoon. En route to meeting Mitchell the visitor stops in the lobby of the Golden Triangle Motor Hotel in Norfolk, Virginia, where the Redskins will play the Baltimore Colts in a pre-season exhibition game that night. Redskin players are criss-crossing the lobby, coming in and out of conference rooms, spiral notebooks playbooks-tucked under their arms.

The visitor talks to Johnny Sample, the defensive back for the Redskins. Sample has been working oneon-one against Mitchell in practice. Sample is a genial man who finds few situations in which he can't find a laugh somewhere. He smiles as he talks about how a

defensive man has to play Mitchell.

"He worries you all the time," he was saying. "You let him catch a little two-yard hitch, and with those great moves of his, he'll run around you for 20 yards. But you can't play him close. If he gets himself up tight to you, look out. By the time you've turned around, pfffst! It's six points, just like that. At least if he catches one in front of you, you got a fighting chance."

He laughs, a throaty kind of laugh. "Oh, no," he says, "nobody minds the way Bobby talks about himself. In fact, his confidence in himself-it gives this team confidence in itself. For example, the offensive line. On a pass play, they'll sustain those blocks just a little bit longer, so Norm has the time to hit Bobby, because they know if Bobby catches it, he can go all the way. That's a tremendous feeling for a team to have.

"On defense, we try just that little bit harder to get that ball, because we know that if we do, Norm and Bobby are going to move it. You can imagine the con-fidence that gives a team."

Norm Snead comes by, big-jawed, a forelock of hair dangling over his forehead. "Yes," he says, grinning as he thinks about Mitchell, "Bobby is always telling me: "Throw to me; I'm ready." They're all that way, the good

#### **BOBBY MITCHELL**



Mitchell excels at the art of making exciting catches, above.



An excellent faker, above, Bob breaks free frequently.

Photos by Dick Darcey



Once he has the ball, Mitchell can go all the way. He has the speed of a breakaway halfback, which he was with Cleveland.

receivers. They want that ball.

"We use him a lot on the hitch, where he goes out two or three steps, turns and faces me. After he grabs that ball, he is the greatest broken-field runner in football. He can drop more men on their pants than anyone I've ever seen.

"He's great on the long pass, of course, being a sprint man. His weakness is the intermediate pass, where a receiver has to depend on the great moves to get loose.

Bobby doesn't have the great moves yet."

A little while later, the visitor is in room 212. Mitchell is sprawled out on the bed, nude except for Bermudas, the hard muscles like shells on his dark body. Near the bed is the slim attache case of Robert C. Mitchell. On the bed, where Bob Mitchell had been leafing through them, are the current copies of The Sporting News and SPORT.

His roommate, fullback Ron Hatcher (he was later released) is stretched out on the other bed. Next to him on a night table is an empty bottle of Coca-Cola.

'Coca-Cola?" the visitor says.

Mitchell turns to stare at Hatcher. "Roomie," he says, a petulant tone in his voice, "how often do I have to ask you to stop drinking that brand X?"

Hatcher just grins, but he drops the bottle into a

waste paper basket.

Mitchell talks about his career with the Browns. "Milt Plum," he says, "would throw two yards and we'd make it 60, Jim Brown or me. And Plum would get the credit in the passing stats. But he was right. Why risk throwing it 60 when you can throw it two and get the same thing? Of course, lots of teams have one guy who can grab the short one and go all the way. But how many teams have two? Plum could throw to either side of the line and get yardage.'

He talks about his boyhood friend, Jim Pace, who failed to make it with the Giants this fall. "When we were playing against each other in high school, he was the most fantastic runner I ever saw. He was with us in camp last year, and I was really hoping he'd make it. But he had hurt his knee when he was with the 49ers. His knee was all right-it had been operated on-but

he didn't feel real confident about it.

"He'd be out in the open and he'd hesitate-put that other knee out there—and then he'd be in trouble. See"—he shakes his finger—"it's like we were saying, everything that happens to you involves your confidence."

He talks about his own confidence. "As long as everything is equal-I'm not hurt, it's not raining, the field's not muddy-I've got all the confidence in the world. But, if I'm hurting, then I worry about how I'm going to do.

"Like I'm worried about the game tonight. I tried to get into shape too fast, and now my legs"—he points to his upper thighs—"they're killing me. I know I won't

feel loose, and when you're tight, you drop passes.
"But when I'm okay, I know the ability is there. Once I got the break—in college or in the pros—once I got my foot in the door, I've made it. That's been my story all the way down the line. And I've made it because of this confidence I have in myself."

While Mitchell talks, a greying, round-faced man comes into the room. Mitchell introduces him. "This is my boss, Ernest Humbles, and I think he's here to fire me."

Humbles, who is eastern representative for Pepsi-Cola, laughs. "Bob is doing a great job for us," he says. "We want the kind of man who is capable of creating the right type of image for Pepsi-Cola, from the intellectual to the run of the mill. All kinds of people. Anybody who's got a dime."

At the word image, Mitchell props his head up from the bed on one elbow. "That's right," he says, the voice

soft, Robert C. Mitchell talking. "An athlete's exposure is so great, travel-wise. He meets people from all sections; he meets the high and the low; and he has to satisfy all those people.'

"The athlete has one basic quality," says Humbles.

'Humility.'

"Humility?" says the visitor, looking at Mitchell. Mitchell looks surprised. "Why? What's the matter? You don't think I have humility?

He thinks for a moment. "Well," he says, "I can see where some people might think I'm cocky. But if I feel something, about myself or someone else, I have to say it."

He swings his legs off the bed and onto the floor. "Look," he says, "there's a line between confidence and conceit. And there's a space between those two for humility. I'd like you to believe that Bob Mitchell is enough of a thinking man to know when he's stepping across-or even approaching-that line.'

Humbles lights a cigarette. "I would suggest this," he says in the professorial way he has. "Every company looks for the confident man. I wouldn't hire any man

who didn't think he could take my job."

"We all don't "Of course," says Mitchell, smiling. expect to become vice presidents."

"I expect to become president," says Humbles.

Mitchell laughs. "Well, I'll be satisfied with vice

president.'

"I would also suggest to you," says Humbles, "that there is a difference between confidence and conceit. If I say I can go out to that garden and push down that tree with my little finger and then I go out there and I do it, that's confidence. But if I say it and then I go out there and I can't do it, that's conceit."
"I say this," says Mitchell. "The worst guy in the

world is the one who talks about what he's going to do and then doesn't do it. That's cockiness. That's

conceit."

"The whole concept of our society," says Humbles, "is based on confidence. If we didn't have confidence, it would have been impossible to have accomplished all that we have done in this country. Take outer space. Would you call our scientists conceited for declaring -right out in public-that they can put a man on the moon? Or you take our company. We are the second largest soft-drink company in the world—"

Mitchell snaps his fingers. "But we're going to catch

that brand X!

"That's right," says Humbles, and at that exact moment he saw the Coca-Cola bottle in the trash can.

"What's that doing here?" he snaps, backing off. "Roomie," yells Mitchell, "I told you to get rid of that bottle of brand X."

Hatcher looks up from the bed. "Now looka here," he said, "I don't work for Pepsi-Cola. I can drink what-

ever I want."
"All right," says Humbles, slowly shaking his head. "It's your mouth and you can put into it whatever you like.'

Hatcher begins to giggle. "I'll tell you one thing," he says. "If Sport prints all this, they're going to get the

biggest law suit from Coca-Cola you ever heard of.' At seven that evening, the players climb into the team bus to go to Norfolk's Foreman Field. Rookie Tony Parrilli, a linebacker, turns the pages of his playbook slowly, but it's hard to tell if he is really reading. Halfback Leroy Jackson suddenly jumps in his seat, like a man burned by a hot foot.

"Whew," he says to no one in particular, "a muscle spasm."

Mitchell stares straight ahead, hands clasped between his knees, the eyes expressionless. But when the bus stops, hemmed in by traffic near the stadium, he picks up a transistor radio he had been carrying and switches on a rock-'n-roll station.

Mitchell is keeping time, tapping his foot, waving his hands. Across the aisle, Parrilli looks up from his playbook and shakes his head.

The game is only a minute old when Snead throws his first pass to Mitchell, a short one. Mitchell drops it and comes back to the bench shaking his head. "It's just like I told you this afternoon," he says. "My legs are hurting me and I'm tightening up."

Midway through the first period, the Colts take a 3-0 lead. Snead uses Mitchell as a decoy, then throws

to him. Again Mitchell drops the pass.

But on the play, Snead sees Colt linebacker Jackie Burkett drop off toward the right to help defend against Mitchell. On the next play he has Mitchell run the same pattern, then sends big rookie end Pat Richter into Burkett's area, now empty. Richter grabs the pass and goes to the 20. A minute later, Bosseler scores and

the Redskins are ahead, 7-3.

The Colts score two touchdowns and a field goal, and Washington comes out for the second half, losing 20-7. On the second play Richter goes deep. Mitchell cuts behind him, swiveling as though he were on roller skates, and takes a short pass from Snead for a first down on the Washington 35.

Three plays get Washington nine yards. With fourth and one, the defense bunches. Snead takes the snap, and throws a quick pass out on the flank to Mitchell. Bobby catches the ball right at the line of scrimmage, and Colt back Wendell Harris drives in low, aiming for the ankles. Mitchell does a quick dance step, and Harris sprawls by, hands grasping. Mitchell runs up the sidelines about three or four yards and in comes Jerry Logan. Again Mitchell does the little dance, Logan flies by, and now there is open air in front of him. He goes up the sideline, running in that high-stepping hurdler's style of his, arms pumping, reaching the Colt 26 before he is knocked out of bounds. Five plays later, Snead goes over and the score is 20-14.

Mitchell comes back to the bench grinning. "See?" he hollers, pulling off the helmet, the sweat in the muggy night air beading on his face. "Just like I told you this afternoon: I knew I'd be so tight I wouldn't be able to hold the ball in the first half. But everything's

going to be all right now.'

Late in the third period, the Redskins have the ball on their own 12. Mitchell runs a "curl" pattern, cutting in behind the linebackers, turning to face Snead, and getting the ball right in the belly. He takes one quick step to his right. Harris, barreling in at him from behind, goes for the fake and then-too late-sees Mitchell darting to the left. Harris tries to stop, slips, and Mitchell is off, to the Colts' 46.

That's all for second-year man Harris. The Colts rush in veteran Lennie Lyles to cover Mitchell. But in falling back to cover Mitchell and Richter, the Colts leave a hole in the middle, and Snead charges 30 yards to the Colt three. On the next play Washington scores to

go ahead, 21-20.

Mitchell's broad face is jubilant. "That kid Harris played me to curl inside," he says. "So I curled outside. I spent the whole first half studying him. I saw what he was doing. You have to know your man. You just can't walk out there and catch passes."

Out there, though, the Colts score again and win,

Later, in the dressing room, a frowning Bill McPeak straightens his sagging shoulders and says, "This is a good ballclub, and we have the momentum going now. We'll pick up and go from here." That's confidence.

Mitchell is told that he'd caught four passes, good for 89 yards. "You figure this," he says. "I didn't touch that ball in the first half, and I'm four for 89 in the second half." He laughs: "You got to say this: It's a sure thing I didn't lose my confidence."

The Chairman of the Board is speaking.

It is the following afternoon back at the Mitchells' small ranch in Washington. Mitchell has just finished showing a visitor three or four scrapbooks, filled with clips about his days at Illinois and Cleveland, and now he is talking about his future.

"I figure that I wasted the first four years of my career. When I say that, people tell me: Are you nuts? Look at all the records you set at Cleveland, the long runs you made. But when they spoke of the Jimmy Browns and the Sam Huffs, the greats, I wasn't mentioned in that group. I was the best running back in the league, but I wasn't among the greats in the league, and that hurt.

"Now I'm a rookie learning a new position. I'm 28 and I'm a rookie. Guys like Shofner and McDonald, they know so many moves. I've got to learn them all

in a hurry."

He slams a big fist against his palm.

"If I only had those four years, I could be the greatest."

He looks up and laughs. "Well, I got one thing going for me. I got the confidence that I will overcome, that

I will be the greatest."

Bob Mitchell has many things going for him, most notably that burning restlessness to be the greatest, as a football receiver or as a business executive. It is a restlessness that is slowly burning away the fog of isolation that Mitchell must sometimes wrap around himself. "You know," he says, a little surprise in his voice, "recently I joined a fraternity. The funny thing is, a lot of the members were fellows who went to college with me. At school I hardly knew them at all. But as part of my job with Pepsi, I had to get to know them. And you know-I really found I liked them. Can you imagine?"

A little later he is driving in the Sting Ray. He is talking about the confidence he has in himself when he suddenly turns, squinting his right eye, and says, "Look, I've got confidence in my athletic ability and in my ability to make speeches for the company. But I wouldn't want you to think I have all that confidence

in every facet of my life."

Later, sitting over a typewriter, the visitor wonders about those other facets of his life: the big guy unsure of himself as he walks through the executive suites; uncertain of what his role should be in the Negro revolution; well aware that he is far from being an expert in delinquency and school dropouts no matter what he says about the confidence he has in his speeches; and subject as much as the next man to the nightcrawlers of self-doubt.

But the visitor also thinks of Bobby Mitchell reading The Power Elite and making friends at a fraternity. He thinks of Mitchell being appalled at a mother not knowing where her son's school was, and how little experiences like that are making Mitchell's speeches more than a smokescreen of cliches and a plug for soda pop. The visitor thinks about how Mitchell has changed and grown so much during the past five years, intel-

lectually and socially, and how he is still growing. "I will overcome" is the way he would say it, this guy who has never run from a challenge, and the visitor is certain Mitchell will overcome.

Now, for instance, just imagine that

Phil Hill really did. . . .



### "THE FRESHEST ROOKIE I EVER SAW"

(Continued from page 40) bullpen. And for a terrifying second or two it was touch and touch-which team would hug the hardest? Pepi-tone ended up with a \$50 fine, which the Yankees will no doubt gladly pay. For in that raucous moment of Glory, J. A. Pepitone accomplished what so-ciologists the world over declared Couldn't Be Done. He stole the hearts of some Mets fans. In fact, he became the biggest Yankee folk hero since Billy Martin demonstrated a shot in the mouth is worth two into left field when it comes to drawing fans

when it comes to drawing fans.

Afterward the normally drab Yankee clubhouse was a funhouse. "Anything I can get you, Joe?" Mickey Mantle asked. "A beer? Can I shine your shoes?" That's the way it went for the next hour, and when Pepitone left he told Whitey Ford he'd see him tomorrow. "OK, KO," said Ford.

The kidding continued the next day. Almost every player who entered the

Almost every player who entered the dressing room examined the photos of the frolic, and the youthful Pepi-tone asked them all: "Who'd you get?" "I was after Whitfield," Tom Tresh

said.
"I was after him too," Joe said, laughing. "He says he was just trying to stop me, but I didn't know that when he grabbed me from behind. I thought he was gonna hit me in the head. When a guy grabs you from behind like that you don't know what to think. I knew somebody was gonna get hit and I didn't want it to be me. He got too rough, anyway. That's why I hit him. Two good shots." On the field during pre-game prac-

tice, both teams acted as if they'd been at a party together the night be-fore. Everyone laughingly said much the same thing: "Man, I was looking for you." Even Whitfield, with a bruise on his forehead and another on his cheek, was laughing. Indian catcher Jose Azcue told Pepitone how

scared he was when he'd been hit by a pitch the night before. He'd lain momentarily immobile.

I thought I was bad," Pepitone said, "but you got the Academy Award."

Pete Ramos walked by, yelled, "Hey, Joe!" drew from the hip and let his thumb fall to fire his finger at Pepitone.
"You guys should know better than

pick on me in New York, Pete, with all the Mafia here."

Had the Yankees been in a pennant race instead of merely practicing for the World Series, the fight would have been noted in the press as a marvelous cohesive incident. As it was, Pepitone was either lionized as a larger-than-life Yankee (which he is) or gently chastized as a hot head (which he says he is not). Toots Shor wired him an offer of a bouncer's job: "Know you are ready." And Big Julie Issacson, who holds the con-tracts of fighters like Ernie Terrell and Billy Daniels, was disappointed in Joe. "You had a sloppy left," said Julie's wire. "Come down for instruc-

tions tomorrow.

Two days after the fight the fan reaction arrived in the mail. Pepitone sat in his dressing cubicle, between Yogi Berra's and Phil Linz', and opened the 30 or so envelopes. "Hey, listen to this one: 'Mumble, mumble: I'd admired your ability until I saw what a poor sport you are. Your action in inciting a riot Wednesday night may cost the Yankees the pennant.'
There's somebody who hates me. No, I think he likes me; he's just trying to tell me I'm a poor sport." He opened a second letter. "Oh, oh, here's another one: 'Mumble, mumble: Why don't you control your temper? You have a bad habit of arguing with the umpires at first base all the time. Be a little more humble and fans will like you better.'" He laughed, humbly.

Berra stopped at the cubicle. "Hey, Yogi, I got two letters telling me I'm a disgrace to baseball-

"Good, you deserve it." "—Saying why wasn't Yogi out helping you?"

epitone was asked if he'd ever had a fight in baseball before, going back

"Never. It never happened to me before," he said, opening a green en-velope from Canada. "What's this do-ing here? This letter's in French." He stood up and faked a few lines in Gallic accents, throwing in a few familiar Anglo-Saxon words that brought chuckles around the room.
"Anybody read French?" he yelled. "Thees ees from Bree-geette Bar-do."

Clearly, baseball is a ton of fun for Pepitone. Most young players sweat the game, but very little bothers him. He knows that all he's going to get is better, and whatever he does in the meantime is just a fancy passing. Later he was saying, "I guess I'm a little sorry I got into the fight." He was trying very hard to look sad. "I didn't want to hit Whitfield. I thought he wanted to hit me. I'm a disgrace to baseball like those people say." The mock sadness jumped impishly off his angular face. "But there were 3000 extra people in the stands the next day. Maybe I can get a raise.

He obviously will get a raise for '64; mostly because of his skill. His manager, Ralph Houk, was calling him the best fielding first-baseman in the league last August. Joe is good and he's just beginning to learn what the position's all about, having mis-spent most of his youth in the out-

Clete Boyer says Joe covers so much ground he's going to cause Yankee pitchers to lead the league in putouts hereafter. "He goes to his right so well he's gonna keep Bobby (Richardson) from leading the sec-ond-basemen in assists."

Joe says his inability to go to his right was one reason he was sent down to Richmond for a couple of months in 1962. "I concentrated on going to my right down there and I've got more confidence now."

He has so much confidence he takes nearly every throw, including bounc-ers, with one hand. And he flicks the big glove in a downward snap like Vic Power. This has brought some "Hot dog!" yells at the Stadium, though these are delivered affection-ately. For Joe Pepitone is as much admired in the Bronx as in Brooklyn.

Joe himself says, "I think I'm showboating more this year. I'm more of a hot dog out there and I shouldn't be. But it's easier to scoop the ball with one hand. Since I've gotten more confidence in my fielding it just seems

easier all around with one hand.' He plays a deep first base and very few ground shots get past his left (most of which would be doubles). He is quick enough to come in for slow bounders or to go deep down the line for foul pops. The White Sox had a 1-0 lead and a man on second nad a 1-0 lead and a man on second in a late-season game they needed if they were to hang around in contention. Two were out and Mike Hershberger popped a ball down the rightfield line. Pepitone got back fast but turned late and, awkwardly, had to take the ball at his waist. The point is that the rightfielder couldn't get near it, no other Yankee first-baseman near it, no other Yankee first-baseman in many years could've gotten near it; and Pepitone will soon be taking



those kind of shots in his back pocket.

Pepitone is, like everyone else on the Yankees, a hitter, too. (You get the feeling clubhouse man Pete Pre-vite would be good for a couple of singles if needed.) Late in August he was batting .272 with 20 home runs and 70 RBIs. In that game against Chicago, Joe singled and scored the tying run, then singled in the lead run, and finally singled in two runs to close the case. His fifth-inning liner to center was the first hit off starter Hoyt Wilhelm. So when Joe went into the clubhouse, Mantle bought him a the clubhouse, Mantie bought him a beer. Did Pepitone humbly thank the \$100,000 star? Did he accept the suds with lowered eyes? Did he stammer, "It was nothing"? Joe looked at Mantle and said, "Next time get it to me a little scoper. little sooner. You were a little slow tonight."

This is the Joe Pepitone the Yan-kees love. His brashness is not merely enjoyed, it is encouraged. Says Mantle: "He's the freshest rookie I ever saw. But he's a helluva fielder and he's got a quick bat like Ted Williams had. He's going to be one of the best ballplayers we've seen in a long time."

Pepitone is not awed by his elders.

When a Roger Maris barb cuts deeply he will say in anger: "Boo you, Maris!" or words to that effect. He will even call Mantle a "snotty veteran." But if the young kid from Brooklyn has an idol, it is the old kid from Oklahoma.

They were sitting together at the picnic table in the center of the clubhouse before a night game. Both were filling out requests for tickets on two sheets, for family guests and others. "Is this filled out right, Mick?" Joe asked. Mantle looked over the sheet and said, "Is this name family? Nobody has a name like that."

"Sure. That's my uncle. He's a hood from Brooklyn." Joe laughed.

The Vankees hait Pentiana all the

The Yankees bait Pepitone all the time. A writer was sitting with him later when Maris walked by and Joe yelled, "Hey, Rog." He nodded at the writer, "My life story," Joe said.

"You can tell him that in five min-utes," said Maris. "You can tell him all you know in five seconds." Maris disappeared into the training room.

"That's Roger Maris," said Joe, smiling and shaking his head.

He is hit hardest on his appearance. He is hit hardest on his appearance. Pepitone's most striking characteristic is his nose, though you wouldn't want to be struck by it. It is long, long enough to have become a part of a nickname, "Pepinose." Elston Howard calls him "Cyrano." ("That's enough, Whale Belly," Joe retorts.)

Joe also is ribbed about his devotion to mirrors. He spent so much

tion to mirrors. He spent so much tion to mirrors. He spent so much time staring and combing his hair in them during spring training of '62 that when he arrived in New York he found a mirror at the back of his cubicle, a mirror at the side of his cubicle, a mirror at the other side of his cubicle; for his added convenience there was also a telephone and shoeshine box. The big reason for his mirrormania seems to be his hair, which is leaving in the front. There is a mirror on the post just outside his arbido and as very a very selling the his cubicle and as you're talking to him he periodically gets up for a peek. (As if he might be able to cath a falling hair and jab it back in.) For all of us whose hair is departing early, these are the times that try not merely our scalps but our egos. Whitey Ford, the understanding pitcher, says of Joe: "Pepinose will be the first first-



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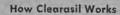
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### THE SPORT

### BOOKSHELF



#### THE GIANTS OF NEW YORK Barry Gottehrer

G.P. Putnam's Sons

\$4.95

One of the most thorough sports histories ever written, The Giants Of New York traces the development of the pro football team from its unlikely birth to its exciting present. Before writing the book, the author interviewed a Giant from each era and explored countless newspaper stories and scrapbooks. His impeccable research enables him to explode many pro football myths and introduce many surprising stories. He takes the reader behind the scenes in the front office, on the field, and in the locker rooms. The players of today are explored in some depth, ditto the players of the past. Some of the most thrilling games in pro football's history are recreated. Must reading for all Giant football fans, exciting, interesting reading for all football fans.



#### FOURTH AND ONE Lee Grosscup

Harper & Row

\$3.95

Last season Lee Grosscup played quarterback for three pro football teams: the New York Giants, the Minnesota Vikings and the New York Titans. This is the day-by-day story of his life with the three teams. He wrote the book himself and, to make the inevitable comparison, he brings the reader behind the scenes in pro football the way Jim Brosnan brought the reader behind the scenes in baseball. This is fascinating reading, particularly the passage of showing life with the Minnesota team and its explosive coach, Norm Van Brocklin.

baseman to wear a toupee at 25." He laughs. Enos Slaughter sends condolences.

Joe takes it all, returns plenty. He has grown much wiser since joining the Yankees. He will not, for instance, accept any more wagers on his ability to throw a baseball atop a 200-foot-high water tower. (Ed Roebuck, re-portedly the world's highest fungo hitter, can't even drive a baseball to that altitude.) Nor will he respond to any more messages his teammates give him from the Bronx Zoo. He now knows better than to telephone and ask for a Mr. Lyons.

He may even, eventually, give in to the drudgery of signing a few cartons of baseballs before home games as his teammates do. "C'mon, Joe," said Pete Previte, the clever little clubhouse man, when he saw Pepitone talking instead of writing one Saturday, "get on those balls." Joe looked at him like Pete was funny. "I always give him a hard time," he told a writer, "I never sign balls."

So Previte got even. He distributed the uniforms, and as Joe slipped on the long white sanitary socks that go under the blues he yelled in anger. Hunks of Pepitone's leg winked through the stockings. "If you don't sign the balls he gives you holes all over the place," Joe said. "Peeves me off." At that moment he needed a off." At that moment he needed a friend. "Hey, Mick," he said, "see these socks? There's not a white spot 'em!" Mantle, the sympathetic veteran, laughed.

People have been alternately laughing at and admiring Joe Pepitone since he was a kid. From the time he started playing stickball at nine or ten he could do things with an old mop handle and a "spaldeen" that kids years older than he couldn't do. This was on St. Marks Avenue, in the tough Park Slope section of Brooklyn. First thing in the morning summers, Joe called for every stickball player on the block. They'd run out swinging bats, but not always at a "spal-deen." It would be 6:30 in the morndeen." It would be 6:30 in the morning; everyone didn't go to bed at 9:00 like Pepitone. "My father worked construction and I'd tell him to get me up when he left for work," Joe says. "We'd play all day." He was playing with the big guys at ten; at 12 he was hitting four sewers, which is a home run on any block in Brooklyn. "I was about 13 when I started playing organized baseball," he says, "in the Coney Island League. At 16 I had a chance to play with Nathan's

had a chance to play with Nathan's Famous Hot Dogs, a semi-pro team. I thought it would be a great chance for me. I was the only one on the team who didn't have some minor-league experience. We played in five dif-ferent leagues, almost every day, over 100 games a year. Hit? I was around .390-.400 both years. Some of the guys got paid but I didn't want to be because I couldn't have played highschool ball.'

He went to Manual Training High, hich wasn't exactly a finishing school, though it almost finished Joe. This was one of the schools where, instead of passing out G.O. Buttons, they should've passed out bullet-proof vests. Just before baseball season opened in the spring of his senior year, 17-year-old Joe returned to his home room with the rest of his classmates to pick up his jacket. Suddenly a kid had a .38 revolver in his stom-ach, saying, "Stick 'em up."

"Hey, that's a real gun! It's loaded

too," said Joe, seeing the lead in the

cylinder. Then it exploded.
"I didn't know I was shot," Joe says "until I saw the powder burns on my shirt. I thought it was a blank. I didn't feel any pain. I guess I was in shock. The kid dropped the gun and ran out of the room crying."

Joe hit the floor. He was rushed to the hospital and they had him on the operating table for nine hours. He stayed on the critical list six or seven days, but the bullet-which missed his heart by a fraction of an inchpassed cleanly through his stomach and out his back. You can barely make out the upside-down L just be-low his rib cage today. In 13 days he was out of the hospital and a month later he was playing high-school ball again.

He had batted, he says, around .600 his first two seasons. "High-school ball was great. One day we were playing at Hamilton High, which is 320-feet down the right-field line, there's a fence, then a handball court and then a lawn beyond that. I put one on that lawn one day. They imbedded a bronze plaque in cement there that says, 'Schoolboy Joe Pepitone hit a ball in this spot in 1957.' How far was it? About 410 feet." He was its possible of the property of the same part pitched a one-hitter that day. He was

That's how many scouts were trailing him around then, because there were only 16 major-league teams then. "One scout said I was worth \$45,000 to them." The Yankees had had him at the Stadium for a workout when he was 15. "They told me they were very interested in me."

But after he was shot, most of the scouts took a walk. And Pepitone went on to have his best season. "I batted around .700 and hit ten home runs in 14 games. That broke the record in our division,"

It's a wonder he could do anything. Joe's father, whom he says he loved more than anyone on earth, died at this time. When you sit and talk to Pepitone at his dressing cubicle, he has so much nervous energy he can't be still more than five minutes without: yelling across the room, getting up to look in the mirror, fiddling with something. But when he speaks of his father he is motionless, his voice lowers and his words are emotional,

tinged with remorse. "My father and I were like brothers," he said. "I mean, I could talk to him, say anything I wanted to. He was a young-looking man, a handsome man. He worked hard, broke his back on construction. He didn't want me to have to break my back on construction if I could do something else. My father'd wanted to be a ballplayer when he was a kid, but his father (who'd come over from Italy) said that was a bum's job. So my father came to all my games and he'd yell at me, especially when the scouts were around. He didn't want me to-look bad in front of the scouts, he didn't want me to make any mistake. Then the pressure came on me . . . I want to make this clear-I loved my father more than anybody else in the world. But there was a lot of pres-sure. And I'd say, 'Dad, you don't have to come to all the games.'

"If he was alive today I'd tell him I realize he was right. I was just a baby then, I didn't know." He shifted on his stool. "He disciplined me. I had to be in at a certain time and I had to be in then, not a minute later,

I mean it, or I'd get a shot in the mouth. I feel I owe him everything. Nobody else in my neighborhood is anything. My father wanted me to

"Then he had a heart attack and they took him to the hospital. Two days later I was shot. The doctors didn't want him to know. But he found out and he started crying, he wanted to know how I was. The only way the doctors could quiet him was to bring him up to see me. A couple of days later they brought him up. They combed my hair and shaved me and sat me up in bed, though I wasn't supposed to sit up yet. When they brought him in he started crying and I started crying I tried to stand up. I started crying. I tried to stand up, but I fell . . .

JOE looked at the thick green carpet on the clubhouse floor. "I think it would have been the biggest thing in his life if he could've seen me play pro baseball, see me in the big leagues in four years. I think he knows it . .

Joe's grandfather owned the apartment building his family lived in, along with several uncles and aunts and their families. As Joe's mother worked, he and his father stayed with an aunt when they got out of the hospitals. Someone had to care for his dad. Then, on Good Friday, it happened. Pepitone's memory for names and dates and batting averages is not good, but he'll never forget this

night.
"I remember the exact time," he said. "It was 3:20 in the morning. It was Good Friday, I woke up and heard three loud snores—unusual kind of snoring. I got out of bed and my mother came out of her room, and we walked into his room. My father was like staring into space. He was in bed . . . staring."

"Willie!" his mother said. "Willie!"

An uncle burst into the room and grabbed Joe. He rushed the boy across the hall to another aunt's apartment. In minutes he was back and tears were streaming down his cheeks. "Willie is dead," he said, but he didn't

have to say a word to Joe.

"For a month after that I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep," Joe said. "And look what my mother had to go through. She had me and my two younger brothers to take care of, If I ever really do anything in this game my mother will get anything she wants. Because she did things nobody else would've done. I was a nervous wreck. I couldn't sleep—I'd cry every night. She would sit with me and rub my back—and I was a big boy then, 17—every night until I went to sleep. It ended up she became a bundle of nerves. She's still under a doctor's care. She got upset over that fight I had, afraid I'd get hurt.

"I still had six months to go in high school when my father died, but I made up my mind right then I'd quit school and sign. My mother knew how much I was hurt and she gave me what I wanted. I wanted a new me what I wanted I wanted a new me what I wanted I wanted wanted was hore being the same was a second water was selected to be seen a second was selected with the second was selected with the second was selected was select Thunderbird, I shouldn't have, but she gave it to me. I set her up in a little restaurant in the neighborhood. It became too much for her and she sold it to a real great guy who's been real good to her."

The Dodgers, Phillies and Yankees were the only teams still interested in him. The Phils dropped off at \$25,000. Why'd he choose New York over Brooklyn? "I'd always liked the Yankees," he says. "My father was a

Yankee fan, so was my uncle Louie. It wasn't a tough choice. If I didn't pick the Yankees I'd of got my head beat." Louie was 24 then.

He wasn't supposed to play in '58. Then, in August, he got a call from the Yankees asking if he'd like to go up to Auburn for the last month of the season. The team needed an outfielder. "I'd love to," he said, and as soon as he arrived he was homesick. But that's where the shock of his father's death began to wear off. That's where he met his present road roommate, Phil Linz, the other "original" on the Yankees.

Phil, then an enterprising 19-yearold, and another teammate had found a fabulous place to live. A seven-room house they rented for \$60 a month. The only catch was the ghost. The joint was spooky, "The front door was jammed shut and we had to walk all the way around to the back to get it," says Linz. "It was pitch dark and we carried nightsticks. We heard all kinds of weird noises. It was really scary, and there was a prowler run-ning around then." He laughed. "I slept with a push-button knife by my bed. But when Joe came, we told him he could take any room he wanted upstairs. We slept downstairs.

"If I knew what I was getting into I'd of never moved in that place," Joe says. "There were no lights except in the middle of rooms and you had to feel your way upstairs. There was no lock on the door; anybody could walk in. The only time I could get to sleep in that place was when I was overtired. And this other guy staying there didn't help. He used to tie a string on a stick and hang it out the top of Phil's window. Just as Phil was about to fall asleep he'd yank the string and tap the window. Phil would jump up and look around. Then, just as he was about to doze off again, he'd tap again. What a place."

PEPITONE batted .321 and went to Florida that winter with Linz to play in the Instructional League. There Joe met Barbara, the girl he married the following winter. Barbara and her girl friend drove into a motel where all the ballplayers were staying and asked for directions. The players, standing around out front, all started telling them how to go. All except Pepitone and Linz. "We'll show you," said the helpful Rover boys, jumping into the car. They showed them and into the car. They showed them and made a date for the next night. When the girls dropped them back at their motel, they flipped a coin to see who'd

get which girl. Joe picked Barbara.
"Naturally," says Phil, "now every
time he gets mad at her he tells
her he wishes he'd lost that flip. Barbara really hated him that first date.

CAN BE HELPED

National Retarded Children's Week

We went to a driving range and I was putting the ball on the tee for my date. 'Look what Phil's doing,' Barbara told Joe. 'Why aren't you doing that?' 'You've got a back,' Joe said. that?' 'You've got a back,' Joe said.
'Bend it!' They got along after that, I
guess." (They have a girl, Eileen
Marie, and a boy, Joseph.)
Pepitone hit .316 for Amarillo in

'61 (Linz led the league with .349) with 21 home runs. He batted only 239 for New York in '62 (sent down to Richmond for 46 games he hit .315 and when he was recalled found his uniform hanging in the lavatory). But the Yankees thought enough of his potential to trade Bill Skowron over the winter. This year he was the only Yankee to start in the All-Star Game. "I didn't believe it when Ralph told me," he says. "I figured I'd be behind (Dick) Stuart or Power."

THE All-Star status brought him his biggest burst of national recognition until his fight with the Indians on Saturday. Three days after the fight, one of the Yankees pasted an Ight, one of the rankees pasted an 18-inch cutout of Bell on Joe's cubicle and signed it: "All my love, Gary Bell." Joe was still getting mail on the fight, too: "I've always been a fan of yours," he read, "but your recent sudden, but to a convey convinces me den burst of energy convinces me you'll be in the Hall of Fame some-day." Pepitone laughed. Then a Catholic Athlete's medal fell out of the envelope and he said, "Hey, that's nice, isn't it?" He put it around his neck. "I've got a couple of St. Christo-pher medals here someplace," he said, searching around on a shelf. "Here's one. Somebody grabbed me around the neck and snapped the chain. I'll have to send this girl a thank you letter." He admired the new medal hanging over his chest.

Yogi Berra came by with a hat and Joe grabbed it, put it on and pulled it down over his eyes. "You

want six on Seabiscuit in the fifth, Yogi?" he said in his bookie's voice. It's a great life for a kid who never wanted to be anything but a ballplayer, a kid who says he'd be a street-corner bum if he hadn't made it in beschall. it in baseball. He played against a lot of good players on the sandlots of Brooklyn, and he was one of the few selected. Ron Solomini in the Yankee chain, Al Ferrara and Sandy Koufax of the Dodgers were the others. (Koufax, a first-baseman at the time, was unique even then, says Pepitone: "He was the worst hitter I ever saw.")

Dizzy Dean and Pee Wee Reese came into the clubhouse; they would be doing the Game of the Week tele-cast. "You going nationwide, Pee

Wee?" Joe asked.

"Nationwide," Pee Wee said. "And we want to get a closeup of you." "I've gotta shave then," said Pepi-

tone.
"C'mon, Joe," said Pete Previte,
'let's sign those balls."

"I gotta shave before I sign any-thing," Joe said, going to shave before he went onto the field without signing

anything. Saturday morning in Yankee Stadium. A good day to be in pinstripes at the Stadium when you're 22. A good day for Harry M. Stevens' con-cessions, which always do a ton of hot-dog business on a Saturday. But then Nathans would have a hot dog represented, too. A live one who would be there for many days to

#### UNREST IN MONTREAL

(Continued from page 23) defenseman we have, Terry Harper, he appears to have the attitude to be a leader. But you can't expect a rookie to be a leader. It takes time. Some players never will be leaders. Beliveau is too self-effacing. And Boom is two mercurial. If things don't go well, he gets down in the depths."

"If we had a leader last season," says coach Toe Blake, "it was Henri Richard. He's as important a guy as

we have."
"It's up to the old guys," says Maurice Richard. "You need a couple old players to lead the young players. That's the way I was leader. Every-body was trying to get more goals than me. Beliveau, Boom, they got to do that. It's good for the team. But it's up to the old guys.'

The old guys. Many of the heroes during Richard's regime have departed. Of the survivors, is too much expected of them as a result of their

superstar reputations?

During the five-year Stanley Cup reign, the Canadiens possessed eight players who, during their careers, achieved official NHL first-team All-Star recognition: right-wingers Mau-rice Richard and Geoffrion, centers Beliveau and Henri Richard, left-winger Moore, defensemen Harvey and Tom Johnson and goalie Plante.

"I've never known a team," says Selke, who assembled this team, have so many superstars at one time.'

Now, however, the Rocket is retired and so is Moore, who retired this past September. Harvey and Plante are playing in New York, Johnson is playing in Boston. Beliveau and Geoffrion, each 32, seem to be aging quick-ly. Henri Richard, the Pocket Rocket, is perhaps the only veteran at his peak as he nears his 28th birthday. On defense, Jean-Guy Talbot, an All-Star in '62, is solid but he's not a superstar.

"Beliveau had high blood-pressure last season," Plante says. "He would get tired quickly. And Geoffrion didn't have that drive,"

"When we first brought up some of our new players, like Ralph Back-

strom and Gil Tremblay and Billy Hicke and Bob Rousseau," says club vice-president Kenny Reardon, "the writers were saying, "The Canadiens writers were saying, 'The Canadiens keep coming up with the great play-But they weren't great. Maybe they looked great playing with the super players but when the super players began to go down a little, the young players were still what they had always been: fine young players but not great players, not super players. I think the young players had come to depend on the super players. But now it's up to them."

"The young players haven't filled in the gaps in crucial games," says coach Blake. "Until last season we always had such an easy time finishing in first place that the young players kept waiting for the old guys to bust loose. You know that old saying, 'Let George do it.' All I know is that George didn't george a gool for us all season." score a goal for us all season.

"The Canadiens can't possibly come up with new superstars to replace the old ones," says Toronto's Punch Imlach. "That just doesn't happen. To me the big thing was when they let Harvey go to New York. Talk about All-Stars, Harvey was an All-Star All-Star and when he went, the defense started to slip. And it's going to slip more without Plante because the man who replaces him can't be as good. But from the stories I hear, I guess Montreal just had to trade him."

The big trade. Time will tell if the front office made a mistake swapping Plante for Lorne (Gump) Worsley in a seven-player deal. But what of the

whispers behind the deal?

This was one of the biggest trades in recent NHL history. In addition to the goalies, the Canadiens sent two veteran centers, Don Marshall and Phil Goyette, to the Rangers for center Dave Balon, right-winger Leon Rochefort and minor-league leftwinger Len Ronson. The deal was an-nounced to the press during the NHL meetings at Montreal in June.

"I was chewing on a piece of roast beef," says Sid Abel, the general manager-coach of the Detroit Red Wings, "and I almost choked, I couldn't believe Montreal would trade Plante." Neither could Plante, who revolu-tionized goaltending with his facial mask and wandering style. He had been the goalie throughout the fiveyear Stanley Cup reign. He had won the Vezina Trophy, the goalie's Oscar, six times. He had won the Hart Trophy as the league's MVP in '62. His 2.46 goals-against average had been the lowest in the league last season. He had been a three-time All-Star.

"I heard about the trade on my car radio," Plante said that day. "It was like somebody telling me that my wife

just died."

"Jacques Plante can't get in an argument with me," says Frank Selke. "Worsley never saw the day when he could play with Jacques when Jacques was at his best. But last season he al-ways had some new theory to try out. Toe would have not taken too much more without punching him in the nose. Maybe that would have been a good thing. I'm not arguing with Jacques but we couldn't depend on him any more. He's stingy, selfish, no team man, I'm grateful for the way he played for us. He was the best goalie I've ever had and close to the best I've ever seen. But that doesn't say that he can run the hockey club."

"Selke," says Plante, "he says nice things about me and then he hits me with a hammer. Last season he would call me upstairs to his office. Every time I would get bawled out, never praise. He never accepted I was hurt with my asthma attacks."

"Jacques was in my office three times last season," Selke says. "One time to change the locations of his wife's seats. The second time to arrange to make an appearance at a dinner for us. The third time, before the playoffs started, I told him to stay in his goal. The last three years we lost the playoffs with Jacques out of the net. Each year we lost the series on goals that anybody could have

I was in the office about five times," Plante says. "And each time it was my hockey. But I don't think Selke can tell me what to do. He never played

hockey. Only a goalie can tell another."
"We traded Plante," says Ken Reardon, a rough, tough All-Star defense-





man in the Forties, "because he had become a disturbing, upsetting influence on the other players. His asthma was bothering him and in the room before a game he'd be breathing hard, sometimes gasping, and using a nasal spray and that's not the way to make the other players confident that you're going to stop that puck. The asthma, I think, was brought on by nerves. And the nerves came when the fans booed him so much."

"Plante won't get booed in New York," Blake says, "but he would've got it again here if we hadn't traded him."

"The fans gave it to me all the time," Plante says, "but they are hard on goalies here. They always have been."

"The fans," says sports columnist Louis Chantigny of *La Patrie*, "never liked Plante because he is a showoff. When the Canadiens would win a big game he would throw his arms in the air or sometimes kiss the ice. The French Canadian people prefer a humble player, like the Rocket was. The Rocket, he was flashy, but I mean he would score a big goal and he would hang his head and skate in little circles while the crowd cheered. But Plante, he lets you think he is the only one to win the game."

"Plante is shrewd," says Reardon.
"You'll be ready to ask him about a

goal but before you say anything, he'll say, 'Did you see that? Did you see what happened on that second goal?' He'll have you on the defensive. And his demanding the nets be measured around the league last season, that was a smokescreen. He knew he wasn't the goalie he was the year be-

"When I was hurt," says Plante, "with my knee three years ago and with my asthma last year, I wanted help and I didn't get it. The last play-off game last spring, I told them I couldn't play but they told me to play. I never should've went in. I couldn't move. (The Canadiens lost, 5-0.) If I knew then what I know now, I would not have played that last game and a lot of other games. I had cortisone tablets for my asthma and I was like doped. I was playing by habit. I was seeing big black circles, like a flashlight in your eyes."
"Plante," says columnist Red Fish-

er, "was the scapegoat for the fall to third place. The front office wanted to make an example of a big player to wake up the others."

"You make every effort to keep out complacency when you're winning year after year," says Toe Blake. "But it drifts in. This trade may shake up the players. Take Marshall. He was the key to the deal. He was a terrific player for me. Every time I was in trouble I would say, 'Marshall, get out there.' But I think he was getting a little complacent. And Plante put on eight, ten pounds last season. I wonder why a guy would do that. I preach weight. You can't be overweight and play this game. When we got Worsley he and I had quite a talk about it."

Gump Worsley. With the Rangers

he was fat and frustrated. But in New York there was no pressure. Finish fourth and it was a great season. In Montreal they think big: first place and the Stanley Cup. How will he react to this pressure? And to the

"Worsley never was as good as Plante in the past," says Reardon, "but at this stage of their careers,



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they're both 34, they're on a par. It was a fair trade. Both of them could a tremendous season because they'll both be trying to prove something: Plante, that he can win without us; Worsley, that he can win with us. But I don't know about the next season. Worsley always was popular have: maybe out of sympathy for the here; maybe out of sympathy for the 40 or 50 shots he had to handle with the Rangers. Whether he'll be as popular now, we'll have to wait and see."

"If Selke tells Gump he has to lose weight," Plante says, "it creates pressure. But the big problem is the Forum itself if he can stand the pressure and win. Blake used to tell us that second place for us was like last place for any other team."

"I don't know what the pressure will be like until I get it," Worsley

says. "I know in New York that some of my best games were pressure games in the years we did make the playoffs. But this is different, I guess I'll have

"If Lorne plays as well for us as he did against us," says Jean Beliveau, "he'll do a good job. He was always tough for us."

tough for us.

'The Canadiens traded a goaltender for a guesser," says Doug Harvey, who has played in front of both of them. "Plante is a goaltender; he knows the angles and he knows how to smother shots so there won't be rebounds. Gump guesses on shots and lets the rebounds lay around."

"I didn't think we got the best of the deal in the goalkeepers," says Maurice Richard. "Our goalkeeper is better than Worsley."

The front office. It's on the spot. If the trade backfires the culprits will be Selke, who approved it, along with Reardon and personnel director Sammy Pollock, who engineered it.

"Selke's giving both Reardon and Pollock enough rope to hang them-selves," Harvey says. "In two years they'll both be gone." "Reardon and Pollock set up the

deal," says Murray (Muzz) Patrick, general manager of the Rangers, "and then Mr. Selke came in during the final negotiations. Mel Pearson (a minor-league left-winger) was in the deal originally but they balked so I threw in Rochefort instead. They liked that. He's French. Mister Selke turned to Pollock and said, 'Is that all right with you, Sammy?' Pollock nodded and Mr. Selke said, 'It's a deal' and that was it'" that was it."

"BLAKE wasn't in on it," Harvey says. "He was downstairs. If I was the coach and they traded big players

the coach and they traded big players like that without me knowing it, I'd quit on the spot."

Toe Blake. After the playoffs he complained, "I can't get through to the players. I just can't get them up for the big games." He considered retiring but Selke asked him publicly "to help me rebuild the team" and he has returned for his ninth season. But for how many more? for how many more?
"I don't know," Blake says. "Let's

see how this one goes and then I'll know more."

"Toe was discouraged," Selke says. "The team had opened the season by losing 5-0 in Boston, ended the season by losing 5-0 in New York and ended the playoffs by losing 5-0 in Toronto. But I didn't feel the players had let us down; they just weren't good enough. Toe has made a few mistakes
—punching that referee in the 1961 playoffs and making that crack about a referee last season—but he's a great

coach because he's a great competitor."
"Toe just wanted to take all the blame," says Jean Beliveau. "He is one of the best coaches."

"Some people say I don't have the last word," Blake says. "As long as Mr. Selke is the general manager I'll never get that last word. But on the bench I'm the boss. As for the team, any team goes just so many years and then it seems to run into trouble."

Rebuilding. This was necessary for the Canadiens in '47 shortly after Selke took over. What of today's

farms?

"It used to be," says columnist isher, "that the players in the Canadiens' system were the most sought-after young players in hockey. It got so that other teams figured a player was good as long as he was in the Canadiens' system. The (Boston) the Canadiens' system. The (Boston) Bruins paid about \$100,000 for three of them-Cliff Pennington, Terry Gray and Wayne Connolly-but none of them made it. Now the other teams are shying away. And the farm system has deteriorated so much the Canadiens have to pick up palookas from other clubs."

"With the draft rule we have now," says Selke, "there is no way any team can retain its reserve strength."
"That," says Clarence Campbell, the president of the NHL, "is why the

draft rule was put in ten years ago."

The NHL draft rule restricts each team to 18 players (forwards and defensemen) and two goalies on what is known as its "protected list" each June at the annual league meeting.

Any other professional in that team's system can be drafted for \$20,000.

"During the great years," says
Blake, "the draft rule forced us to
let go many good players and they
haven't been replaced."

Nort of these good players were

Most of those good players were dealt to Chicago. Bill Hay and Murray Balfour, for example, formed the Million Dollar Line with Bobby Hull. Ab McDonald scored 59 goals the past three seasons. Reg Fleming is one of the most feared fireballs in the NHL, Bob Turner one of the most gifted versatile players, Al MacNeil a solid young defenseman.

"The Canadiens created a Frank-enstein," says Lynn Patrick, general manager of the Boston Bruins. "In 1961 and 1962 the Black Hawks

knocked them out of the playoffs."

"The principal reason we sent so many players to Chicago," says Selke, "is that (Black Hawk owner) Jim Norris tenned cooperations." Norris topped every offer we had when we had players to sell."

Fleming and Balfour contributed to making the Black Hawks the Gas House Gang of the NHL. During this

"Your few little guys. Not robust."

NHL. During this time, ironically, the Canadiens became "too nice," as Selke says.

"I call them the Singer Midgets," says Toronto's Punch Imlach. "Most of them are little guys. Not robust. Not much muscle."

"Our farm system's still producing," says Reardon. "We've got two good young defensemen, Jacques Laperriere and Terry Harper. We had to rush them in last season because of injuries. But everybody saw them then so they're not considered new. saw them Laperriere could be a wonderful hockey player for us. And he's French.

That means a lot to us."

The French quota. To maintain their flair, the Canadiens, often favor French players. Does it help? Or hurt?

WE spend two-thirds of our ama-teur dollar in the Province," says Reardon, "so we expect two-thirds of our prospects to be French. But when our prospects to be French. But when at comes to two players, one French and one English, fighting for the same job on our big team, if it's 50-50, if they're of equal ability, we'll keep the French player. But if it's 51-49 we'll go with the better player."

"It's a grave problem," says col-umnist Fisher. "Their hands are tied. They got rid of MacNeil to keep (Jean) Gauthier—a bad mistake." "But there isn't a French Canadian in the front office," says columnist

Chantigny. "They need one to under-stand the French players."

"If we didn't have mostly French Canadian players," says Selke, "we wouldn't have the crowd appeal, both at home and on the road."

"There's a quote," says columnist Chantigny. "Senator Molson has said many times he wants a trans which

many times he wants a team which represents the Province."

Hartland de M. Molson, the presi-dent of the Canadiens, is the owner of the brewery which quenches the thirst of hockey fans throughout the Province de Quebec. Thus the brewery's profits depend to some extent on the success of the Canadiens in the NHL.

"When Geoffrion was on the market last spring," says Chantigny, "Senator Molson got letters from fans saying they'd never drink his beer again if Boom was traded. So Molson himself told the front office to take Geoffrion

off the block. It was too risky."
"Geoffrion," says Reardon, "was
never taken off the market because

he was never on it."
"It seems," says Toe Blake, "that if you're not winning, the fans count the players."

The fans. Are they too partisan for their own good? And have they been

spoiled by success?

"They like fancy players," says
Selke, "and they're not as tolerant of
an Anglo-Saxon player."

"They cost us Ab McDonald," says
Reardon. "He's a big guy and never looks like he's skating hard. Whereas little Marcel Bonin was a favorite of the crowd. He'd scramble for the puck in the corners and the fans would say, 'What guts.' So they began to boo McDonald and we dealt him to Chicago. He wasn't any good to us getting booed like that."

"The fans put pressure on the front office," Plante says, "and then the front office puts pressure on the players. There was a lot of pressure last season. I think myself that's maybe why we did not have a good record at the Forum, not like before (15 victories, 10 losses, 10 ties compared to 26-2-7 the previous season). The 26-2-7 the previous season). players were afraid to make mistakes in front of everybody and they would get rid of the puck. They would not work the puck like we used to."

"All I know," says Toronto's Imlach, "is that we used to be happy to

get a tie in Montreal. Now we figure it's 50-50 we'll win."

"Some people say the fans make it harder now for a player," says Geof-frion. "But I don't think so. The fans seem to understand."

"They're hard to satisfy now," says Henri Richard. "We won the Cup five straight years and I guess now they're

pretty fussy.'

"The fans can be tough," says Frank Selke, Jr., the public relations director of the club. "When you're winning it doesn't make any difference. But when you lose it can get hard. This is supposed to be a great city for a hockey player. But there are disadvantages to playing here, too." "For the big players," says Reardon,

"Montreal is a paradise to play in." The big players are big people in Montreal. Their names are magic as

public-relations men (Beliveau), res-taurateurs (Worsley) and motel proprietors (Geoffrion)

"I'm not against it," says Blake, who owns a tavern, "but I've seen a few cases where guys shortened their careers with other jobs."

IT can be hard for a hockey player here," says Maurice Richard. "Everywhere everybody knows them. Not like the U.S. cities except maybe a little in Detroit. They know hockey players in Toronto, too, but there is not the excitement there over players.

Also, the press here can be hard."

The press. There are seven major newspapers: the daily Star, Gazette, La Presse, Matin and de Voir and the weekly La Patrie and La Petit Journal -all perhaps best described as critically loyal.

only press problem," says "Our only press problem, says Selke, "is with the scandal sheets, the little sports weeklies."

"They're always looking for a head-line," says Frank Selke, Jr. "During the spring, Geoffrion toured Canada (for Molson's) and everywhere he went he said that Dick Irvin (Blake's late predecessor) was the greatest coach he ever played for. When he got back one of the sports papers made a front-page headline out of it.

But Boom said, 'Well, that is the way

I feel.' That's Boom for you."

"It's harder for us to deal established players than for any other team," says Blake, "because of the repercussions in the press. We can't trade them at their best market value, especially the French players, we've

especially the French players, we've got to wait until the press and the fans realize they've had it so they won't be critical. This delay on trades is one reason for our downfall."

The downfall. Maybe it's a mirage. Maybe the Canadiens will recapture the Stanley Cup or the Prince of Wales Trophy. Maybe not, too.

"Nobody's going to beat Toronto for first place," says Reardon, "unless it's Chicago... but we haven't fallen off the pedestal. With three games to go last season we were fighting for first place without two of our best defenseplace without two of our best defense-men—(Lou) Fontinato and (Tom) Johnson. And every year in the play-offs there have been extenuating circumstances. Injuries to big players. Last spring, Fontinato, Johnson and Plante's asthma. The year before, Henri Richard's broken arm. The year

"In their great years," says Boston's Lynn Patrick, "they won despite injuries. Now they don't have that depth."

"They're not going to fall apart,"

says Tommy Ivan, general manager of the Chicago Black Hawks. "Don't of the Chicago Black Hawks. "Don't forget, they've got the Province of Quebec to draw from and there are a lot of hockey players there."

"The boys didn't work hard enough last season," says Maurice Richard. "We still got the best in the league."

"Last season," says Gump Worsley, "I know the Canadiens were tough offensively. They led the league again.

offensively. They led the league again in goals (225, compared to 259) but they had more scored against them (183, compared to 166) so I guess this

"Worsley," says Toe Blake, "will be as good as his defense, which will be good if the forwards back-check."

"I played golf with a lot of the players last summer," says Jacques Plante, "and they were really scared. One of them told me: 'I don't know how we're going to make it.' The team's in trouble."

"Our team is going to battle," says Boom Boom Geoffrion, "and we are still capable of finishing in first place."

"Our players are supposed to be nervous," says Blake. "I only laugh at that because pros worry about every season. Gordie Howe (of Detroit) everybody says he's going to get 30 to 40 goals but Howe worries because he's got to put that puck in the net. Nobody else. I hope all our players are worried. Then there won't be any complacency.'

"If the team keeps falling," says columnist Louis Chantigny, "the fans will boo. And boo."

In his office at the Forum, the walls filled with pictures and cartoons of the great players in the history of Le Club de Hockey Canadien, manag-ing director Frank Selke sat behind his neat mahogany desk not long ago and glanced out the window overlooking Rue de Ste. Catherine.

"This," he was saying, "will be a tough year this winter."

At the other end of the building, in the dark storeroom where the Stanley Cup and the Prince of Wales Trophy used to be kept, dust gathers day by day. And now, possibly, year by year.

### ASK THE EXPERTS



Boston's Curt Gowdy covers sports for WHDH, airs Red Sox games, and does specials for ABC and NBC

Who have been the all-league quarterbacks since the inauguration of the American Football League?

-Ira Harmon, Minneapolis, Minnesota

The first was Jack Kemp, of the Los Angeles (now San Diego) Chargers, in 1960. He was followed by George Blanda, Houston Oilers, 1961, and Len Dawson, Dallas Texans (now Kansas City Chiefs), 1962.

What college football player scored the most points in one game?

—Mike Terry, Fremont, Ohio

Leo Schlick of St. Viator scored 12 touchdowns and 28 extra-points in a 1916 game against Lane. That gave him an even 100 points.



Merle Harmon broadcasts the pro football Kansas City Chiefs' games for KCMO in Kansas City, Missouri

What major-league baseball player has played the most regular-season games in one year?

-Dick Donnell, Sacramento, California

Maury Wills. He played 165 games in the 1962 season, which ran three extra games for his Los Angeles Dodger team because of the playoff with the San Francisco Giants.

Has there ever been a player who was elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame even though he did not have a lifetime batting average over .300? -Dennis Welsh, Los Angeles, California

Yes, several. Among them: Tinker-Evers-and-Chance (the double-play combination), Rabbit Maranville (.258), Max Carey (.285) and Jimmy Collins (.294). Connie Mack had the lowest average (.249), though he was elected as both a player and manager.



Ernie Harwell, who's aired big-league ball for 15 years, does Tiger games for WKMH and WJBK-TV Detroit

Who are the top rushers ever in the National Football League and how many yards?

-Dale Sisk, Longview, Texas

Not counting the 1963 season, the top three rushers are:

- 1. Joe Perry, San Francisco and Baltimore, 8280 yards.
- 2. Jim Brown, Cleveland, 7459 yards.
- 3. Steve Van Buren, Philadelphia, 5860 yards.

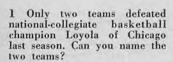
This is a regular feature. Send questions to Ask The Experts, Sport, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Selected ones will be used.

### THE SPORT QUIZ

For Answers Turn to Page 85



Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (he's been at it for 29 years), covers the White Sox over WCFL radio in Chicago



2 Give the teams of these AFL

all-star players: a Jim Otto

b E. J. Holub c Charley Hennigan

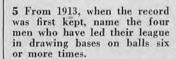
3 He gave up four bases-loaded home runs in one season:

a Ray Narleski, Tigers b Ralph Terry, Yankees c Don Nottebart, Braves

4 One American League pitcher led his league in earned-run average in nine different seasons. Name the man and his two teams.



Dan Daniels is the voice of the Washington Senators on WTOP's radio and television stations in the nation's capital and does a Sunday evening telecast



6 What National Football League team has the best wonlost percentage record in league playoff games? What is that team's record?

7 When was the last NFL season in which the Eastern Division title was not won by New York, Philadelphia or Cleve-land? What was the team?

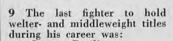
8 Which of these stars has been in the NBA the longest?

a Elgin Baylor b Wilt Chamberlain

c Bailey Howell



Jimmy Dudley airs Cleveland Indian games on radio station WERE. He's been at that mike for 15 seasons, and done play-byplay of three World Series



a Carmen Basilio b Mickey Walker

10 The NCAA major-college record for most points scored by a football player in one season (since 1940 when official records began) is held by \_\_\_\_\_.

11 His 33.8 points per game for three years is still the career record for major-college basket-ball players. Who is the player who set this record?

12 The first Winter Olympic

b Chamonix, France, 1924 c Lake Placid, N. Y., 1928

games were held at: a Oslo, Norway, 1920

Tom Harmon, the former Michigan football All-America, has a daily program, covering all sports, for the nationwide network of ABC radio

13 In the Twentieth Century, what boxer had the longest, unbroken tenure as heavyweight champion of the world? What were the years of his reign?

14 The big-league fielding mark for shortstops is held by:

a Phil Rizzuto

b Ernie Banks

e Lou Boudreau

15 Dick Groat, the St. Louis Cardinals' shortstop, also had a great reputation in basketball. He was an All-American at\_ and a pro for the.

16 The coach of the first AFL champs (Houston) in '60 was:

a Wally Lemm b Lou Rymkus

c Hank Stramm

### SQUARE DEAL MALONEY OF THE REDS

(Continued from page 35)
"Certainly," said Maloney on being asked if he had overcome his prejudice against junk. "Rather than go for a strikeout, I'd just as soon throw a slop pitch and let 'em pop it up."

And Jim Turner noted, in a gratified manner, that Maloney was now pitching "like an old, seasoned pro."

ing "like an old, seasoned pro."

By the first of September, with a club that was going nowhere, Maloney had pitched a one-hit shutout against the Cubs, a two-hit shutout against the Giants, a two-hit shutout against the Braves, and four other shutouts besides. The Cubs got their hit when Ellis Burton, the second man up, poked a ground-ball single to right field. Of the 28 batters Maloney faced, Burton was the only one to reach base.

Maloney is the image of a fastball pitcher. Irish on his father's side, Italian on his mother's, he is tall enough, at 6-2, to develop leverage and heavy enough, at 205 pounds, to reinforce it. He is otherwise identifiable by a blond semi-crewcut, an interested, non-committal way of looking at people, and a somewhat oversize nose.

Fred Hutchinson, the Cincinnati manager, thinks of Maloney as "carefree." In Pennant Race, the definitive story of how the Reds won the National League championship two years ago, Jim Brosnan recorded that when Maloney lost a game to the Phils he was carefree enough to say, "That's the way it goes. Did you dig that new wrestling hold on TV last night?" Maloney has no recollection of this.

Furthermore, he points out, he is not a wrestling fan. But Maloney does remember (and so did Brosnan) that once when he took a pounding from Los Angeles he angrily hurled a sweatshirt at the clubhouse radio to silence announcer Waite Hoyt. On another occasion, a home run by Virdon so infuriated Maloney that he jumped up and down, in his spikes, on a perfectly usable pitcher's glove. "That kid ain't impressed with any-

"That kid ain't impressed with anybody, but sometimes he needs a kick in the pants," Pete Whisenant said of Maloney when Whisenant was a coach with the Reds. "He's cocky," Whisenant explained. Maloney, nonplused, can't imagine what Whisenant was talking about. And, in Jim Turner's view, Maloney is simply aggressive. "He wants to be a success," Turner says.

says.

Maloney was far from carefree, and far from cocky, as a rookie in Topeka, Kansas, four years ago. He was not even sure that he wanted to be a success.

Earl (Hands) Maloney had pushed him along up to then. A former sandlot first-baseman whose nickname derived from the way he could scoop a throw out of the dirt, Hands Maloney played bat-and-ball games with his son when the boy was in kindergarten. By the time young Jim was 17 he was hitting .500 for Fresno High School. Over a period of three years, Jim's high school and American Legion team (they were one and the same) won 105 of 108 games. Jim was the star hitter and shortstop. The

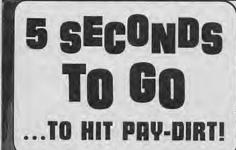
star pitcher, a kid named Dick Ellsworth, has kept in touch with Jim to this day. It was no trouble, actually, because Ellsworth pitches for the Chicago Cubs. On the same day that Maloney won his 20th game for the Reds this year—September 2—Ellsworth won his 20th for the Cubs.

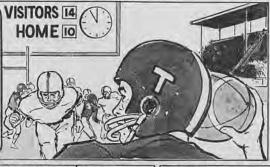
Toward the end of the school term

Toward the end of the school term in 1958, the Ellsworth and Maloney families had a series of visits and telephone calls from fast-talking strangers who offered them large sums of money. Soon there appeared a newspaper headline stating that Dick Ellsworth had signed with the Cubs for a \$75,000 bonus. Jim Maloney, accompanied by his father, flew to Kansas City for a tryout with the Baltimore Orioles and from there to Cincinnati for a tryout with the Reds. Both clubs were looking for shortstops, but Maloney did not sign with either. On his father's advice, he rejected their propositions and enrolled with a baseball and basketball scholarship at the University of California.

Earl Maloney's reasoning was that one or two years at shortstop for the University of California would certainly not lessen Jim's market value and would possibly add to it. The chances are he was right. But in the end Jim played baseball for Fresno City College, having found it uncongenial at California, and he enlarged his reputation as a pitcher and not as a shortstop.

In high school and Legion ball, he had pitched when the circumstances demanded it, which was not very frequently. At Fresno City College, Jim was the whole staff. In his first 19

























innings he allowed neither a hit nor a run, with the result that Bobby Mattick, Cincinnati's West Coast scout, was presently at the door flashing a bonus contract the Maloneys could not resist.

And so there Jim was in Topeka, Kansas, with a fastball and a bank account but with no preparation for the harsh, upsetting realities of life

in the minor leagues.
"To begin with," he says, "I didn't have a clue as to how to pitch. I was just trying to throw my fastball right past the hitters. In college ball, you can do that. In professional ball, can't. The reason they sign those kids is because they know they can all hit a fastball. They were rocking me around. I got a sore arm. I got sick. I lost weight. I was living in a house with five other guys and we lived like a bunch of rats."

Topeka's manager was Johnny VanderMeer, whose name you will find in the record book at the end of a notation that reads: "Fewest hits in two consecutive games—0." Vander-Meer pitched his two straight no-hit games for Cincinnati, in 1938. Twenty years later he still knew the basic requirements, but getting them across

to Maloney was something else. "He'd talk to me," says Maloney, "and I'd listen. It went right in one ear and right out the other. See, I didn't believe pitching was a science, an art. I'd throw more curveballs, the way he told me to do, but when somebody would hit one out I'd lose confidence. I'd wonder why I was throw-ing curveballs when the best pitch I had was a fastball. I did too much thinking. I felt I was letting the organization down. They'd handed me all this money and I wasn't doing anything to earn it. I was just about ready to give up."

Back in Fresno, Earl Maloney heard what was happening. He grabbed the next plane for Topeka. A few words from Earl—the equivalents of such phrases as "low mileage," "one owner," "like new"—and Jim changed

his mind about giving up.

On the last day of the season, he pitched against Lincoln and won, 5-1. I struck out 15 and allowed two hits. I spent the winter on that game," he

The Reds were disappointed with his 6-7 record. Therefore, they pro-moted him to Nashville of the Southern Association. This made sense be-cause Jim Turner was managing Nashville and if a pitcher could not learn from Turner he was probably unteachable, the Reds figured.

Turner, you might say, was a self-made man. He arrived in the major leagues at the ripe age, for a rookie, of 32, with 12 long years in the minors behind him. Fully educated, he won 20 games for the Boston Braves, led the National League in earned-run average, and at one point during the season pitched 31 consecutive scoreless innings. All this in his first year.

'Turner started working with me from the day I reported for spring training," says Maloney. "He talked about nothing but pitching and never

stopped." Maloney's main trouble," Turner, "was inexperience. He was just a young kid with a real fine arm. The first thing he had to do was improve his control. You improve your control by practice, and by learning to relax. All young pitchers tense up under pressure, and Maloney just a baby, just 19 years old.

"One thing I insisted on above everything else: "Throw the curve, throw the curve." He had a pretty good curve even then, but I wanted him to get confidence in it. A fella like that is a power pitcher. Strong. But he couldn't relax enough, with his inexperience, to be strong in the eighth or ninth inning. But, if you can mix off-speed pitches in, if you can get your curve over, that saves the fastball. You've got some strength left that you couldn't possibly have if you pump, pump, pump for nine innings, It got to the stage where almost 40 percent of his pitches would be curves. If you've got a good curveball and can't get it over, the majorleague hitter won't swing at it. He'll wait for your fastball. But Maloney,

as his control improved, was throwing his curveball for strikes."

In the first half of the season at Nashville, Maloney won 14 games. The Reds called him up in July. His third start, and second win, was a four-hit shutout against the Phils, with 11 strikeouts. He finished the year 2-6, having lost his next five, but with a future that no one could doubt.

Maloney had a very merry Christ-mas. All was well at the used-car lot. His real-estate investments and mutual funds were in excellent shape. tual funds were in excellent shape. His engagement to Carolyn Dougherty was announced. (They had met on a blind date in Topeka; "the only good thing that happened to me there," says Maloney.) And Jim Turner, it was definite, would be a pitching coach with the Reds the next spring.

But though the Reds won the pennant in 1961, the year, for Maloney, was a year that had certain imperfections. Something happened, early on, to his control. When Maloney was warming up at the start of an inning his catcher, John Edwards, would tell his catcher, John Edwards, would tell the first hitter, "Don't hang in there too tight. This kid's wild. He doesn't always know what he's doing out there." Edwards was only saying this for effect—it could change a guy's mind about digging in—but soon everybody believed him. Jocko Conlan, the umpire, went to the Reds' dugout to sponge himself off between innings one hot afternoon and cominnings one hot afternoon and complained to the whole bench that Maloney was driving him out of his mind. "Tell that kid to get the ball over," he snapped. Three-hour ball games on hot afternoons are Jocko's pet peeve.

Yet Maloney was 4-2 when his arm began giving him trouble and manager Hutchinson sent him to the bull-pen. While Jim O'Toole and Bob Purkey and Joey Jay were pitching the Reds to the pennant, Maloney was just another relief man. Once he attracted some attention by putting his fastball where Willie McCovey was delighted to see it. In the history of Crosley Field, no one has hit a ball out of the sundeck, a section of bleachers in right field, but McCovey would have done it that day except for the splendid coordination of a fan in the top row. He stood up, this fan did, and made a beautiful catch of the ball as it was leaving the park. In any case, Maloney had helped set a record. "The papers all said it was the longest ball hit in 25 years—450 feet and still going," he remarked.

Maloney denies that there was anything personal in what happened at Candlestick Park not long afterward. In a bunt situation with Maloney at bat, McCovey, playing first base for San Francisco, rushed toward the plate. Maloney, a lefthanded batter, did not bunt. He gripped the bat at the end of the handle and swung. If McCovey had started a half-second sooner, the ball might have taken his head off. As it was, there were no obstructions and Maloney proudly circled the bases for his first and only big-league home run.

In 1961 Maloney could hit. Hutchin-son sometimes used him for pinchson sometimes used him for pinch-hitting jobs and he finished the sea-son batting .375. Now, says Maloney, because pitchers don't get enough bat-ting practice, his hitting is "very ter-rible." In 1961 his pitching, though not terrible, was not good. His record



for the season was 6-7 and in September he hardly pitched at all. He pitched a third of an inning against the Yankees in the fifth and last game of the World Series with Cincinnati behind, 5-0. Relieving Joey Jay, he retired the next batter on a popup. Then in very quick succession came a triple, a single, and two dou-bles—and Maloney was free to make

his plane reservation for Fresno.
On October 15, he and Carolyn
Dougherty were married. They had
looked forward blissfully to a honeymoon in Hawaii. At the request of Fred Hutchinson, they spent it in-stead in Florida. Certain majorleague clubs that include Cincinnati have a winter instructional camp in Florida, and Hutchinson said to Maloney: "Go down there and get your arm in shape." A month and a half later, Maloney's arm was still not in shape and he was begging that all it needed was rest.

So Maloney went back to the used-car lot. His pitching that spring in the exhibition games was not reassuring to Hutchinson. "I was wild," Maloney admits, "really wild. And I wasn't

cutting loose with the ball." But just before the Reds were to break up their camp, Maloney went out and their camp, Maioney went out and pitched like a big-leaguer again. "I threw good that day," he recalls, "I was wild, but I threw good, and I knew there was nothing wrong with my arm. I was happy." Hutchinson, however, was unhappy. The Pittshowever, was unhappy. The Pitts-burgh Pirates had hit five home runs off Maloney, who pointed out in vain that a 40-mile wind had been blowing toward center field. Hutchinson optioned Maloney to San Diego of the Pacific Coast League. "I told him I thought it wasn't right," Maloney said.

Hutchinson, unmoved, replied that he thought it was right. "I want you to pitch every fourth day," Hutchin-

son added.

"That was the only reason for sending him there," Jim Turner con-firmed. "We had Jay, Purkey, and O'Toole, three seasoned startersenough starting pitchers to carry us for a month. Maloney was very wild that spring, and he couldn't get over it on the bench. I knew he'd be back."

But the question was when. In San

Diego, Maloney lost his first game, 2-1, and then won four straight. His earned-run average was 2.79. On June Cincinnati recalled him.

Over the rest of the season, he won nine and lost seven. He worked very hard on his control. And when the hitters were least expecting it, seemed to be throwing them junk.

In Florida last spring, Maloney informed the sportswriters that year he would win 15 games. "That's all I said," Maloney recounted in September. "I didn't, at the time, think I would win over 20. I've been fort would win over 20. I've been for-tunate. I've had all the luck you can get. In games where I've given up four or five runs, the team has come back with six or seven. "Of course," he went on after paus-ing a moment, "I did pitch good ball here and there."

On that point, Jim Turner, severe

On that point, Jim Turner agrees. "He's a real fine young pitcher," said Turner. "And in one or two years, with more development, he's likely to become a real fine young pitcher."
Or maybe, if his ethics don't pre-

vent it, a real, real fine young pitcher.

### SPORT'S HALL OF FAME: CHRIS CAGLE

(Continued from page 27) pound back playing for a tiny college, and little backs from little colleges have about the same chance of being picked on All-America teams as Jack Paar has of being drafted to play middle linebacker for the Chicago Bears. Keener Cagle wasn't even picked for the All-Southern teams. Not even for the All-Southern teams picked by lit-the boys from Baton Rouge. (SLI finally did get itself an All-America halfback a couple of decades later when the Naval Reserve deposited Al Dark, the current San Francisco manager, on the campus.) In his final year, Southwestern scheduled Louisiana State to give Cagle a chance at the spotlight. Chris dominated the game, ran all over the field, but couldn't score. LSU scored a touchdown in the final quarter, won 7-0, and Cagle's once again, went largely unwork. noticed.

If he had received any kind of rec-ognition, Cagle quite probably would have married upon graduation and gone to work as an assistant coach in some equally small southern college -thereby doing irreparable damage to the subsequent careers of Jack Oakie and Richard Arlen. As it was, he had little reputation and no job

For his own part, Cagle-always a modest, amiable, immensely popular boy—was not awfully upset. The men most outraged were the president of the Institute, Edwin L. Stephens, and the coach, Ray Mobley, both of whom had been promoting him with that purity of passion that comes only when you are acting, with patent unselfishness, on someone else's behalf.

It was Mobley who finally hit upon the plan for bringing their boy to the attention of the world. In those days, West Point and Annapolis allowed any student to participate in their intercollegiate programs and, since both admitted college graduates, their teams were quite frequently beefed up with players who had already starred on other fields. West Point, in particular, had been tapping that gold-en vein, so much so that almost all

its great football players had come second-hand.

Cagle had never been much of a student, of course, but minor matters like that could be overcome. Football players had never had any great trou-ble securing appointments to West

Even when he was assured of the appointment, however, Cagle was not sure he wanted to accept it. He was engaged to an SLI freshman, Marian Haile, and four years at West Point meant four years during which he could not get married. Stephens and Mobley wanted him to go, though, and his parents were very anxious for him to go. When, in the end, Marian told him to go too, that was that. In the fall of 1926, Keener Cagle headed for West Point.

During his first two years, he was sure he had made a mistake. The West Point apparatus swallows up all incoming cadets and sets them upon a long grey timetable. Chris was far from happy in such a rigid, regimented life; his letters to Marian reflected a homesickness rather astonishing in a man of voting age. More than that, he had a terrible time with his studies, particularly math. He became a permanent member of the "tenth squad" (made up of those who were only a tenth-of-a-point or so from failing) conducted by a brilliant classmate, J. A. K. Herbert. In their final two years, Cagle and Herbert were roomed together in order to put the tutoring on a full-time, official basis. With it on a full-time, official basis. With it all, Chris was on the ragged edge of flunking every day of his West Point career. (In his first year, he was 278th in a class of 287, in his second year he was 237th out of 254 and in his third year, 209th out of 249.)

West Point's liberal rules made him.

West Point's liberal rules made him eligible for the varsity from the start. But Chris had never been a man to rouse himself in practice, and, when the season opened, he was a substitute behind Tom Trapnell. The star of the team was Lighthorse Harry Wilson, who had previously been an All-America at Penn State, Gar Davidson, later both the football coach and the Superintendent of the Academy, was a substitute tackle. Chris spent the first two games on the bench. He got to play, finally, when Trapnell's nose was smashed in a bloody game against

Trapnell's nose was not the only one broken that day; a Syracuse back got himself thrown out for breaking the referee's nose with a crisp right hook. There were also periodic interruptions to allow the fans to riot a little and, as the game ended, at least one M.P. was out on the field with a drawn gun.

With such juicy items as these to report upon, it is little wonder that the newspapers tended to obscure the fact that a substitute freshman halfback, Chris Cagle, had scored the winning touchdown.

He was never a substitute again. In the Navy game, the boy from Merryville found himself performing before 110,000 spectators at Soldier Field, Chicago. He ran 43 yards for the final

Army touchdown in a 21-21 tie.

By then, it had become obvious enough that the little redheaded plebe —built up by West Point chow to a solid 165 pounds—was the team's star. The following year, coach Biff Jones rebuilt his offense to accommodate Red's talents, scrapping the Notre Dame box for a single-wing formation which would give Red the chance to run and pass out of a deep tailback

Harry Wilson, captain of the team, ound himself completely overshadowed. There was no jealousy between the two great runners, though. In the Navy game—Wilson's farewell appearance—Chris refused to carry the ball once it had been brought into scoring position. "This is Harry's game," he told quarterback Spike game," he told quarterback Spike Nave. Wilson scored all the points

and Army won, 14-9.

Chris might have felt a little different if he had known he would never get another chance to play against Navy. The Annapolis brass had adopted the conventional three-year varsity rule that season, lest one good halfback corrupt the seven seas. Army flatly refused to go along. The following year, the Superintendent of the Naval Academy angrily cancelled the game on the grounds that Army was unwilling to compete on equal terms. The game was resumed in 1930 only because President Hoover ordered that it be played to raise money for charity. (And in 1930, plenty of charity was needed.) In 1938 Franklin D. Roosevelt, a onetime Undersecretary of Navy, issued a brief directive which read: "From now on West Point will abide by the three-year rule." Thus ended the era of the eight-year football player.

HAPPILY, Chris had his four shots against Army's other important rival, Notre Dame. Knute Rockne always said that Cagle was the best back his teams ever faced. In his sophomore year, Chris played so well against Notre Dame, that the result was the only defeat of the season for the Irish. He scored one touchdown by threading through three tacklers who had him trapped along the sideline, then racing on for 48 yards. He scored another on a 15-yard pass.

The next year, he almost aborted that beautiful story about George Gipp's deathbed bequest. It would have been a lamentable loss to Ameri-

can mythology.

Rockne, according to legend, gathered his team around him between halves of the 1928 Army-Notre Dame game to enlighten them about the fantastic life and ill-timed death of George Gipp and, as he built to a climax, about Gipp's final admonition that "When the team's up against it and all the breaks are going the other way, tell them to go out there and win one for The Gipper. Wherever I am, Rock, I'll know about it and I'll be

happy."

This kind of story quite obviously loses something in dramatic value if the team then goes out there and blows the game. As it was, Notre Dame went into a 12-6 lead with only one minute to play. Cagle took the ensuing kickoff and ran it back 60 yards to the Notre Dame 36. He then ran 21 more yards to the 14 before he was carried off in complete exhaustion. When the clock ran out, Army had taken the ball to the one-yard line. Maybe The Gipper's ghost was running the clock that day, at that.

As a reminder to future historians—who will do their best to ignore it—we should say that Rockne always denied that he'd made any such speech. "All I really said," he'd chuckle, "was watch out for Cagle!"

Cagle was worth watching. His number 12 was as famous in his day as Red Grange's 77. An odd habit of wearing his chin strap over the back of his helmet seemed to lend a flourish to his running. A jolting tackle would send the helmet flying, and Cagle's red, curly hair would come suddenly and dramatically to view.

Red Blaik, who came to the Point as as assistant coach during Cagle's second year, is in a wonderful position to compare Chris with his own threetime All-America of the 1940s, Glenn

Davis

"Red," he says, "was very fast but he did not have Glenn's burning speed. He could pick up speed and power in the open but he did not have four or five gears like Davis. Where Red was unequalled—just tremendous—was at going into a crowd of tacklers and picking his way—one by one—past all of them. He was also, incidentally, one of the first backs—the first I ever saw, anyway—to throw long passes on the dead run."

Cagle could run equally well to either his left or right and he could cut on a poker chip. Most backs, in cutting, pivot exclusively off their inside foot, swinging a hip around in that classic newspaper pose. Red could also pivot off his outside foot, like a soldier doing a right or left flanking movement, an ability which permitted him to change directions in quick, darting 90-degree angles.

Generally, he would start wide out of a short kick formation. If he did not feel he had enough room on that side, he would swing around to see how the land lay on the other side of the field. It was not unusual for him to retreat up to 30 yards behind the line of scrimmage before he had the field spread out to his satisfaction.

This is what made Chris Cagle such a spectacular runner. He did not simply outrun everybody; first, he'd spread his field out, then he'd pick his way through it. A Cagle run left a pattern of sprawling bodies and clutching hands behind it. Since he sometimes ran 50 yards just to get back to the line of scrimmage, he could make an emotional experience out of a three-yard gain.

His greatest run probably came against Stanford. Although he gained only 26 yards, the pictures showed that Red reversed his field seven times, eluded every man on the Stanford team at least once and covered—in all probability—close to 200 yards. He was finally tackled from behind, just as he had maneuvered himself

into the clear.

DOING for Army no more than he had done for SLI, Chris was an All-America in his sophomore year. He remained an All-America thereafter. As a cadet, alas, he was considerably less than that. For all his coordination on the football field, Cagle was the worst marcher of his day; possibly the worst in West Point history. (Curiously enough, Army's other great halfback, Glenn Davis, was also the worst marcher in his class.) Chris had a long, loping stride which no drill instructor was ever able to tighten. All other shoulders would be braced, all other heads stiff and correct; Red's would be bobbing back and forth. And he was never able to keep in step. Never. In his final year he was changing step as often as in his first.

Perhaps he was just fighting the discipline. He was one of a pokerplaying crowd that frequently got together after curfew, and he was not above going over the wall to get a couple of beers in town. There have always been a few cells of resistance at the Academy. The administrators, having been cadets themselves—and, in some cases, equally high-spirited ones—usually know all about them. The cardinal rule, as on the outside, is "Don't Get Caught." The difference is that when you're caught at West Point, punishment is not far behind. You can't put in a fix with the Officer

of the Day.

Red, however, managed to break a far more important rule. In June, 1928, after two solid years at the Point, he finally went home on his first leave, an automatic two-month furlough which followed the completion of his yearling year. On the last day of the furlough, Red and Marian Haile were lunching in New Orleans with a cousin of hers, Mrs. Garnet Todd, and an artist from Paris, Robert Whitney. Halfway through the

meal, it came upon them that they

should get married.

Just outside New Orleans is Gretna, aptly-named town that achieved a measure of prosperity by withholding its marriage licenses from publication. The only obstacle that faced two well-known people trying to get secretly married (Marian's people were the leading drug-gists in the area) was a state law requiring the prospective groom to take a blood test. Red and Marian leafed through the phone book until they found a doctor neither had ever heard of. Red got his Wassermann, Marian dashed out to buy a white dress and by three o'clock they and their two witnesses were in the office of Justice of the Peace George T. Trauth, Trauth, who not only knew who Cagle was but also knew about the West Point rule against marriage, warned them that while he would not release the information himself, he had no authority to withhold his records from anyone who came inquir-ing. (When the story did break, Trauth assumed an air of surprise and innocence.)

Red, who had been scheduled to catch the nine o'clock train out of New Orleans, wired the Academy that he had missed his connection. When he did return, a day late, he was sentenced to walk the area for 35 days.

Four months later he got home again for the Christmas holidays, and once again he was a day late getting back. Once again he walked the area. These were the only two times Red got home during his entire stay at West Point. It was a year and a half before he saw his wife again.

For Red, the senior year was a rough one. As captain of the football team, he had his greatest season personally, and yet the team itself could not win a major game. Against Harvard, Cagle scored three touchdowns—two on runs of 20 and 45 yards—but a last-minute 50-yard pass thrown by sophomore Barry Wood (a name to soothe the ulcers of all old Harvards) tied it up. The next week, Army scored two quick touchdowns against Yale, before coach Mal Stevens sent in a tiny sophomore named Albie Booth (this is for the tired old Yales). The littlest bulldog, having the greatest day he would ever have in his distinguished career, scored all Yale's 21 points, and Army lost.

THE Notre Dame game was played on a day so cold and windy that not a pass was completed by either team. There was one intercepted. Cagle started wide to his right from the Notre Dame 11-yard line, then threw a long, diagonal pass to the other side of the field. It was not the best possible play under the circumstances, particularly since that area was being guarded by Jack Elder, the world record holder for the 60-yard dash. Elder took Cagle's pass and set a world record for the 95-yard dash with an intercepted pass. Another loss. There is the sense, sharpened by hindsight, that things had already begun to turn bad for Christian Keener Cagle.

With his eight-year education coming to an end, Chris had to begin to worry about making a living. Like all cadets, he had promised to serve for at least four years after graduation, a legal nicety that would have been more universally respected if the Academy had not been in the habit of accepting resignations under the

catch-all term of "unusual circumstances." In the five preceding years, 44 cadets had reached into that grab bag and come out with their discharge papers.

On April 18, two months before graduation, the Memphis Commercial-Appeal reported that Cagle had accepted a contract to coach Mississippi A&M (now Mississippi State). He was to get \$3500 for three months' work. Red also had an offer from a New Orleans bond house, anxious to pay him \$5000 for little more than the use of his name.

At this point there was no criticism whatsoever of Cagle's plan to take his diploma and run. His resignation would have gone unmarked if he had not been persuaded to involve himself in a Congressional fight that was boiling up around a bill to increase army

pay.

An army public relations man, with a boomerang where his brain should have been, looked upon the impending retirement of Chris Cagle—certainly the most publicized army man since General Pershing—and thought he saw a golden opportunity to dramatize the low scale of pay. (And it was low. As a 2nd Lieutenant, Red would have received \$125 a month plus a 60c-a-day ration allowance.) Red, amiable as always, agreed to do his bit for the boys. The result was a formal statement which can still serve as a model for gross ineptitude in public relations:

It is with considerable regret that I shall submit my resignation to the War Department after graduation in order to accept two positions in civil life . . . the combined salary is considerably more than the pay of a major general, a rank which I would indeed be most fortunate to attain after 30 or 35 years of service . . .

This means that for many years I would live in a state of genteel poverty. In justice to myself I feel that my best interests lie in leaving the service. While a bill has been introduced in congress to increase army pay, I understand there is little, if any, possibility of its becoming a law within the near future... If there were any prospect of the pay bill being adopted I would not consider for a moment submitting my resignation.

He closed by endearing himself to all the taxpayers who had supported him through four years at the Academy: "My financial prospects in civil life are so superior to anything I can ever obtain in the army," he wrote, "that I believe they constitute unusual circumstance."

In case anyone missed the point, the Superintendent of the Academy, Gen. William R. Smith, was there on the battlements with his own statement:

If the War Department accepts Mr. Cagle's resignation, the army will lose a young man who has all the potential qualities of a military leader. The aggressiveness, determination and initiative he has displayed on the football field is the best evidence of that statement . . . If he leaves the service, he goes with the best wishes of the officers and the corps of cadets for his welfare.

The reaction was just about what any reasonable man might have expected. Cagle was blasted in both the sports pages and the editorial pages. The Secretary of War, F. Trubee Davidson, announced testily that his Department, not "a cadet named Cagle," would determine who would resign. The opponents of the pay bill wondered aloud why a man of Cagle's great expectations would want to stay in the army for the few extra dollars the bill would provide.

The worst was yet to come. Shortly after the statement was released, a Hearst newspaperman phoned Biff Jones to tell him: "There's talk around that your football captain is married." Jones immediately brought the rumor to Gen. Smith, but both men assumed that the captain in question was the captain-elect, Polly Humber. Poor Humber, summoned on the spot, indignantly denied that he had taken unto himself a wife, or even a dog. When the story of Humber's ordeal

When the story of Humber's ordeal got around the campus, Cagle began to worry. He decided it might be well to lay low for awhile. Buster Perry, the big tackle, was going into the hospital for a tonsillectomy, and Red, his final exams completed, offered to go in with him and get his own tonsils, perfectly healthy though they were, extracted too—an act of fellowship which must have touched Buster deeply.

deeply.

But there was no holding back the storm. Chris announced his intention to resign on May 1 and entered the hospital on May 9. On May 13 the Hearst papers broke the story, complete with the date, the place, and the names of everyone involved. A half-hour after Red admitted to the post

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# **Great Moments in Sport** by Howard Cosell

**ABC-Radio Sports Commentator** 

# SIX TD'S FOR MR. JONES

FOR SEVEN YEARS FOLLOWING his retirement from the Cleveland Browns in 1955, William "Dub" Jones avoided the tumult and the shouting of the gridiron. Pro teams and colleges kept trying to hire him as a fulltime coach, but Jones liked the sedate life as a businessman in Ruston, Louisiana, too well to trade it for a possible ulcer. Any coaching he did was on a parttime basis only. At least that was Dub's feelings until last spring. Then came an offer from Cleveland's new head coach Blanton Collier for Jones to rejoin the club, this time as offensive end coach. Jones

closed his attache case and picked up a Browns playbook. It is ironic that almost all of Jones' pro football career has been entwined with the Cleveland organization and it is just as ironic that this has been the result of his pass-catching skill and knowledge. Jones wasn't exactly a sensation as a halfback for the 1946 Miami Seahawks of the All-American Conference and he wasn't any better as a two-platoon man with the Brooklyn Dodgers the next year. So you can imagine the groans and grimaces in Cleveland when owner-coach Paul Brown proudly announced in 1948 that he had obtained Jones in return for rookie Bob Chappius, the All-

America glamor boy from Michigan.

If the Cleveland fans were waiting for a pronouncement from Brown on Jones' ability—ability that somehow had remained hidden for two years—they must have been rudely shocked. How had Jones impressed Brown? Well, Brown, when he was coaching the Great Lakes Naval Station team in 1945, had called Jones, a former Tulane star, to persuade him

to join the team.

But he never returned my call," said Brown. "I asked him why later and he explained that he had signed up for submarine service. That's what sold me on him. When any guy as lanky as he is (6-4) is willing to be cramped up in a submarine he must be a fighter."

A fighter he may have been, but a logical choice in a man-for-man trade for Chappius? That was hard to believe and it seemed Brown would have a hard time proving it. The burden on Brown didn't seem any lighter when he revealed that he planned to use Jones as a defensive halfback. But the more Brown saw of Dub's pass-catching magic and slashing running, the more convinced he was that Jones was best suited to offense. Finally, Brown started using him exclusively on offense. For the next three seasons, during which time Chappius had already proven to be a full-fledged pro bust, Jones moved up steadily in stature. And then, in 1951, with fullback Marion Motley tailing off, Dub became the man the Browns counted on to take the pressure off quarterback Otto Graham. Jones did the job superbly and, with a couple of games still remaining, the Browns, now a member of the National Football League, had all but clinched their second straight division title.

On November 25 the big, bad Chicago Bears took the field in Cleveland with the well publicized intention of "kicking hell out of the Browns." It was the first game ever between the two teams and the Bears weren't concerned about establishing a cordial relationship. From the opening kickoff the officials were kept so busy calling penalties that it looked more like a game of "drop the handkerchief." It wasn't surprising that the first

quarter was scoreless.

But play began to loosen up in the next period. Jones scored the first touchdown with a two-yard plunge, and, minutes later, Dub scored again on a 34-yard pass play. The Browns forged into command and suddenly there was no stopping them—and Jones. The rangy halfback handled the ball three more times in the third quarter and early in the fourth, and three more times he scored. He sprinted around left end for 11 yards and a TD. He started around left end again, cut back toward his right and went 27 yards for a TD. And from the Bears' 43, he ran around the right side for another score. Five Browns touchdowns, all by Jones

Satisfied that their mauling of the Bears was complete, the Browns set pon another mission. They knew Jones needed just one more TD to tie the NFL record of six set by Ernie Nevers in 1929. With still half the final period remaining and the ball on the Bears' 43, Paul Brown sent in one of his messenger guards with a running play. But Graham disobeyed. Jones broke into the secondary at full speed. Graham's pass was long and arching. Dub and the ball hit the five-yard line together, the half-

back's fingers hauling it in like a steel trap grabbing a bear.

It was a performance that left Paul Brown with greater things to say about his halfback than the fact that Jones was a figher because he chose a submarine over service football. But at that point Paul Brown didn't have to say a thing. Cleveland fans were convinced.

surgeon that the story was true, the Academy had his resignation in the form of a certificate sworn before a notary public.

It was a grand day for all critics of West Point; those who disliked it be-cause they loved Annapolis more; those who disliked West Point, Annapolis and any place else smacking of the military; and those graduates of other colleges who had never been able to forgive West Point the unpardonable sin of fielding a winning football team.

General Smith was no longer de-ploring the loss of Cagle's brilliant military mind. "This great Academy," he announced, "is not going to get excited over one little cadet, at least not while I'm here. He is a foolish boy who has thrown away his prestige and his diploma." Red was very fortunate, Gen. Smith implied, that he was not being court-martialed.

If Smith had jettisoned Cagle to fend off criticism, he was not very successful. Chairman Britten of the Naval Affairs Committee charged that players like Cagle were being prosely-tized only because Army insisted upon playing the game under its own rules. "It's the old army high hat," he said, "and I don't like it."

Rep. Hamilton Fish Jr., an ex-Harvard football player, roared that the Point was undermining the spirit of true amateurism by its refusal to com-ply with accepted intercollegiate standards. Fish demanded an investigation to determine whether the West Point brass had known about Cagle's mar-

riage all along. That accusation was, of course, ridiculous. Everything Chris and Marian had done from the day of their marriage had been aimed at preventing anybody at the Point from finding out. Marian had put the license in a personal chest and hidden the chest at the bottom of an old trunk up in her attic. The key to the chest had been carried in a locket that never left her neck. Even her own parents had been kept in ignorance. Mrs. Haile, who had been overseeing the preparations for a huge church wedding that was to take place in New Orleans immediately after Red received his commission, was the most astonished person in the country when she picked up the paper and read that her daughter was al-

ready married. No one ever really found out who tipped off the Hearst men. On the surface, the witnesses would seem to be the weak spot. But Whitney had returned to Paris shortly after the wedding, and Garnet Todd had died within the year. Garnet's husband—Robert—a reporter for the Times-Picayune, always had his suspicions (indeed it was his wife's ring that had been used in the ceremony) but Marian's denials had always thrown him off.

After his tonsils had been removed, Red called Marian to ask her to come up and visit him on his bed of pain. "If anybody asks you if we're mar-ried," he warned her, "tell them you don't even know who I am."

Robert Todd took her to the railroad station and accompanied her all the way to Mobile, trying—without sucto get her to admit she was married. But by the time the train pulled into New York, the story had broken. Marian was forced to run a gauntlet

of reporters and photographers.
It would seem, then, that Todd had broken the story. The only trouble is that he later swore he had not. Besides, he would hardly have given it to any paper other than his own.

In point of fact, the Hearst organization had been sitting on the tip for a year. The top men had decided not to investigate it because they had not wished to become responsible for a cadet's dismissal. After they read the resignation statement that had been released over Cagle's name, they had obviously decided: "If this is the way he wants to play it, why should we try to protect him?"

THE news reports out of the Point, insisted that Red's classmates were furious at him, not so much for getting married as for breaking the honor code. When a cadet returned from leave, he was always asked whether he had broken any rules of the institution, and specifically whether he had gotten married. Chris had written Marian that, in the excitement over his late return, they had neglected to put the question to him that first time. (There had apparently been some fear that Red had decided not to come back at all.) After the Christmas vacation, he had been asked, "Have you broken any of the rules over the holiday?" and he had answered, in all truthfulness, "No. I have broken none of the rules over the holiday." Needless to say, this was a quibble. Red had been perfectly prepared to state that he had not been married.

There was no particular feeling against him at West Point, however. The Honor Board cleared him, presumably on the grounds that his attempt to get his commission, even after he had been married, had the approval of precedent. For rules or no rules, cadets do get married. Chris was only one of four men dismissed for that reason from his class alone. Graduation week at West Point is overrun with wedding parties. How many of the brides have secret licenses stashed away in their attics is anybody's guess.

When Red was caught, he lost more than his commission. He was deprived of the beautiful gold Edgerton Saber, which is traditionally presented to the outgoing captain, and also of the silver saber which goes to the most valuable player. His offer to turn in his class ring was waived aside, though, and he always wore it with great pride. His picture remained in the year book too. Underneath it were the defiant words: "Great in victory, but with that added characteristic that marks a real leader—greater still in defeat; modest and reticent almost to a fault; happy-go-lucky, but always sincere—that is 'Red' Cagle."

If any further proof were needed that his friends had not cashiered him, it came when the team gathered quietly in New York just after graduation to throw him a farewell dinner.

The coaching career, after all the years of waiting, was short and sour. For reasons never fully explained, the other members of the Southern Association tried to get Mississippi A&M to back out of their agreement with him. Chris was signed anyway, but before the season was over he turned in his whistle and knickers and went back to New York to play for the Giants at \$500 a game. Only Red Grange (\$550) was getting more.

The biggest crowd of the year, 40,-000 people, came to the Polo Grounds to watch him in his debut against the Green Bay Packers. Early in the game, Red took a short pass from Benny Friedman and was tackled so viciously by Packer end Tom Nash that both of them had to be helped off the field. Cagle had a gash alongside his eye that required four stitches. Nash had a broken nose that put him out of action for the rest of the season.

Chris returned to the game in the season half with the deal of the season.

Chris returned to the game in the second half, with a bandage over the stitches. The first time he was hit, the helmet flew one way and the bandage another. He played out the game with blood running down his face.

blood running down his face.

Off the field, it was one disappointment after another. The stock market break at the end of 1929 had not made it easy to step into a custom-made customer's man job. The New Orleans offer evaporated, and he had to start from the very bottom as a telephone clerk in a Wall Street firm. In 1932 he entered politics and backed Herbert Hoover—to show how bad things were going—against Franklin D. Roosevelt. After the election, he was sent to the Atlantic City Elks Club to help bind the wounds at a Republican rally. He found an audience of two Elks, one newspaperman and no Republicans.

He began to write magazine articles about football, in a prose that would stand unequalled until the boys from the Agricultural Department's information bureau began to do their stuff, Example: "By all means let those who have through dint of persevering and painful muscular effort developed their natural physical endowments share in the emoluments of those talents on a basis of parity with those who through the same providential grace and, to some extent, their own applications, are similarly gifted in mental capacity."

WHEN he went to Hollywood to play himself in a movie called All American, he fell in with another of the All-Americas, John Sims "Shipwreck" Kelly. The wild, funloving Kelly and the quiet, funloving Cagle hit it off so beautifully that they eventually scraped together \$25,000 and bought the Brooklyn Dodgers, as ramshackle a pro football franchise as anyone could hope for.

It was a fruitful partnership if we're talking about laughs instead of money; the owners suffered from a chronic lack of funds, so much so that they were never more than one rainy Sunday away from bankruptcy. Captain John McEwan, a West Point immortal, was hired as their coach. "It wasn't really a football team," McEwan says, "so much as a musical comedy."

McEwan, one of the best centers who ever lived, had been one of the real hell-raisers in West Point history. Obviously, he was a grand choice for the job.

Between halves, Kelly and Cagle would sometimes order McEwan to arouse the boys to dreams of glory with a Rockne-like pep talk. While their coach would be urging their employees onward and upward, the two owners would huddle together in a corner and roar.

In their second year, the two owners discovered that their star attractions—in short, Cagle and Kelly—were slowing down. Kelly had always been a wild runner. Like Cagle, he liked to retreat in a wide circle, look the situation over and then come charging back up the field, streaking between tacklers. His favorite play was to run from deep in his own territory on fourth down with about 12

to go. In college, he had left them screaming with that one; in his first year with Cagle he had occasionally shaken loose. The next year, he was lucky to get back to the line of scrimmage.

Red Blaik once stopped off in Dayton, on a cold, snowy day, to watch the Dodgers play an exhibition game. The owners, having decided to alternate during the game, spent more energy trying to coax each other onto the field than they spent on the game itself. At the end of the year, Chriswho hadn't made a dime to cut upon—sold his half of the club to Dan Topping.

Cagle still picked up a few bucks off his reputation now and then. His last game was reported briefly, two years later: "Chris Cagle's All-Stars were beaten by the Newark Tornadoes 13-0. Cagle gave the 2500 fans nothing to cheer about as his numerous forward passes fell incomplete. He made no attempt to run with the ball."

His football days at an end, Red went to work for the Fidelity Phoenix Fire Insurance Co., where he eventually worked himself up to office

manager.

The ties with the past were kept intact by frequent visits up to the Point. Chris loved to reminisce with Marty Maher, Gar Davidson and the rest of the oldtimers, and there was in him an increasing sense of regret that he had left the Army or, at any rate, that he had left the way he had. When war broke out, he hungered to get back in. He set his sights upon the Air Corps and knocked on every familiar door. When his overtures were coolly received, he even wrote to his old West Point buddy, Rosie O'Donnell, who was just beginning to make a reputation in the Philippines. In late October, 1942, he heard that his old roomie, J. A. K. Herbert—by then a Lt. Col. in the Corps of Engineers—had returned from the Caribbean. Herbert—who came out of the war as a Brig. General—was shuttling between New York and Washington and was obviously not without influence at the Pentagon. Herbert was happy to do what he could, but just as he was starting to work on it in earnest, Chris died as the result of a fall down a steep flight of subway stairs. He was 37 years old.

('AGLE'S friends from the Academy days believe that if he had lived, Chris would undoubtedly have got back in the army, and that if he had got back he would undoubtedly have remained. They go even further than that, though, for a curious thing has happened. Since men tend to believe what it makes them most happy to believe, their attitude is that the army lost "another Georgie Patton" because the stiff-backed, tape-bound army brass kicked Cagle out of the Point on a purely technical charge. That Red wanted out, that he had not liked the military life, that he had shown nothing approaching a military mind—all that is forgotten.

But, after all, Red Cagle had learned early in life that he was living in a world where publicity triumphed after accomplishment had failed, where the fact could not stand against the

myth.

It would not have surprised him that, in the end, it is the myth that remains.

(Continued from page 15) probably knows Shofner as well as Shofner allows anyone to, "He'll come off the field with the same expression, the same walk, and the same everything after making a sensational catch for a touchdown or dropping a pass in the end zone. On a golf course, he'll sink a 40-foot putt or miss a one-inch one, and he might say 'shoot' for both."

THAT'S one of the pleasures of pro-fessional football. Unlike many other highly competitive, complex businesses, it does not demand that you effect an effervescent personality, make small talk when you don't feel like making small talk, or even smile when you don't feel like smiling. You get ahead—and stay on top—only by hitting harder, kicking farther, throwing better, or scoring more than anybody else at your position. Shofner switched from defensive halfback to offensive end at the start of his second National Football League season, 1958; in the five years since, he has been named All-Pro end four times.

In those four seasons (1958 and 1959 with the Los Angeles Rams, 1961 and 1962 with the Giants), Shofner caught 219 passes for 38 touchdowns and 4291 yards. In his best four sea-sons, Don Hutson of the Green Bay Packers, the greatest end ever, caught 237 passes for 47 touchdowns and 3591 yards.

Though the modern Packers have stopped split end Shofner more ef-fectively than more teams have (only eight receptions for 110 yards and no touchdowns in their two champion-ship playoff games), they have no de-lusions of grandeur. "He's at the top of the receivers I cover," says corner-back Jesse Whittenton. "He beat me like a drum a couple of times, but they threw to the other side of the field. Once, he was scot-free under the post—it would have been a 60-yarder—but Y.A. Tittle got rushed off. Shofner runs with that glide, where you don't know whether he's going at full speed or loafing on you till it's too late. He also has a great sense of timing and great hands with a long reach, so you try to grab hold of his arm and pull it down. It's illegal, but you've got to hope to get away

with something guarding him."
"He's the best all-round receiver I've ever seen," says Giant flanker Frank Gifford, a ten-year NFL veter-"Baltimore's Ray Berry may be able to fake better, but he isn't going to catch many five- or ten-yard turnouts and turn them into long touchdowns. When Del walks up to the line of scrimmage, he scares a lot of guys right off because they know he's got such terrific speed he can give a little head fake and get behind them. That's the worst thing that can happen to a defensive halfback or safety,

Praised often by teammates and op-ponents for his skills, 28-year-old Delbert Martin (Slim) Shofner of Center, Texas, for years has been prodded even more because of his size, silence, sickness, seriousness and sleepiness,

At 6-31/2 and 185 pounds, fairskinned Shofner has been called Casper the Friendly Ghost, an elongated broom handle, a beanpole, a twoiron, and a potential thermometer (if he drank a glass of tomato juice). But the unkindest cuts of all continually

come from his road roommate, Yelberton Abraham Tittle. When he heard about Shofner doing a tele-vision commercial for Wonder Bread, the aged, bald Tittle said, "If he can build bodies 12 ways, I can get me a hair-tonic ad." Before a game against Philadelphia, Tittle told Shofner how they could fool the Eagles: "We'll send you over to their hotel in a Tshirt and Bermuda shorts. If they don't get overconfident after seeing that physique of yours, then nothing will do it." Even last spring, when he lay in a New York hospital after an elbow operation, Tittle insisted that Shofner was the one who should have been in the hospital; "We'll give you a few quarts of blood. You look like you can use them." you can use them.

Asking about the abuse he takes from friends is one of the few ways an interviewer can get Shofner to smile and say more than a sentence or two at a time. "I take a little bit," said Shofner, sitting in the dining room of the Giants' training camp one day last summer. "Y.A, is probably the biggest one. Mo (Dick Modality of the biggest one. Mo (Dick Modality of the biggest one.) zelewski) gets his share in. And Sam Huff and Kyle Rote have been known to say a few things. Actually, there's very few of them that miss. They all get around to it." At the thought of it, Shofner laughed, and a touch of pink crept over his lean face but stopped short of his cleft chin.

Blond, blue-eyed Del Shofner is a pleasant man to talk with, and an informative one-up to a point. He says that he has finally learned to stop swinging his arms over his head when he runs his pass patterns, that he plays golf every chance he gets and scores in the high 70s, and that he likes to play gin rummy with teammate Joe Morrison on plane trips and

watch Western movies.

HE easily recalls that he won eleven letters in football, basketball, base-ball, and track at Center High, that he went to Baylor on a basketball scholarship because, at 160 pounds, he didn't know if he was heavy enough to play college football, and that his freshman football career was rather frustrating at first. A little-used, third-string left halfback for three games, he finally got "the break that probably kept me in football": he was shifted to third-string right halfback. Two injuries later, he was first string against Southern Methodist; three touchdowns later, including a 98-yard kickoff return, he was a star. He also recalls, in his soft, Southern accent, that his varsity starting debut was "fabulous—I fumbled the opening kickoff and Miami went in to score," that he had a "pretty bad" junior year irritated by injuries, and that he "just wanted to try" pro ball after his brilliant senior year. A track star who could sprint 100 yards in 9.8 seconds, Shofner in his final foot-ball season scored 60 points (the most at Baylor in 35 years), averaged 40.7 yards punting (the second highest in Baylor history) and 6.4 yards run-ning (the highest ever at Baylor), and climaxed everything in the Sugar Bowl by leading 11th-ranked Baylor to a 13-7 victory over undefeated, second-ranked Tennessee.

But when you try to learn about the Del Shofner that is not part of the public record, you are thwarted. He simply cannot or will not tell peo-

ple what he really likes and dislikes, thinks about and worries about, works for and hopes for, fears and feels on or off the football field. This, of course, makes him the subject of some strangely divergent opinions. "Things don't make that much of an impression on him," explains Don Smith. "He feels things as deeply as any man," insists Giant coach Allie Sherman, who cannot recall any specific incidents.

Shofner has an ulcer. He has had it since his early days in college, when he earned the nickname "T-bone" by eating steak twice a day and drink-ing plenty of milk on doctor's orders. Yet George Wright, a former Texas sportswriter and now director of sports information at Baylor, says, "Del was always so relaxed I got the notion that he would like to go back to his room and take another nap."
One day in 1959 Shofner could hardly breathe because he was so busy spitting bloody saliva from his bleeding ulcer, and it bothered him so much last December that he went to a hospital for observation. Yet Lee Grosscup, a former teammate and now author of Fourth and One, writes, "Ulcers on Shofner seem about as un-

ble, and his easy Texas drawl and casual manner add to the incongruity."

DEL is very reserved, afraid of say-I ing the wrong thing," says Carl Lundquist, who traveled 21,000 miles with Shofner last spring while they showed a color film of the 1962 play-

likely as Martinis on the training ta-

off for Old Gold Spin Filters.

Probably no member of his own family (mother, father, who is a carpenter, brother, and five sisters) has spent more time with Shofner than has Charlie Bradshaw, now a 260-pound offensive tackle for the Pittsburgh Steelers. Bradshaw and Shofner went to school together from the second grade on, through high school, and through college. After that, they roomed together while playing for the Rams. Charlie remembers that "Del was a real good broken-field runner" when they played football during recesses at Center Grade School, that he sometimes caught Shofner's passes on the halfback option at Center High, and that at Baylor, when Shofner wasn't practicing or sitting in class, "Del could usually be found in bed, in the movies, or over to the pool hall. He had the reputation as the sharpest cue go-(Shofner admits that he played pool for money but firmly denies the rumor that he was a hustler.)

In Los Angeles they became even closer. "When we got up," recalls Bradshaw, "I could tell right off if he was in a mood. He wasn't surly, just quiet. He'd just get dressed, get in the car with me, and drive to practice without saying a word. Sometimes, to bug him, I'd say something, answer it back for him, and carry on a two-way conversation with myself. But he wouldn't even smile. To this day, I don't know what he was thinking.

Most professional athletes are like Bradshaw. They don't probe another man's psyche or try to fit his behavior to a specific pattern. They accept him for what he is, and resent those who try to picture him as something he is not. "Outside the pros," complains Giant defensive end Andy Robustelli, "some people try to print a blueprint of an athlete. They've got to make a sensational person out of somebody. Del is not a sensational person. He's an unspectacular, consistent person-

but a helluva ballplaver.

Robustelli is partially correct. Shofner is a helluva ballplayer and a consistent person. But with his leaping catches, twisting runs, and sheer speed he also has been spectacular for some time. He was spectacular in 1958, when, in his first season as a receiver. he led the league with 1097 yards gained on receptions and scored on pass plays of 64, 72, and 92 yards. He was spectacular in 1962, when he caught 53 passes for 1133 yards and 12 touchdowns. In a sport that places a high premium on momentum, Shofner, with the help of Y.A. Tittle, has become almost a specialist in getting the Giants moving

the Giants moving.

November 5, 1961—On New York's first offensive play of the game, with the ball on the visiting Washington Redskins' 38-yard line, left flanker Shofner ran a fly pattern straight downfield, burst past young halfback Dale Hackbart with a change of pace, took Tittle's pass over his shoulder. took Tittle's pass over his shoulder on the ten, and continued into the end zone untouched. Aided by two more Shofner touchdowns covering 13 and

32 yards, the Giants won, 53-0. November 12, 1961—On New York's fourth offensive play of the game, with the ball on the visiting Philadelphia Eagles' 32, Tittle threw down the middle to Kyle Rote. Halfback Jimmy Carr deflected the ball and safety man Don Burroughs batted it in the air; Shofner charged out of the end zone, caught it on the five, and fought his way over for the touchdown. The Giants won, 38-21, and moved into a tie for first with the Eagles in the Eastern Conference.

December 10, 1961-On New York's fourth offensive play of the game, with the ball on the host Eagles' 46, left end Shofner slanted toward the middle, took Tittle's pass, and outran three defenders for the touchdown. Then the Eagles went ahead, and Tittle, baffled by their jitterbugging de-fense, went out of the game. With Charlie Conerly throwing in the second half, Shofner scored twice more, from 26 and 13 yards out. The Giants

won, 28-24, clinching a tie for first. September 23, 1962—A new season and a new situation, for a couple of minutes anyway. The hometown minutes anyway. The hometown Eagles scored in the first 47 seconds when Sonny Jurgensen and Tim Brown hit on a 74-yard pass play. Two plays later, with the ball on New York's 31, Shofner caught a Tittle toss on the 49, shook off a tackle, eluded another defender, and sprinted to the end zone. Though he completed 33 of 57 passes, Jurgensen could not throw another touchdown. Another Tittle-to-Shofner bomb covered 56 yards and put the Giants ahead to stay.

Three weeks later, Shofner's luck changed. Late in the final period against the Pittsburgh Steelers, he caught a pass and tried to shake off tacklers Brady Keys and 245-pound George Tarasovic. Instead, he was slammed to the ground. For once, Shofner showed emotion. "Get it off this beautiful to the showed to the state of the showed t quick . . . please hurry . . . it's killing me," he moaned in the dressing room, . . it's killing as the team doctor and trainers tried to cut his uniform away from what they thought was a broken shoulder. Yet by the time he had to go to the ambulance, he had recovered his composure enough to refuse a ride on the stretcher. He walked.

X rays revealed that instead of a broken shoulder, which would have

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sidelined him for six to eight weeks, Shofner had merely suffered a shoulder separation, which would sideline him for only two or three weeks. He took heat treatments, practiced with his arm bound to his chest, and the following week, with his shoulder heavily padded, played in spots heavily padded, played in spots against the Detroit Lions. Though he did not even touch the ball, Shofner played a key part in the 17-14 upset victory. He raced straight downfield, decoyed two defensemen into picking him up, and freed fullback Alex Webster, who caught a square-out pass near the left sideline and carried to the ten. A moment later Don Chandler kicked the winning field goal. "I said he wouldn't play for two weeks," Dr. Francis Sweeny, the Giants' physician, said afterward, "and I still say he won't be himself for two weeks." for two weeks.

The doctor was wrong again, and only the Redskins regretted it. The very next Sunday, October 14, Shofner was not only himself but Plastic Man, too. "Y.A. Tittle," wrote Newsday's Dick Clemente, "could have thrown the football into the Yankee Stadium seats yesterday, and if he had it's a fair assumption that Del Shofner would have caught it." Tittle completed 27 of 39 passes for 505 yards and seven touchdowns; Shofner scored only once (on a "flood left-L down and in" play), but he caught eleven passes for 269 yards, a Giant record. "I just threw the ball downfield and Del got it," Tittle explained after the 49-34 victory. "He's the best receiver I've ever thrown to."

After ridiculing rookie cornerback Claude Crabb with his moves, hands

and speed, Shofner spent his time in the dressing room praising Tittle and defending Crabb. "Sure, it looked like I was beating him," said Shofner, "but it was always close." Few pros, understandably, will admit that they have overwhelmed an opponent, especially when they must play him again soon. But Shofner has always been like that. Basketball coach Bill Hen-derson, who helped recruit Shofner for Baylor, remembers that even in high school, "Del was modest, always doubtful about his own abilities. He blames himself if anything goes wrong, and if everything goes all he's got to credit everybody right else.

When the Giants played the Redskins again on November 25, Shofner again made a mockery of Crabb, catching touchdown passes of ten, 20 and 44 yards. "It drives you crazy watching him dip in and dip out as he moves downfield," said Crabb. "You know that sooner or later you're going to have to make your move. And he's so very fast that if you And he's so very fast that if you make the wrong move you can't recover." Predictably, Shofner simply cited Crabb's improvement, adding, "Don't forget, he's only a rookie. I think he's going to be a good one." Shofner himself had been as promised for the recover consider. Defetch

ising five years earlier. Drafted by the Rams, who had acquired the Giants' No. 1 pick in exchange for Andy Robustelli, Shofner played the 1957 season on defense as a left cornerback. "I don't remember that much about it," he says, "but it was a mediocre year. I wouldn't say I was the best or the worst." The next three seasons were easier to define.

In 1958 and 1959, as an offensive end, he was one of the best; in 1960, he was one of the worst. Three days before the 1960 opener, he stepped in a hole and pulled a hamstring muscle. "For the rest of the year, I had trouble with my legs and trouble in general," Shofner recalls. "I just did nothing right. I ran pass cuts I never ran before, and I missed passes I never missed before." He also missed games, played two others only on defense, and wound up with a season's total of 12 receptions for 122 yards and only one touchdown.

"The kid was trying so hard he was tying up," explains Green Bay's Tom Fears, who coached the Ram ends in 1960. "When he couldn't shake it off, he'd take extra practice. If anything, that tightened him up even more. He

was like a ballplayer hitting .177 and trying to hit harder and missing." Shofner, who also had averaged 43 yards as the Rams' regular punter for three years, never had a chance to redeem himself in Los Angeles. Near the end of the 1961 training season, without warning, he suddenly was traded to the Giants for the future No. 1 draft choice of the Minnesota Vikings (quarterback Roman Gabriel). "We needed a quarterback real bad," says Fears, "and the only two guys who could warrant that high a choice were Jon Arnett and Shofner. Since we were a little heavy at the ends, it was Del." Fears and Shofner have not spoken to each other since.

other since.
"I don't believe a person loses everything in a year," insists Shofner.

"I didn't get down on myself, but the coaching staff must have, because they traded me. As it turned out, it's the best thing that ever happened to me."

The trade also seems to have pleased the Giants, who for years had sorely needed a man who could run deep and catch the long passes. With Shofner they have won two conference championships in two years, and that is how they measure a man's talents. "He's not a rah-rah guy," says Coach Sherman. "But if you have eleven football players like him, you don't need a rah-rah guy. He's a maximum football player, a thoroughbred."

Man o' War never talked much either.

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### WHAT LUCAS WILL HAVE TO LEARN

(Continued from page 29) blocked six straight shots of mine in a game last season. It was frustrating and I got to wondering, I tried a fake first and then the shot—that didn't work. I tried to put more arch on it—and that didn't work either. Then, as a last resort, I began to take unnatural shots I really couldn't score consistently. Finally, I ended up not even being able to make routine shots, I was so fouled up. The pros can discourage a young fellow pretty quickly.

Your collegiate career-shooting accuracy record of .624 may not hold up in the NBA. Don't be disappointed if it doesn't. I shot 53 percent in my senior year at State and last year was happy to shoot 44 percent. A forward (Jerry's NBA position) not only played center in college) not only shoots from outside, he drives in off the pick and shoots off the screens, things you seldom had to do at school. a forward must expect to be dribbling and working the ball off the dribble which is different from a center's post. Auerbach tells us repeatedly to keep our heads up when dribbling so we can quickly spot guys breaking into the open. Driving can be brutal. Some collegians who have reputations for fine ballhandling, keep driving in and keep eating that Wilson Sandwich. You've got to know when to pull up and take that jumper too.

As a forward you will cover men in areas farther from the basket. A forward has to move quickly because his man has a larger area to roam. You'll stick with him and in some cases your best defense will be keeping him from getting the ball. You also have to get through screens that will be put up.

In college ball we'd gang up defensively on the other team's big man. But this is impossible in the NBA because everybody is a big man. We have to play everybody head on head. Forwards like Johnny Green and Richie Guerin of the New York Knicks, for instance, will be faster than you are. Green can jump with the 6-10'ers and has the quickest first step in the league. He has great faking moves. Guerin has a terrific two-hand set shot. He holds the ball forehead high and from this position passes or shoots and you never know which, he is so quick. You have a tendency to over-play him and then he drives around you.

Also, you may be guarding such stars as the Celtics' Tom Heinsohn, a tough competitor who is accurate with nearly every shot and has that quick first move. There's Syracuse's John Kerr, one of the best passing pivot men who can shoot, too, and St. Louis Bob Pettit, not a great dribbler but a fellow who uses the screens effectively and has a great second effort. Elgin Baylor can be off-balance and falling away from the basket and still score. Ballplayers like these will make it an interesting and sometimes frustrating experience for any rookie—and veteran too, for that matter

eran, too, for that matter.

A lot of coaches consider rebounding about 75 percent of the game. One rebound is worth one point, they say. Rebounding is right up your alley. Your timing was always fantastic. And everybody runs in this league. But Ohio State ran most of the time so this won't be too much different for you as it wasn't for me.

Remember at State how coach Fred Taylor and his staff handed out set offensive patterns and detailed information on the other team each week? From game to game was like from crisis to crisis. We planned in great detail for every team that came along. This is impossible in the progame. You have got to play a long, hard schedule. And preparation for every opponent is unnecessary because we meet each other so often we almost know what kind of a mood a guy is in by the way he has combed his hair.

The pro game is more free-lance style. We have basic maneuvers but the team that wins is the one that can improvise successfully night after night. It's normal for a rookie to concentrate on the pattern. When I began I always did. When something different happened there was a tendency to freeze instead of sliding along with it. This is another big thing every rookie has to learn—improvisation. My style of play has changed since we were together at Ohio State. I shoot more. I do some improvising myself.

The rah-rah college basketball we played together and the pro game is vastly different. A guy has to adopt a new attitude. Think like a pro. If he has a bad night, he forgets it. Lingering over past mistakes will only put him on the bench where he can worry even more. A pro does his best every night regardless of the fans, the sportswriters, or his mother-in-law.

There are some sidelights to a rookie's life, too. As a rookie it was my job to carry the balls and, whenever we went on the road, carry the ultrasound machine (a therapeutic device for injuries), gauze pads, Band-Aids and extra tape. The machine wasn't too heavy but its case is shaped like it housed a tuba. It kept knocking me against the shins. Once in a while when I was late and had to run with it, I looked like a guy trying to steal a suffed sofa out of a department store with the store detective after him. If no rookies make the Celtics this season, I'll be toting the tape and ruining my shins on the machine again this year.

I think you know that as a rookie in the NBA you'll be a marked man. You'll probably be MOST WANTED on every team's list because of your reputation. The NBA is like baseball when a player breaks into the big leagues. The opposing teams try to rattle him and try to learn the pitches he can't hit. Everybody will be probing you. And everybody is looking for an edge. Early last season they were sagging off me on the outside shots. They knew my percentage from that range was not big league. I practiced on those long shots and I think I learned to shoot them because halfway through last season they were out there pressing me again.

There are a lot of maneuvers on the court that the fans and even the referees sometimes don't see. The little tricks that you learn and learn to guard against you will discover by yourself as I have. Oscar Robertson of the Royals and Jerry West of Los Angeles, for instance, beat me over and over with this one: either one would dribble with his back to me and the basket. I would go up close behind to cover him and he'd reach back, grab my left leg with his left hand and catapult himself around me. I tried to stop this one by keeping an arm's length away from him.

Some guys will hold an arm against your chest and ride along with you wherever you go . . . others will be grabbing your trunks or shirt, standing on your foot when you're trying to get up for a rebound or climbing up your back. There are a couple guys in the league who are great ones for holding. How an arm that bends only one way can "accidentally" get tangled up so often is surprising!

Some players use the magician's

Some players use the magician's hand-is-quicker-than-the-eye bit. They throw one hand up high while you're shooting and the referee and everyone is watching their attempt to block it. They are REALLY destroying your shot with their other hand down below, sticking a finger against

your stomach or pushing slightly against your hips.

Just as the hands and fingers tell a story in the Hula, they tell a story in basketball, A nudge with a long, boney index finger at the right psychological moment when you are about to shoot is all that it takes to throw you off.

Everybody who has been in the NBA a few seasons has some scar tissue around his eyebrows and body bruises that just about heal when the next season rolls around. I got a split forehead last year. When the going gets rough it really gets rough.

Professional football players have

the reputation for being strong men, which they are. But there are some strong men in pro basketball too. Last season, Elgin Baylor took a shot from the side court and missed. I was in front of him and he just picked me up by the hips, moved me aside and ran in for the rebound. That's how strong he is. Another time, Wilt Chamberlain was driving in for a dunker. I wasn't in personal foul trouble so I thought I'd grab his arm down and get the foul because Wilt isn't real accurate from the foul line. Well, I grabbed his arm and he pulled me right up with the health. him and made the basket. The referee gave Wilt a free throw too. He missed it, so at least I was right in theory.

It's important to know the officials as soon as you can. Then you'll know what kind of game to expect. Some referees allow more body contact than others. And when you get one who does you know you're in for a rough night. Some officials are nutty about some rule or other. Sid Borgia, for instance, will call someone for jumping into the free-throw lane at least once every night. The sooner you learn who calls what the better off you'll be.

It's helpful to make a good first im-pression on the refs. They're human. I think! They like some players more than others which is only natural and this may affect their judgment on calls. Especially, it's important for a rookie who plans to be in the league for a number of years to be tolerant of the calls—at least at the start.

It seems, too, that officials tend to protect the superstars. After all, the fans don't come out to see Russell, West, Baylor, Robertson, Pettit, Cham-berlain and the other stars sitting on the bench, Also, officials in the NBA will give you more leeway on the three-point play. They'll give you the foul shot. College officials are more strict about this.

Another thing rookies have to learn is how to adjust to the fans. Playing before a college crowd is like playing before family and friends. Everyone is with you, win or lose. Even when visiting other schools the crowd is generally polite. But a professional fan is a more severe critic than a wife on payday. If you produce, you're the greatest. If you don't, you stink—it's as simple as that. The Celtics have had great teams down through the years. But last season in Boston we were trailing the New York Knicks by 20 points at halftime and they booed us as if we'd never won a game.

You'll hear insults in public that will burn your ears. There is a guy in Los Angeles, for instance, who sits about a dozen feet behind our coach Red Auerbach. This guy uses a battery-operated megaphone and his talk is non-stop. Red hasn't said anything —yet—but he hears every word. But anything can happen anywhere. In St. Louis they threw eggs at us. And

during the playoffs in Boston last season, a cheap foul put Tom Heinsohn out of the game and a big argument started. A fan came charging out of the stands for the referee and the whole place went wild. It's never dull in the NBA when the fans are having a rumble. Another time an official banished Auerbach to the dressing room. He had to walk through the crowd to get there and some guy took a swing at Red. The fight was on. In college ball we played about half the schedule at home and half on the road. Last season Boston played only 29 games of 80 at home. So most of the games will be played before hostile fans.

Perhaps the most difficult part of professional basketball is not the skills involved in the game but battle against fatigue. This is a rough thing for any rookie to contend with, it was rough for me. We played 120 games including exhibitions and playoffs three-fourths of them on the road. We began in September and finished in late April, covering about 25,000 miles. The traveling can get you down and affect your play.

Flying to the West Coast takes about five hours. We would leave Boston at 9 a.m. and get in L.A. about 11 a.m. their time. Games start at eight in the evening, almost bed-time back in Boston. This can foul up a guy. He can take it for several weeks, but after several months he goes kinda blank.

In the NBA, some road trips last about two weeks. There will be days

when the last thing you want to do is play basketball. But you have to.
You have to battle fatigue on the court, too. You have to learn to pace yourself. Auerbach always tells us if ou're going to loaf, loaf on offense. Which means, I guess, you never loaf.

But Russell and Chamberlain have learned to pace themselves because they are in the game all the time. It's just like a mile runner who knows what times he has to run each quarter-mile to finish strong.

Another thing that's different in the NBA is coaching. In our league a coach is also a strategist, disciplinarian, a public-relations man and a freelance traveling secretary. At college a coach is equally concerned with a player's mental, moral and physical development. An NBA coach is under great pressure to win. He will joke and kid around but always be obsessed by winning. Don't get me wrong. The coach helps everyone all he can, but he expects something from his players. Everyone is expected to be able to do certain things with a basketball and either you do them or you're out. They don't have time to mold character or to remake a basketball player.

On the road, everyone seems to like some courts better than others. I like Cincinnati's real well. Everyone encounters dead spots in those portable floors, though. Madison Square Garden is worst for this. I can remember leading a fast break and just as I was ready to make my move the ball hit a dead spot and hugged the floor. This gives the game an added dimension of surprise. On the coast Los Angeles has a fine court but San Francisco has yellow-painted rims blending in with the yellow border that edges the backboard. I just don't get the right perspective when I shoot.

"m greatly looking forward to hav-ing you with us in the NBA, Jerry. You're a fine gentleman, a friend and a great basketball player. The best of luck to you always—except, of course, when you play the Boston Colting Celtics.



left-guard . . . a left-guard . . . a left-guard-!"

(Continued from page 47) have lived happily ever since.

At arriving at his chosen destination, John Harvey McKay, a small, witty, cool-dispositioned 40-year-old Irishman from the West Virginia coal fields, has left his handsomer, bigger and seemingly better-qualified com-petitors filled with awe over the past 15 seasons. They can't figure how the hell McKay does it. As recently as 1959, he was a \$7500-a-year anonymous backfield coach at the University of Oregon, and, later that year, switching to the University of Southern California coaching staff as an assistant, he remained strictly un-known. Yet it took him only eight months to cure the condition. He hadn't been on the USC campus long enough to know all the exits and entrances when head coach Don Clark, in December of '59, suddenly resigned—and Trojan alumni awoke one morning to read a headline they couldn't believe.

WAS having coffee yesterday when "I WAS having coffee yesterday when Dr. Norman Topping (the USC president) called me in and offered me the head-coaching position," Mc-Kay blandly told newsmen. "I told him I'd be delighted to accept."

"But you just got here," said a sportswriter. "And now you've landed one of the top football jobs in the country. Aren't you as amazed as everyone else?"

"Amazed, flabbergasted, over-whelmed and stupefied," replied Mc-Kay, who obviously was nothing of the sort.

Johnny McKay was calmly confident, even though he was faced with a situation even more difficult than courting a beautiful blonde while in a leg cast. Brand-new staff assistants aren't promoted over the heads of more popular candidates without incurring anger, and the problem went far deeper than that. Southern Cal had lost 16 of 30 games under the Don Clark regime and had seen its boxoffice fall apart—from a longtime average of almost 70,000 fans per-Coliseum-game to 36,000. Johnny McKay was given an all-time low number of was given an all-time low number of 16 football scholarships for players, and, inheriting panic in the athletic department, he did just as well as the experts predicted he would. In his opening 1960 season, in one of his first part tests he lost 34.0 to Washington. key tests, he lost, 34-0, to Washington. He won four and lost six games that year. In 1961 he won four, lost five, tied one. Those who'd seen him improbably emerge from the pack in the past had no doubts: this time McKay was in too deep. He would work out his three-year contract and then there'd be another, quiet change of varsity coaches, the fourth in 11 years, at USC.

But get a load of little Johnny Mc-Kay today. On January 1, 1962, following his second losing season, he attended the Rose Bowl game between UCLA and Minnesota, accompanied only by his wife and George Pasero, an Oregon sportswriter. He sat in the press box, little noticed. Later, the three dined at a busy restaurant, and no one had a word for Johnny McKay.

Did he feel neglected?
"Listen," he says now, "when even the Old Grads won't come over and growl at you, a fellow gets the feeling he could cut his throat on the 50-yard

line and nobody would offer a transfusion.'

However, on January 1, 1963, as the most wildly spectacular of all Rose Bowl clashes ended in near-darkness, he had to fight his way from the field into the dressing room. His coat half-torn off, McKay was grabbed at the doorway by 300-pound Andy Devine, the movie comedian. Joyously, Devine whirled him around, and then giant Aaron Rosenberg, onetime All-America at USC and producer of Mutiny On The Bounty, had his turn. For two hours, amid bedlam, McKay's feet scarcely touched the floor, and it was in champagne-drenched splendor that he later arrived at the official celebra-tion at the home of USC President Dr. Topping, where distinguished professors whoopingly ignored the Topping policy of presenting the university as a center of erudition, a place where sports hysteria was looked down upon, and capered about like small boys. "You did it!" they screamed at Johnny McKay.

At the Rose Bowl, the scoreboard read: USC 42, Wisconsin 37.
A 12-month period never shot a coach from nowhere to such fame, Maybe more miracles can be expected from Irish Johnny, but how can he improve on last season—when, with a green squad that included 18 sophomores, and while experimenting with an unorthodox three-platoon system, he led the Trojans to a perfect 11-0-0 season and the national championship, became "Coach of the Year" and topped it with Rose Bowl superdrama that left 30 million TV-watchers gasping and willing to admit that pro football hasn't run the colleges out of business yet? Winning 11 straight is astonishing enough. But the Trojans also did this: against ten regular-season opponents, they allowed eight teams no more than one touchdown or less—apiece. They shut out Iowa, Washington and Notre Dame, gave Southern Methodist and UCLA three points each, held California and Navy to six points apiece and Duke to seven. Seasonwise, they scored 32 touchdowns to seven, 219 points to 55. They ran roughshod and once again it was a question of: how the hell does Johnny McKay do it?

AFTER we won our first two games last year," McKay was saying recently, while savoring one of his ever-present 50-cent cigars, "I told my children I'd buy them a swimming pool if we went undefeated. So then we keep on winning. I hadn't expected anything like that. I couldn't afford a pool. But after we'd won six in a row, Terry, Johnny, Michele and Richard, my four kids, are out in the back yard, digging with spoons. They're breaking ground for the pool and I'm really worried—where's the money coming from?"

He needn't have worried. Shortly after he won the Rose Bowl game, trucks and workmen arrived at the rustic, four-bedroom McKay residence in the suburb of West Covina. And within days, McKay's kids had their pool. USC alumni bought it for him

and outfitted it lavishly.

Income never has concerned Johnny McKay a lot. Love of his work, of football, has motivated his every move since he was a boy in West Virginia, who had to clean out restaurants in

order to stay in high school and play ball. But his newfound prosperity isn't hard to take. "I earned \$4000 a year as a backfield coach," he says. "My wife and I ate hamburger din-ners. We scrimped on clothes. We had an old car." Now, he drives a new Mercury, and Mrs. Corky McKay has a new wardrobe and regular household help and the \$40,000 it will take to put his youngsters through college doesn't look so impossible. Early this year USC tore up his contract and, to make sure McKay doesn't escape else-where, awarded him what amounts to faculty tenure—a permanently guar-anteed job—at a substantial raise from the annual \$15,000 he'd been drawing. As "Coach of the Year," he was signed by the Eastman Kodak Company to conduct instruction clinics, and since conduct instruction clinics, and since January 1 has appeared in 14 states. The fat sum paid him for that and income from his own television show, "Trojan Huddle," probably earns as much for McKay as his basic job. And beyond this: "Johnny can win only half his games this season," say top Trojan officials and alumni, "and nobody will say a word of criticism He's body will say a word of criticism. He's made a sick program healthy, and he did it while staying within the rules. Today, every kid in the state wants to play at SC, like in the old days. How can he miss doing well in the future?"

The methods of McKay that overcome the handicaps of de-emphasis never showed more sharply than in a

never showed more sharply than in a two-minute private period he spent with his players after the Rose Bowl final gun. "I've never told anyone what went on in those two minutes," he says now. "But I don't mind talking about it. It has a little importance."

N the post-game pandemonium, everyone was praising Wisconsin for a fabulous comeback that barely fell short, McKay stood before his squad, a crop-haired, wiry, blond fellow in a rumpled suit. Every player in the room felt shame over their last-period collapse. All were in a form of shock

from the near-escape.

"Wisconsin! That's all they're talk-ing about!" said McKay, his eyes blaz-ing. "In a few minutes the writers will be in here, telling you men how lucky you were to pull this one out. Don't you ever believe it! You're the best team I ever saw. Our intention was to win today, and what does the score-board say? Who was the underdog today? Who was picked to lose to the Big Ten powerhouse? We were-even though we'd won ten straight! When the experts tell you you're lucky, ask them which team scored 42 winning points. You did, and you earned every one of them!

In two minutes, the players' mood changed. Heads came up, positive thinking took over. The first sports-writer who used "lucky" to McKay's quarterback, Pete Beathard, received a snorting reply. "Baloney!" said Beathard. Like champions, the Trojans walked out of a stadium where, in all truth, they'd been made to look very bad for most of the second half.

bad for most of the second half. This is McKay's style. Never undervaluate yourself. Think big. Apologize for nothing. Fear nothing. In 1960, when Washington pounded him, 34-0, he told critics: "They outmanned us, but they never out-gutted us." When Georgia Tech swamped him, 22-7, in 1961, he said, "With a break here

and there, we could have made it close." When he took the Trojans to chilly Champaign, Illinois, last fall to play the Illini, he left behind all cold-weather gear—Long John underwear, handwarmers, heavy jerseys, etc. "Maybe we're nervous about going into the cold," he told the team. "Okay, then we'll really let it bite us. We'll keep warm beating Illinois." They did, by a 28-16 score. handwarmers, heavy jerseys,

And McKay is one of the most effective bench-operators the game has

seen in a long while.

Five minutes and 20 seconds after the Rose Bowl opening kickoff, he sent in a play he'd been saving all season—one where big left tackle Ron Butcher casually drifted out a yard, the left end dropped away and Butcher became an eligible receiver. Mc-Kay ordered it the moment he saw Wisconsin go into a man-for-man defense. Who would cover a suddenlyappearing new element—Butcher—with the defensive jobs already assigned? The Badgers were caught unawares, Butcher taking the touchdown pass alone on the one-yard line. "I knew McKay had such a play," Bad-ger coach Milt Bruhn said later, "but who'd expect he'd spring it so soon?'

Last year, with less than ten minutes left in the game, trailing UCLA by a 0-3 score, and getting desperate, the Trojans tried a Pete Beathard pass to end Johnny Brownwood that missed badly. Glancing toward the bench, Beathard shrugged, as if to say, "We

can forget about using that one."
"No, we won't," McKay told his assistant coaches, his eyes excited. To a "messenger" lineman, he said, "Go in and tell Beathard to run exactly the same play—but to throw a down-and-in to Willie Brown this time."

McKay scans the whole field of action, watching for the smallest signs. And on the Brownwood pass, he'd noticed that UCLA's man covering halfback Willie Brown had trailed him closely during his "down" pattern, but had relaxed slightly when Brown cut in. Seconds later, Brown grabbed a 30-yard pass on the twoyard line. The Trojans bucked the ball

across for the winning touchdown.

Duke's veteran Bill Murray was so
mystified by USC's ability to "read" his attack in advance a year ago that after he'd lost, 14-7, he walked into Trojan quarters and asked McKay: "Will you please tell me how you anticipated everything we did—before we did it?"

"I don't mind at all, Bill," replied McKay.

McKay.

Pulling out a pen, he spent 30 minutes diagramming details of Duke's offense. Certain small "keys" were there, unnoticed until now, but which McKay had discovered in studying Duke game movies for more than 50 hours. "No pro coach gives more attention to detail than McKay," says Bill Murray. "Just try to anticipate his offense, sometime. If it isn't impossible, it's the next thing to it.

McKay puts together a dazzling offense because of a work schedule that, even among football teachers, is phenomenal. "I never take a vacation, summer or winter, and I probably won't take one until I retire," he tells you, "My alarm clock goes off at home at 5:15 a.m. and I'm at my desk by 6:30, almost every morning. I watch film, do paperwork, hold staff meetings, conduct practice, make down-town appearances, and watch more film until midnight or 1 a.m.'

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"That's a 16- to 17-hour day," an terviewer says, "and who could interviewer says, "and who stand a grind like that for long?

"It should kill a fellow off," 'admits McKay, "but I thrive on it, and I probably get as much done as anyone in the business. At one o'clock in the morning I'm tired-but

"But this means you get only four hours' or so sleep a night. How can

you possibly sustain that program?"
"Oh, some nights I get five hours'
sleep. There's nothing to it," says McKay, matter-of-factly. "You just apply will power and train your body to accept it."

But to reach his Student Union Building office at USC from his home 50 minutes away by 6:30 a.m., the coach must skip breakfast and eat sometime later. Friends feel he's to wreck his health. dropped from 180 pounds to 162 last season. The saving element in his make-up is that he is an imperturbable non-worrier. "He's so cool about things," Mel Hein, a McKay assistant, says, "that he can walk by your table and ice your drinks." But now that he's reached his 40th year, his wife Corky says, "If he doesn't slow down soon, I'll put sleeping powder in his coffee." Johnny replies, firmly: "I can't ease off. The name of this game, the only name, is preparation.

Twice in his life he was well-prepared when an unexpected opportunity arose-and that's why he's sitting in the chair he now occupies.

In Everettsville, West Virginia, where he was born July 5, 1923, his father, John Andrew McKay, was a moderately prosperous coal-mine superintendent. The senior McKay died when Johnny was nine, leaving a widow and five children. Times be-coming difficult, the family moved from town to town, with the three McKay boys working at any available job. Johnny swabbed out bars and

washed restaurant dishes; he not only brought home money and earned "B grades, but was All-State in football and in basketball. When Pearl Harbor happened, John, not yet 18 years old, entered Army Air Force pilot training and was washed out for faulty depthperception. He bounced back as a gunner in B-29s, and wound up flying patrols off Tinian Island, "My brothpatrois on Timan Island. By John to the Pick was killed in the war, serving on a minesweeper," McKay says softly. Another brother, Jim, today is a colonel in the Air Force, a crack B-52 pilot.

In 1946 Johnny landed at Purdue University, where coach Cecil Isbell made a defensive back of him. A year later, Isbell quit Purdue, and McKay transferred to the University of Oregon, under Jim Aiken. "My 160 pounds didn't look so good to Aiken," says McKay, "but he gave me a \$50-a-month job and all I could eat. Aiken played wide-open T-football, with Norm Van Brocklin doing the throwing. I was used mostly as a running back."

Soon McKay was noticed. He ran 45 yards for a touchdown against Stanford, ran 75 yards through Colorado and led the team in scoring in 1948 with 64 points. After the Cotton Bowl game of '49, where Oregon lost to Doak Walker and Southern Methodist, 20-13, pro scouts rated McKay as "small but very smart and quick," and the Detroit Lions, drafting him, offered a \$7800 rookie contract. But McKay had smashed a knee that season. Rather than risk further injury, he hung up his cleats.

In an FBI office in Portland, Mc-Kay was interviewed for an agent's job and came close to signing the papers.

"Something held me back," he says.
"I don't know what. But it changed my whole life when I walked out of

Jim Aiken was let go at Oregon

and in came Len Casanova, from Pittsburgh. Len needed a backfield coach, and picked McKay. "I took him," Casanova explained, "because when we discussed my outside belly series and other deep stuff, he knew as much about it as I did. He hadn't just played the game. He'd absorbed all phases of it. He could diagram every defense used in the Coast Conference with his eyes shut.

Preparation paid off. McKay spent the next eight years under Casanova, earning wide professional respect and came to Southern California in 1959 as backfield coach with much to contribute. So much, in fact, that when USC head coach Don Clark, unable to win and discouraged, resigned eight months later, he advised Athletic Board members: "Hire McKay. He hasn't been here long, it's true, but he has terrific ability." Taking Clark's has terrific ability." Taking Clark's word for it, USC took the startling step of naming an unknown newcomer to the top job.

However, the appointment wasn't announced for two days, while much cloak-and-dagger work went on. Mc-Kay was spirited straight from the contract-signing ceremony to the home of Don Richman, then USC's sports publicist, and there he hid out for a day and night-allowed only one phone call, to his wife.

"Why all the secrecy?" Richman later was asked by a sportscaster.

"We wanted to time the announcement so that the press got an even break on the story," explained Rich-man. "We wanted to avoid a scoop by

anyone."
"Don't kid me," replied the TV man.
"You people were taking out extra fire insurance during those 48 hours, on account of the alumni might burn down the school when they learned you'd given the job to a guy who isn't as well known as the janitor.

But the protests were not as loud as expected, and from the start, Mc-Kay, who is one of football's top deadpan comics, with a Fred Allen delivery, delighted newspapermen. He likes to kid his positive outlook on life. "I haven't been in the business long," he bleakly said at his first news conference. "I just look that way." Asked what game movies of his next opponent, high-ranked Iowa, had revealed, he said, "I shipped back the films Iowa sent us. They made me sick." As to his team's future, he guipped, "We should move the football this season, but I can't tell which direction yet. This team is having trouble breaking a huddle."

Every National Football League team passed up Wisconsin's Ron VanderKelen in the draft last December. But after he'd riddled USC with passes in the Rose Bowl, six pro teams hastened to make offers. McKay now tells banquet audiences: "Milt Bruhn, the Wisconsin coach, is a good enough man. But he had VanderKelen four years and all the kid got was a college education. I had him for only four quarters and got him \$60,000!"

An unorthodox operator in all ways, Johnny McKay may be the only big-city, big-time coach whose telephone at home is listed in the directory. Anyone can call him at West Covina, California. "It's handy," he says. "When people tell me to drop dead, I can do it right on my own rug." It's difficult to believe that he isn't deluged by calls from cranks and drunks, but he says it hasn't hap-pened—that only rarely is his peace disturbed.

His most unusual move yet-one that put the Trojans on the winning road—is the fulfillment of McKay's belief that every man on his bench should see action in every game, down to the last substitute. Ken Del Conte, senior halfback, says, "About half the squad was mad and dispirited when coach McKay took over, because so few of us got to play. He fixed that. Now you can hardly tell the first team from the third, we have no bystanders, and morale has gone up about a thousand percent."

Prior to games, McKay quips that he "turns on a couple of old Knute Rockne records" for his players. But what really happens is that he speaks matter-of-factly and (in the final moments) emotionally, and then every-one—including McKay—races for the field. "We roar out there with blood in our eye and now and then we scare someone," he says. Pounding hard at the heels of his players come McKay and his assistants-whooping like wild

His success has brought just what you'd expect—charges that McKay doesn't win by legal means, but that he cheats. Four days before his 1962 Navy game, he spoke by direct telephone link to a news conference held at Annapolis by Middie coach Wayne Writers asked questions, Hardin. everything went off pleasantly. The next morning, McKay was hit by a headline: HARDIN CRIES FOUL, SAYS USC CHEATS.

Right after McKay hung up on his Annapolis call, Hardin said that "I've never seen a team with more illegal

procedures than USC. They have illegal shifts, their backs run up and down illegally, they have one guy in the line who jerks his head to draw you offside and they violate the rule requiring a one-second stop before the ball is snapped."

Usually he contains it, but McKay

has a flaming temper. "Hardin complaining?" he snarled. "In Navy's game with Pitt, they faked injury to a halfback and then, as he limped to the sideline, he swerved and caught a touchdown pass. That's as low and unethical as you can get. Let Hardin consult his own conscience be-fore he attacks USC!"

Still, in previous games with Illinois and California, a heavy 273 yards in penalties had been assessed against the Trojans, and when they met Navy the NCAA had binocular-equipped observers stationed in the Coliseum.

McKay was vindicated: Navy drew 35 yards in penalties to 16 for the Trojans, and when Hardin later muttered a semi-apology to McKay, he got only a stony stare. Hardin was lucky, some said, that he didn't get his chin dusted.

Los Angeles newsmen, too, have learned they can't push McKay around. In the early stages of last season, before anyone realized the Trojans were a team of destiny, certain writers were highly critical of McKay's strategy and of team errors. Each week the Trojans won, and each week it sounded as if they were lucky stiffs. After four games, in which his boys rolled up 86 points to 13 for op-ponents. McKay addressed his critics.

"We know we are a rather shoddy group," he said, dripping sarcasm. group," he said, dripping sarcasm.
"But, gentlemen, in your stories, after
you've described everything wrong about us, please make a mention toward the end somewhere, of course of the final score. I believe it will indicate we are not quite hopeless.

Some writers resented the reprimand. Others realized they had it coming. And as the man who can ice your drink just by walking past your table continued to become better known than the janitor at USC, to wage miracles Saturday after Saturday, and to never know defeat, even though cleaning his bench of the last substitute, he overcame his publicity problem. Today he has the most "posi-

At this rate, "how the hell does Johnny McKay do it?" may soon disappear from the language. The question has fast become: how can football stop him from doing it?

# THE SPECIALIST IN PRO FOOTBALL, NO. 8: JERRY KRAMER, GUARD

(Continued from page 17) feet tip off the direction he is going in; the defense looks for the tip-off

For lateral maneuverability, and that means pulling out to block for the runner or to fold on the linebacker, the ideal position is to have both feet parallel. The good defenseman can

read that too.

So the guard tries to fool his rival with a wrong tip-off. Kramer will keep his right foot back, say, then suddenly shift as the play starts. Sometimes the opposition doesn't fool easily. Men like Dick Modzelewski and Leo Nombles ellini, for example, know the tricks. The guard and his opponents, therefore, are constantly involved in a match of mind as well as muscle.

When the guard pulls out and be-

comes a blocker in the secondary, he has shed one problem (the weight pull of the rival tackle) only to pick up another (the speed and maneuverability offered by the lighter defending back). The Packers teach downfield blocking a little differently from most other clubs.

"We don't often throw a cross-body block," said Kramer. "We feel if you put your head in the other fellow's chest you can knock him down. Then you can keep going and maybe get

another man.

When the defending back sees Kramer coming between him and the ballcarrier, he usually has to make a quick decision on one of three choices. Jerry ticked them off, together with the prescribed counter-action.

1. The back can get real low and underneath, and try to grab the ballcarrier's legs.

Antidote: Put the helmet on him and after a couple of times he's going to stop trying that because he's bumping heads with a man 40 or 50 pounds heavier.

2. The back will try to backtrack and "play" the guard.

Antidote: Fine, he's giving the ball-carrier that extra step. Meanwhile, try to run over him.

3. The back will try to fake the guard.

Antidote: Try to keep position on him for the block. Meanwhile he still has to get to the ball, and always remember, he's trying to fake two men.

For kicking, Jerry wears a standard square-toe low cut, and he wears it throughout the game. He is a two-step kicker, one with the right, the other with the left, then contact. Sometimes the ball flops on the way toward the crossbar because Jerry is a "knuckleball" kind of a kicker, The other Packers call him "Hoyt" for Hoyt Wilhelm, the knuckleball pitch-

JERRY kicks field goals but he can't punt. He can't open his right hand wide enough to grasp the ball, a result of the shotgun accident ten years

Jerry was 17 then, a high-school star in football, track and other sports in Sand Point, an Idaho town of 4000 people. He was sitting on a big rock, waiting for a friend. His grandfather's old-fashioned shotgun, with exposed hammer, was alongside. Kramer was tearing off pieces of moss and rolling them down the side of the rock, but, he says, "there was one piece which didn't roll all the way. So I reached down to push it on its way. I had the gun right there. What was more natural than to reach over and push it with the gun?"

Somehow the gun went off and Jerry felt a paralyzing numbness in his right hand and a series of burning agonies in his right side. Just about that time his friend came down the

"I shot myself," Jerry said. "I think we'd better get some help."

They made it across a field, the equivalent of three city blocks, to a

farmhouse where they called for help.
The boys didn't know how serious the injury was until the doctor looked. The blast had simply rolled up the flesh on the underside of Kramer's right arm, balling it up near the element of the same of the same shows. bow. Smashed into it were shreds of his sweater, the wadding from the shell, and other foreign matter. You couldn't ask for a better set of condi-

tions for gangrene.
"I was lucky," says Kramer, "be-cause my side hurt so badly I didn't think to try to stop the flow of blood from my arm. As a result, it flowed and washed away all the dirt and other stuff."

This bit of luck was a prime factor in Jerry's arm being saved by Dr. Neil Wendle, the family doctor. He got Kramer into the hospital and sewed up the torn and macerated tendons. Even so it was close.

There was a time, Kramer recalls, when the doctor and his parents came into his hospital room. There was a whispered consultation. The doctor, with the eraser end of a pencil, touched the point on the arm where an amputation might be made.

But Kramer recovered and the fol-lowing summer he was putting the shot with his crippled hand.

Another accident occurred one summer afternoon when young Jerry was

chasing a frightened calf.
"The calf was running across the field and I was going after it," he said

a while ago. "Its hoof came down in the middle of a rotten plank that must have been ripped off an old shed. I stepped on the end and it flew up. A long, jagged piece ran into me just where my leg joins my body."

Just listening to the details

enough to send shivers through a listener. Kramer described how he pulled out the sliver himself, then got home. The doctor came after some telephone confusion, and the subse-quent probing showed nothing. Jerry was put to bed to recuperate.

Then the excruciating pain in his

back started.

"It was like a knife," he recalled, "so they took me down to the hospital and X-rayed me. The X-rays showed nothing. Wood is about the same density as human tissue."

After an unremitting period of ago-After an unremitting period of agony, Kramer was taken to Spokane where examination picked up a sizable foreign object in his lower abdominal cavity. Surgery brought it out, a seven-inch jagged sliver, three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Going in, it had missed the big artery leading to his leg by a sliver. It had missed his spine by about the same distance. distance.

Jerry played a senior year of high-school football, went to Idaho to play football under Skip Stahley, and ev-erything was fine until one day in his junior year when he complained about a sharp pain in his neck. This time X-ray examination quickly turned up the cause—a chipped vertebra.

Back he went to the Spokane operating room. The doctors assured him he'd have only a "hairline" scar after surgery had taken care of it. The "hairline" turned out to be a jagged streak about six inches long and shockingly discernible through Jerry's crewcut. His teammates refer to it as the "rippen" the "zipper."

THERE were no further alarms; Jerry graduated, was picked for the East-West Shrine game, married a class-mate from downstate Weiser, and was advised he had been picked No. 4 in

the draft by the Packers.

Green Bay had finished sixth in the Western Division the previous season; western Division the previous season; a lot of future stars were already on the team: Hornung, Starr, Jim Ringo, Bill Forester, Ron Kramer. The draft filled in more. "I was No. 4 on the list that year," says Kramer. "Ahead of me they got Dan Currie, Jim Taylor and Ray Nitschke."

Kramer played two seasons with the Packers as they moved to a division championship. He was not injured seriously until late in the 1960 season when, in a game with the Rams in Los Angeles, he sustained a retina detachment in his left eye.

Unaware of its seriousness, he played two weeks later in his first NFL title game—against the Eagles. He was conscious of something being

"I got a bump on the head," he says, "and it must have been pretty bad because I don't remember a thing after that in the Rams game. Ringo and Thurston gave me the plays and I went through them. After the game I noticed a small, bright fluorescent kind of a spot in front of my eye. I figured it came from the wallop and didn't mention it.

"Between then and the champion-ship game I noticed something was happening to my vision. If I put my hand over my right eye I couldn't see

much with my left. I played against the Eagles, anyway. You don't get to play in too many playoffs." Back in Green Bay, however, Kra-mer spoke up. Examination revealed

the seriousness of the injury

The old techniques of retinal re-attachment were nerve-wracking. After the operation patients frequently were required to lie with their heads sandbagged for complete immobility sometimes for weeks. It often left en-during mental scars.

KRAMER was lucky. The comparatively new procedure of welding the retina back in place, electronically, was used. Nine days after the surgeons had laid open his eyeball, his career resting on the sterile points of their instruments, Jerry was back playing

Perhaps Kramer might have made it in pro ball even if the operation hadn't been 100 percent successful because there have been outstanding players with all their working vision concentrated in a single orb. But the following year he sustained an injury from which 100 percent recovery was mandatory if he was to continue. He suffered a serious leg fracture against the Vikings. In addition to a fracture of the tibia, main bone in the leg, the tibia and fibula had become separated at the mortise of the ankle.

"We have to put a pin in it," said the Packers' orthopedic men, Drs. Jim Nellen and George McGuire. Kramer grimaced, recalling the incident.

"I thought a pin was just a pin," he says. "You should have seen the bolt they ran through it. Long, with a lock-washer and nut and everything. When they took it out they gave it to me as a souvenir. I still have it."

The Packers still have Kramer despite outside medical opinion at the time of the accident that this was the end of his career. The Green Bay doctors, however, knew their man. Kramer played no more in '61, but he was back for 1962.

Kramer was confident he'd be back. Football has been a way of life for him since his early high school days and tremendous self-confidence has helped his success. A cheerful attitude has helped, too, and talent, of course, has been the key

The self-confidence caused him to walk into an auto showroom, newly married, with nothing more substantial than a pro-football contract in his pocket and pick up a new car for him-self and his bride to drive to training camp. His in-laws gasped for a long time over that one.

The self-confidence makes him believe he can handle football players every inch as good, despite their weight edge of 30 or 40 pounds. The self-confidence enabled him to sell his teammate, Bob Skoronski, who grew up in the comparatively effete area around Ansonia, Connecticut, to come on a grizzly hunt with him after the 1962 season. Although there were signs of grizzlies all around, they never made contact, which could have been just as well for the two football laborates and of the two football laborates and of the two football laborates and of the two football laborates are significant. ball players and one grizzly

Kramer has the self-confidence to feel that his marvelous balance and tremendous strength will go on indefinitely, providing him with the satisfaction of doing a job as close to perfection as any job can be done in the most demanding of all contact

- 1 ---

sports.

(Continued from page 8) performance potentials. As one Detroit automan said, 'The American public is simply not interested in small, underpowered economy sedans on a volume basis. The image of the compacts has changed radically since their introduction. Today, sportiness is the key to the entire market."
"Of all the compacts I saw, the

Comet Caliente seemed to me to be the sportiest compact on the market to-day. The image of the Comet has also been altered the most radically of the compact and medium-sized automo-biles. Designed as a stretched Falcon, the Comet labored through early life as a drab 101-hp workhorse suited perfectly for the maiden aunts of America. Late in 1963 Mercury offered the 289 Fairlane V-8 as an option and indications were that big changes would be in store for '64. They materialized in the Caliente, which features a 210 horsepower V-8 and brims over with sportiness.

"The Caliente, like the rest of the Comet line, is built on a 114-inch wheelbase. This model can be purchased with the reliable Borg-Warner all-synchromesh four-speed transmission. Refinements such as full instrument panel with an oil pressure gauge and an ammeter rather than the array of irritating, uninformative 'idiot lights' are typical of the Caliente. The driver is immediately impressed with the excellent seating position that places the 16-inch steering wheel at a distance for maximum comfort and minimum fatigue. All the controls are near at hand and, with the exception of having to reach a bit for third gear with the floor mounted four-speed, there can be no complaints about the driveability of the car."
"There is an impression of latent

power and smoothness transmitted to the driver of a Caliente that belies its modest size. Though its handling certainly is not on the level of a pure sports car, it gives away nothing to any domestic machine in this department.

"The Caliente is a bull's-eye shot at what the American consumer is looking for in a sporty compact. It has room to accommodate four adults on long high-speed trips, power to haul a boat or small camping trailer and remains, in its hardtop and convertible forms, a highly stimulating automobile to drive.

So to the Lincoln-Mercury's Comet Caliente, Sport's SPORTIEST COM-PACT award.

#### RIGHT BOY FOR THE JOB

The last two baseball seasons Bud Furillo of the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner devoted considerable space in his column to the wild ways of the Angels. He wrote with humor about the characters on the club and, as was inevitable, ultimately covered them all. Was Bud through? Not he, good 

job. In his way he supplements the unusual crew of Angels. Viz:

On a trip he took to New York with the Angels, Dennis, senior member of the batboy crew, sat out the opening game and allowed the junior man to work it. "But you're the top man,"
Bud said. "Why didn't you open up?"
"Because we're on television tomorrow night," said Bo Riley.

And through the home season Dennis took a bus to the ballpark before each game. The trip involved a long ride and a long walk, uphill, Ah, it wasn't so bad, said Dennis. After all, he got an automobile ride home each game with his Uncle Kurt

Why not a ride to the ballpark with Uncle Kurt?

"Well, we have this feud going," said Dennis.

Obviously, wrote Furillo, "it's a one-way feud."

#### SNIDER ON STENGEL

The previous night had been Duke Snider Day, and the 17-year veteran was a little late arriving at his Polo Grounds locker. Duke looked a little beat. "What's the lineup?" he asked

Roger Craig, who was to pitch.
"You're playing," said Roger, "Why?"
"I'm tired. I didn't get to bed until

Craig laughed. "You've been up lat-er than that before."

Snider laughed and said, "I read that Leon Jones was going to play."
"That's Cleon Jones (who'd just been recalled from the minors)," Roger said, smiling. "Get dressed and I'll introduce you to the players on the team."

We asked Snider about a quote from him in the papers: "I've learned more baseball from Casey Stengel than I knew existed." The man who'd played for Burt Shotten and Leo Durocher and Charlie Dressen and Walter Alston through his first 16 years in the majors said, "I didn't say exactly that, but I have learned an awful lot from him. I know there's a lot of baseball I haven't learned and will probably

never learn.' We asked if he could recall things

he'd learned from Stengel.

"I can't remember any specific things offhand," said Snider. "It's just like when you hear a lot of funny jokes at a party but you can't remember them the next day. They come back later. But Casey has made things very interesting, the way he talks to the players, the way he handles the ballelub, plus all his stories about past players, past performances. It's kind of hard to play with a club that loses over 100 games, but Casey keeps everyone loose.
"I don't care who would be manag-

ing the Mets this year, they wouldn't have done as well as Casey, in my opinion. Or last year to boot. Because they'd come up with ulcers and every-

thing else. Snider said he didn't know if it was intentional, but Casey seemed to be talking to him at times when he was discussing a situation with a group of players. "I've noticed it several times on the bench when he walks over to me and looks at me. And this I feel good about, feeling he's directing some of his knowledge and experience at me. I sit by him as often as I can in game. I like to see what's going through his mind when he gives the signs to Hemus, to see what he wants to do in a situation."

Dressed, he went out on the field for pre-game practice. "I'm just try-ing to learn all I can about the game," he said. "I don't say I wouldn't like to manage. I would if the right opportunity arose. I'd like to stay in base-ball in some capacity."

THE WINNER

"Oh, you're kidding me!" said Francis J. Cleary when we called him at his job in Buffalo's V.A. Hospital and ms job in Burialo's V.A. Hospital and told him he'd won first prize in our Giant Sports Quiz Contest, "We wouldn't kid about a thing like that." "My gosh," Fran said, "you know, when we didn't hear anything we thought we'd settle for a Ban-lon shirt." shirt.

He won \$2500. The only other thing he's ever won is a baseball glove in a Sport contest four or five years ago. "I still use it with my boys, age 17 and 18," Mr. Cleary said. "I coach a team in the Municipal League which plays on Sundays, a Colt team that plays twice a week, and I have a grammar school team. The Catholic grammar schools here in Buffalo play in the fall. Baseball is my favorite sport. One of my sons made All-Cath-olic first-baseman at Bishop Fallon High School last spring. I might add that Sport magazine is my favorite magazine." (He couldn't recall another one giving him \$2500.)

Naturally Mr. Cleary spent a lot of time researching the answers to the contest. In fact, he's the only baseball coach in Buffalo who prayed for rain on game nights this past season when the contest deadline drew near. when the contest deadline drew near. "I wasn't sure that I had a perfect paper (which he needed to win)," Fransaid. "But I think you had a fascinating contest. You enjoy working on it even if you don't win. What did you say first prize was?"

#### **FAN CLUB NOTES**

These people report they have fan clubs for the following: Randy Cavitz, 8818 Cochise Drive, St. Louis 32, itz, 8818 Cochise Drive, St. Louis 32, Mo.: Julian Javier. Judy Bohlen, 9403 Piedmont, Detroit 28, Mich.: Bill Faul. Leon J. Springer, 365 Eastwood Road, Woodmere, N.Y.: San Francisco Giants. Duncan Wray, 112 Arlington Ave., Westmount, Quebec, Can.: Baltimore Orioles. A/3C James G. Miller, CMR4-G Box 16518, Kessler AFB, Miss.: Floyd Patterson. Carol Dixon, 2645 Norman Ave., Detroit 9, Mich.: Bill Faul. Judy Jenkins, 4308 N. 42nd Place, Milwaukee 16, Wis.: Claude Raymond. Kathy Rothacker, 10615 Shale Ave., Cleveland 4, O.: Gene Green. Jeannette Belle, 1328 North Ave., Elizabeth, N.J.: Roger Maris, Mike Marley, 57 Brighton Ave., Allston, Mass. 02134: Cassius Clay.

#### 12TH MAN THEME

Harry Mehre, an Atlanta business-man and television commentator who coached at Georgia and Mississippi after centering at Notre Dame when the Four Horsemen were sophomores, tells a story about the time he took his "poor little southern boys to New York for a game against NYU." A southern referee went north to handle

the game.
"They had us on our one-yard line," says Mehre, "but I didn't fret. It was last down. There was a bruising smash at the line but the ref knew about forward progress. He dove into the pile and wound up placing the ball one inch from the goal line.

Then he faced the two teams, motioned in the opposite direction and yelled: 'First down and it's our ball!'

See you next month. BERRY STAINBACK

#### RENFRO ON THE RUN

(Continued from page 25) get a word out of him. Now he talks it up all over the field."

Renfro's goal in life is about what you'd expect—he hopes to play pro-fessional football. "What people for-get about this kid," says Casanova, "is the number of things he can do. He can run wide, he can run inside, and he's saved us so many times on defense I can't remember them all. He's a tough kid and a deadly tackler. He's got a great chance with the pros because he can make it either way, offense or defense."

The high point to Renfro always remains the game against Rice.

"I was born down there," he says.

"I had a lot of relatives in the crowd —and, well, it was quite a ticket problem. But it was one of those great days. Everytime I got the ball, there was someplace to go."

It may well be, as West Coast experts believe, that Renfro is the na-

tion's outstanding all-purpose football player; a "complete" production in all departments. In his bid for further All-America recognition, his boosters have no greater task than to

Says Washington's Jim Owens:
"Frankly, I don't even want to talk
about Renfro. He's already given me a trauma. He hurts everybody with that running pass. He hurts you so many ways it's pitiful. He can run outside on you, and if they get the ball down on the goal-line, he's got those springy legs and he just leaps into your end zone."

Oregon State's Tommy Prothro says flatly: "You take him physically, and he's the best college back I've ever seen in my life. He has great speed, courage and he makes tackles all over the field. When it comes to running that football against me, I'd rather have anybody I know carrying it except Renfro."

### "I'M FOR ME"

(Continued from page 20) nan. Brosnan is an expert in I'm-for-Me. That same month, Brosnan learned the had not been picked on the National League All-Star team. Sulking, the pitcher was asked by a reporter whether Broz thought the Reds would sweep an oncoming series with the Dodgers. "No," Brosnan said. "And at the moment I couldn't care less.") Is this new? Edward Bayard Moss wrote, in 1912: "The late baseball

extras are secured and a critical study is made of the box score, for every member of the team is jealous of his

member of the team is jealous of his record and quick to express his opinion of the official scorer who does not give him a 'fair break.'"

Or, as Frank Chance, manager of the Chicago Cubs, said 51 years ago:

"Human nature is the same in base-

Business. Bo Belinsky goes down to Hawaii, and draws in fans by the thousands, and while Belinsky is pitching, the Hawaii club's major stockholder circulates about the stands soliciting stock sales among stands, soliciting stock sales among the customers. Baseball. The game kids play; the business grown men live off. And it has always been. We decry, some of us, the commercialism of today's athlete. In 1905 magazine writers were decrying the commercialism not only of the petted darlings of the big leagues, but of the college campuses. Prep school principal Alfred E. Stearns took note of the invasion of his campus by college coaches, and he predicted its effect on the young athlete: "It acts not merely on his athletic standards; it undermines his whole moral make-up and gives him false and superficial views of life and his position in the world. . . ." Fifty years later, Dick Stuart sums up this moral undermining: "Money buys you nothing but happiness."
All this is not to say there were

All this is not to say there were not great team-type teams, nor great team players in the Good Old Days. There were. Before the turn of the century there were players who—says Robert Smith—were "so fiercely devoted to victory that they would have paid money (if they could spare it) to get on the team." The Orioles of

the '90s, with Dan Brouthers, Joe Kelley, Hughie Jennings, Willie Keeler, and John McGraw, was a team welded by a hot passion to win, the individual player dedicated to a total effort, unmindful of his own success. Chance's Cubs of 1905 through 1908, with its Tinker to Evers to Chance infield, plus the great Harry Steinfeldt at third, Johnny Kling behind the plate—surely this must have been one of the finest team-oriented teams ever to play ball. Or George Stallings' Braves of 1914, an incredibly spirited club, with Hank Gowdy behind the plate, Rabbit Maranville at short, and slat-lean, freckled Evers at second. A strange team, actually. A team of mediocrities, if individual talent alone mediocrities, if individual talent alone is the keystone. In 1914 Gowdy hit .243 in regular-season play. In the World Series, he had six hits, including three doubles, a triple, and a home run, and a .545 average. In 1914 Maranville hit .246. In the Series it was .308. Johnny Evers batted .277 during the season. In the Series, the snarling unprire-batting Evers during the season. In the Series, the snarling, umpire-baiting Evers slugged .438. And the despised Braves beat the lordly Philadelphia Athletics four straight. On paper, the A's—with Bender and Plank and Bush, and its infield of McInnis, Collins, Baker and Barry, and Wally Schang catching—was the superior lineup. But the Braves were the better team. Team. Oh, yes, there were teams in those

Oh, yes, there were teams in those days, and spirited players who sacrificed themselves to the concept of team victory. Pop Anson, Keeler, Ross Youngs, Ed Walsh.

But so, too, were there the I'm for Me boys. Bugs Raymond. Rube Waddell. The eight members of the White Sox who conspired to throw the 1919 World Series. Later, Flint Rhem. Art "The Great" Shires. Bob Newsom.

And there are team-dedicated players today. Loads of 'em. Men who eschew the strutting stances, the temper tantrums, the ego displays, and devote themselves instead to trying to help a ballclub score a run, cut off a run, win a game. Jim Gilliam, hitting a ground ball to the right side so a runner may advance from second to third, his own batting average dipped by that one time at bat, but his team's chances of scoring a run

IN DECEMBER MASTER DETECTIVE:

DIXIE'S "LEAD PIPE CINCH" SLAYING

KILL—THEN PICK UP A GIRL

MONSTER IN LOVERS' LANE

DID SHE DROWN— OR WAS SHE MURDERED?

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CITY	STATE			

So, too, are there whole teams infused with an all-for-one, one-for-all tradition. The Yankees lost Mantle and Maris in 1963, and the hyenas chortled, and licked their lips, waiting for the carcass to twitch its final twitch. Instead, a nameless, faceless ballclub roared away from the rest of the league. The hyenas should have known better than to expect a Mantleless, Maris-less Yankee team to fold up kerplunk. In the '62 Series, Mantle, Maris and Howard—"the big guns"—were silenced. So the Kubeks, the

Boyers, the Treshes took over.
Yes, there are team-spirited men, and spirited teams today, egos under control, I'm for Me in its place, but we tend to ignore them. It's better copy to find the Piersall and forget the Pearson. When Jimmy Piersall rushes in from centerfield to protest an umpire's decision at Detroit, Tiger infielder Ossie Virgil holds up a placard reading: "TV Game." Says Virgil, with good-natured hyperbole: "Piersall always checks to see if the game is on TV before he throws a tantrum."

I'm for Me. The veteran player sees Paul Pettit receive \$100,000 from the Pirates, and never win a big-league game, and he resents it. Young John Antonelli pockets a fat bonus to join the Boston Braves, and the envy of the established stars splits the team apart. A Bob Garibaldi gets \$125,000, and the staggering sum suddenly de-

termines when the young man shall marry his sweetheart, this year or next, so as to take best advantage of the tax laws. Money buys you happine\$\$. But it doesn't always work. A year after Garibaldi gets his \$125,000, the Giants send the boy to Tacoma, and Garibaldi fires a blast at the ungrateful Giant organization for not giving him a chance.

And just as the picture of Walter O'Malley in court, arguing against a tax increase, is baseball, 1963, so too is an Associated Press story of a boy named Scott Seger who received a \$50,000 bonus from the Chicago White Sox in 1959. The AP looked up Seger four years later. Money has bought him happiness. Seger's business activities are today handled by a Cincinnati C.P.A. Seger's bonus has been spread out over five years, so the boy—he's now 23—gets \$10,000 a year. Only 21% goes in taxes. Seger has received \$40,000 thus far; he still has ten grand to go. There also was an \$8000 salary the first year, which meant a new car for the boy, a stereo phonograph for his mother, a set of golf clubs for his father, and \$2000 in shares of stock, selected with care by the boy's business manager. Seger is happy. His stocks have increased in value. He now owns \$50,000 in life insurance. He has \$10,000 invested in a building and loan corporation in Cincinnati. He attends Xavier University in the off-season, and will graduate in 1964.

And his baseball career? When the AP man looked, at the end of August, 1963, Seger had a 1-and-4 record with Class A Norfolk-Portsmouth of the Carolina League an ERA of 4.70.

the Carolina League, an ERA of 4.70. Actually, Seger's story is not a story of baseball, 1963, but a story of life in this nation of ours, 1963. Seger is happy because he has prospered financially. Our nation's strength, its prestige, even its character is counted in terms of a Gross National Product, which is simply a fancy term for dollar signs. Every sport—not only baseball—is similarly affected, or afflicted. Quarterbacks roll out of a Philadelphia Eagle training camp because they feel they are underpaid. Hot Rod Hundley, of the Los Angeles Laker

basketball team, says: "If one of the boys comes to me on an off-day and says let's shoot baskets, I ask him if he's lost his mind."

All of which leads to the inevitable question: Is this I'm-for-Me necessarily bad? And the quick answer may lie in the fact that when coach Freddie Schaus sits out a game because of illness or whatever, the man who runs the Lakers from the bench is Hot Rod Hundley.

is Hot Rod Hundley.
Who is to say that the giving vent to man's individual acquisitive instincts is a barrier to feam effort? Dizzy Dean went on strike, sulked and fussed with his manager, his and fussed with his manager, his owner, and his teammates, yet was there a fiercer competitor in the 1930s, a man more devoted to winning a ballgame? And the converse: What value is there to a team in a ballplayer so totally absorbed in victory that each ballgame becomes a battleground on which the dedicated player slowly bleeds away his strength, nerves? Pop Anson was such a player, a team player, but he also was a man who refused to field his ballclub until the opposing team removed a Negro from its lineup. He won games and pennants, but he dirtied his pro-fession, and his country. How do we weigh this?

Can a man yield too much of himself to the team? Pete Reiser is the living example, probably the finest natural player of his time, but a man who cut short his career. In his drive to win and help his club, he pursued baseballs through brick walls, headfirst. Reiser would have been a more valuable player to his team, and to himself, had he ever picked up along the way some of the I'm-for-Me attitude of Dick Stuart, or the commonsense self-preservation of Roger Maris who says, "I don't dive into concrete for anybody."

And so we nostalgians may deplore a trend, foolishly. Perhaps we ought to go back to the same man and his team of ghost-writers who wrote, "All for one, one for all." Perhaps we ought to read a little more Dumas. He also wrote, "Nothing succeeds like success."

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## "I SAY LISTON IS GOOD FOR BOXING"

(Continued from page 13) tell you that you can't fight when you want to because of the tax bite. Hell, people aren't interested in your tax problems. They've got their own. They want to see you fight and when you're not fighting they want to see you on exhibition. That's why it was a good thing for Liston and for boxing that he went on tour in Europe this past August and September. I understand he antagonized a big crowd in Sweden at the start of his tour because he didn't do much besides throw around a medicine ball, but from then on he sparred some rounds wherever he went and he improved his image a great deal.

Naturally, when you try to be your own boss you're liable to make some mistakes. But that's the chance you take and it's a chance worth taking. Looking back, I realize what a great thing it would have been if I had had one fight for charity the way Louis had during the war. I mentioned it once to Weill, he didn't go for it and I never pressed it further, which was a big mistake. He was an old-

fashioned guy who was a manager first, last and always and was all business. Every fighter, I think, wants to do something good and I know darned well he'd rather be active than lay around and get fat. If Liston ever has one fight for charity when he is champ, he'll never have to worry about his popularity again.

Sonny, incidentally, already has donated his services a couple of times. In November, 1961, in Chicago, he boxed a few rounds with Ernie Terrell and gave his purse to a fund for crippled children. And in April, 1962, he bought his own plane ticket to Rochester, New York, and refereed a benefit match for the Catholic missions. But all this happened before Liston became champ and not many people heard about it. The press was busy digging up his prison record. Speaking of Liston's running battle

Speaking of Liston's running battle with the press, it's hard to tell who's more to blame. A lot of newspapermen have been unfair in the way they've tended to focus on Sonny's background, yet Sonny hasn't helped matters with his lack of cooperation.

The best way I can describe it is as a vicious cycle. When Liston was just beginning his boxing career sports-writers would try to interview him after each fight. Sonny, who's slow with words, wouldn't say much and so the reporters would write the only things they did know about him—his background. Word would get back to Liston about the bad things being said about him and this only made him suspicious and even less anxious to cooperate. And then, of course, the press would write about his lack of cooperation. The vicious cycle went around and around.

Since he's been champ, Liston's relations with the press have changed somewhat but sometimes it's only to the extent that he feels more secure in exchanging caustic remarks with reporters. Thus he'll say to a guy: "Why do you ask me if the sky is blue when you can look out the window and see for yourself?" Or he'll bristle when someone asks him about his personal life.

I personally think there's nothing wrong with a guy saying what he

WHAT we're getting into now is Sonny's personality and his behavior out of the ring. These, of course, are the things Liston's critics like to cite in their tirades against him. And, I admit, they have plenty of ammunition. But I also strongly believe that their supply of ammo is decreasing. Remember what I said before about ability getting a person popularity? Well, let's take that theory a step further. Now it becomes: Ability will get you popularity because it may also force you to be a better person.

When I was a kid on the street, for example, and no one knew me, I'd hit you in the back of the head with a snowball and laugh all the way home. But once I became known and acquired an identity I learned that I had to respect other people in order to earn the respect I'd always wanted. And don't think Sonny doesn't want that respect too. In the privacy of his own home one day he smiled broadly as he told a writer how a group of white kids gathered around his Cadillac hollering "Champ! Champ!"

If Liston didn't really care about

If Liston didn't really care about how people felt about him I doubt if I could honestly say he's good for boxing. I'd be too afraid he would undo all his positive things. But Sonny seems determined to be a worthy champ in all respects. You can tell this by the people he's permitting to influence him. First is his wife Geraldine, whom he's always with. And there's Father Edward Murphy, the Denver priest, who serves as Sonny's teacher, advisor and friend. But what impresses me even more is the way Liston has accepted Joe Louis and is using him as a model. If I had to pick the one fighter who has done the most for boxing, it would be Louis, Joe always said the right thing, he served his country well during the war, he kept his touch with the common people and he was loved by both Negroes and whites. The night I beat him I felt like the worst guy in the world and that I had committed a crime.

To appreciate what it means for Liston to want to earn the esteem that Louis has, you only have to remember how at one time Sonny seemed to pattern himself solely after Jack Johnson. No champ has ever been more hated than Johnson, a guy who abused all the rules. He was an easy man for Liston to emulate, for it meant people would expect nothing from Sonny and Sonny would have to give nothing in return. And so you had Liston saying things like: "A boxing match is like a cowboy movie. There's got to be good guys and there's got to be bad guys. That's what the people come for—to see the bad guys get beat. So

I'm a bad guy. But I change things. I don't get beat."

Sonny figured that since this was how people pictured him, he wouldn't disappoint them. It was Sonny at his most arrogant. While I insist that Liston has changed and is changing all the time, you'll still find him reverting to his past form. "I don't care what people say about me as long as I get the money," he said just before his second Patterson fight. Frankly, Sonny surprised me with that remark. For a man with good native wit, he could have come up with a more original line than that. Jake LaMotta, Sugar Ray Robinson and Paul Pender all said it. It's the age-old defensive cry of a fighter who's getting bad publicity. Fighters aren't crybabies. Their attitude: If attacked, fight back.

I don't know whether the other three guys really meant it when they said they didn't care what the public thought, but I know Liston didn't. He didn't mean it any more than he meant it when someone asked him about being booed and he said, "They threw rocks at Joe Louis, and in my book he's the greatest, so why should I mind if they only boo me?" In his first fight with Patterson the crowd was about half for Liston and half against him. But in the second fight Sonny was booed almost 100 percent. You can't tell me it doesn't hurt to be booed, especially when you're the champ. The day after the second fight you knew just how discouraged Liston felt when he said: "I don't feel on top of the world. I just feel like I always did."

IT was a sad thing to hear, this remark made by this puzzled, disillusioned guy. He had believed that once he proved his first knockout over Patterson wasn't a fluke people would worship him as an idol. He didn't realize that the only way to earn real respect is to show respect for others. And yet, even if he realizes this now, it's going to be the toughest battle of his life. You and I were brought up to respect people, to be polite. Sonny wasn't brought up this way. In fact, he wasn't brought up at all. Because he's taken so much abuse through the years, he has become suspicious of everyone. Everyone except kids, whom he figures can't turn against him.

As much as Liston admires Louis, it wasn't until a few days before the fight in Vegas that Sonny even accepted him. They finally hit it off well for a couple of reasons. First, Sonny could see how people still admired Louis, even though he's been retired for a dozen years. Secondly, Joe was willing to show Liston he believed in him as a decent human being. Louis succeeded with Sonny because he had

# The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 66

1 Bowling Green, Wichita. 2 (a) Oakland; (b) Dallas (now Kansas City); (c) Houston. 3 (a). 4 Lefty Grove with Philadelphia, Boston. 5 Babe Ruth, Mel Ott, Ted Williams, Eddie Yost. 6 Baltimore, 2-0. 7 Washington, '45. 8 (a). 9 (a). 10 Art Luppino, Arizona. 11 Oscar Robertson. 12 (b). 13 Joe Louis, 1937-49. 14 (b). 15 Duke, Ft. Wayne (now Detroit) Pistons. 16 (b).

the patience to try and break through Sonny's tough exterior. But it wasn't easy, not even for Joe. When we were together before the fight Louis told me: "The guy doesn't talk much. He's hurt, very bitter and he likes to be by himself."

At this point Sonny is what you would call a loner. His prison background could be a big reason. I once talked about this very thing with a guy who had done time. He told me: "In prison you don't trust no one. As soon as you do, that might be the guy who'll rat on you."

Sonny has spent so much of his life making sure he doesn't pick the wrong friends that I think he just doesn't know how to be friendly. The fact that he's strictly a physical guy who can't communicate very well also makes him misunderstood. One thing I can't buy, though—at least not completely—is all this talk about Liston's meanness. A lot of it is an act and Sonny himself has admitted it. He uses that scowl and deadly stare strictly as a gimmick, Archie Moore used to do the same thing. When Moore fought Harold Johnson for the light-heavyweight title, he frightened Johnson half to death with it.

People take a look at that sour puss of Liston's and right away they assume he has no feelings, that he is—to put it bluntly—an "animal." But sonny has shown that he is just as capable of compassion as the rest of us. After his second Patterson fight he told Ben Bentley, his personal publicity man, that he was glad Floyd didn't get up after the third and final knockdown. Sonny was afraid that any more punches might have permanently damaged Patterson. These weren't the feelings of an "animal."

The thing you should remember most about Liston is that right now he's in the middle of a transition and any transition is a slow process. For every two steps forward he's going to take one step backward. He wants to be respected but he doesn't know entirely how to go about it. He'll continue to do things that even I have to call stupid and uncalled for, most of which serve to satisfy his inner desire to dominate people the way he was dominated in the past. But I feel certain he'll do less and less of this as time goes by. The timetable depends mainly on how quickly the good influences around him take hold and how quickly he realizes that most people aren't out to get him.

Just to show how much I believe that Liston will be as good for boxing outside the ring as he is in it, I'd be willing to bet \$20,000 on it. There's a catch, though. George Raft, the movie tough guy, would have to put up the bankroll. That 20 grand is what Raft figures he made off me during my career. He started following me when I had had about ten pro fights and after each fight from then on he'd ask my manager how I was doing. Weill would give him good reports and Raft would place his bets. I only disappointed him once—when I finally retired undefeated after 49 wins. He told me later: "I had a good thing going until you quit on me, you bum."

pointed him once—when I finally retired undefeated after 49 wins. He told me later: "I had a good thing going until you quit on me, you bum."

So I figure this is my chance to make it up to poor George for bugging out on him. If he puts "our" money on Liston, I have to believe it'll be one of the best investments any two guys ever made.

PORT

(Continued from page 37)

that the Twins have Rich Rollins at third base and had Hall in their farm

system for seven years.

Anyway, no one is jumping off any bigh buildings into damp handkerchiefs. Baseball people are used to making that kind of mistake. The Tigers turned down Maury Wills. The Cubs told Roger Maris he wasn't big enough, No one but the Yankees noticed Mickey Mantle. Besides, Hall is, or was, almost the complete nonentity. He isn't even imposing physically in his uniform. He's a pleasant young man with brown eyes, cropped sandy hair, flashing dimples in his smile, the shadow of a cleft in his chin and a boyishly bobbing Adams apple. He isn't big, standing just under six feet and weighing only 175.

Took me a week to notice him when I got to this club," said Vic Wertz, the bald, paunching, friendly old first-baseman. "I saw him getting dressed and I said to myself, 'Holy markers! look at the shelders. mackerel, look at the shoulders on

him.

Hall's strong back could not have been so well developed when he was 18 in 1956 and the old Washington club signed him out of Belmont, North Carolina. "I was a stringy kid," he says and he took a stringy \$4000 to sign, largely because no one was mak-ing any better offers. "I don't know," he says. "I liked the organization. They

needed players."
Jimmie Hall is called James back home. That's because his father is named James and called Jim. It's as simple as the reason for the "ie" ending on his names. Says he: "My teacher learned me to spell it that way. It's not on my birth certificate. My birth certificate has no name on it. I think that's because of the war. My middle name is the same as my father's—Randolph. But I'm not junior. I'm Jimmie. My father's James. They just call me James.

Jimmie has four sisters and three brothers-two of whom are preparing for careers as professional ballplayers and there were three Hall children who died in infancy. Jimmie falls somewhere in the middle of this tribe and it's not true he took up baseball because there was a lot more elbow room on the diamond than in the Hall household. Neither is it true that he got pushed into baseball by his

father, as is often the case.

The Halls always had a garden outside the house in which they grew their own vegetables. There was a lot to do beside play baseball. "Before we moved to the city," Hall says, "we lived on a farm in Mount Holly. (As you'd suspect about somebody who calls Belmont, North Carolina, the calls Belmont, North Carolina, the city, Hall doesn't like places like New York and Chicago. 'Minneapolis is fine,' he says. 'It's not too big.') I wouldn't like to farm for a living, but I wouldn't mind raising cattle. I like the outdoor life. Most all the jobs I war had were cutdoor.' ever had were outdoors.'

There is little glamor to baseball the way Hall started out in it. This season, when he finally made the big club, Hall got the minimum salary, \$7500. It was the most he ever made in a season. So he has had to make money elsewhere. He has worked in construction, been a plumber's assistant and clerked in a store. It wasn't exactly fun and games. Did he ever think of quitting? "I don't know," he said. Sometimes I thought they were quit-

ting on me.

Hall signed out of high school ("I guess I was an average student; I liked everything except English.") and was sent to Superior, Wisconsin, in a rookie league. He hit .385 and 15 home runs in 58 games and beat out Deron Johnson, then Yankee property, for the most-valuable-player award. For the next six years this was the

high point of Hall's career.

There are a lot of ways to explain Hall's failures in the years that fol-lowed. He was .233 at Wilson in '57, 250 in Charlotte and .267 in Fox Cities in '58, .245 in Chattanooga in '59, .227 in Charleston in '60 and .208 in Syracuse and Toronto in '61. For one thing, he made a bad marriage-there was one child, a girl—and later separated. In '58 he played in only 84 games because of a kidney infection and a tonsil operation. There was a sore arm in there that bothered him on and off, and in '61 he played only 30 games because of a six-month Army hitch. The next season he was called up by the Army again during the Berlin crisis. "The Army was the worst part of my life," Hall says. "I don't guess was cut out for that kind of life.'

But when you come right to it these things amount to excuses. After that first season there simply wasn't much about Hall to lead anybody to think he was more than a minor-league hack. In 1960, for example, every team in the majors had a crack at him be-fore he was outrighted to Charleston.

There wasn't a nibble.

RECENTLY, though, something happened. Something special. Hall came out of the Army and played in Van-couver at the end of the '62 season. He hit .313 in 24 games. Then he had that good season in the instructional league. The sleeping talent was stirring, but Hall was invited to the Minring, but Hall was invited to the Minnesota spring camp more out of courtesy than anything else. If there was a rookie outfielder the Twins expected to make it, he was Tony Oliva, a lefthanded hitter out of Cuba via St. Petersburg. Oliva, only 23, had hit 410 his first season and .352 in 1962 in Charlotte. In the Florida League he hatted just helping Hall with .344 he batted just behind Hall with .344. The Twins could hardly wait for him.

Something funny happened on the way to the Twin Cities, however, "Everytime I pick up paper I read Oliva, Oliva, Oliva," Vic Power, the shrewd Minnesota first-baseman recalls. "But I look and I say, 'What's the matter with Hall? He's better."

Front offices do not adjust that easily. A lot of planning had gone into Oliva. Hall, despite the third-base caper, was just another struggling minor-leaguer. Eventually, though, Hall made his point. It became apparent to Sam Mele, the manager who looks like he might be running a candy store in the Bronx (just tie an apron around his middle) that Hall knew how to play the outfield a good deal better than Oliva and could swing the bat at least as well. With men like Bob Allison and Harmon Killebrew a fellow needs a good spare glove around. Thus, Oliva was sent down.

This didn't mean much to Hall immediately. He sat on the bench for a month and a half. And what took Mele so long to recognize his talent?

The manager bristled at the ques-

tion. "Whaddayamean what took me so long?" Mele said. "I recognized enough to take him north with me. And how do I figure a guy like Lennie Crean wouldn't do it for me? Hell he Green wouldn't do it for me? Hell, he hit .271 last year. How can you figure a kid is going to beat him out?" Mele, who was standing beside the batting cage in the Washington ballpark at the time of his little explosion, shook his head expressively. "Ah, don't mind me," he said. "This season is getting to me."

It was a season in which the Twins, who were thought to have a shot at the pennant (led by the man who was named American League Manager of the Year by the Twin Cities Baseball Writers Chapter), got itself involved instead in a death struggle for second place. It wasn't pleasant for old Sam. He had a flock of home-run hitters who did everything for him but win enough games. "I wish," he sighed at one point, "I had a few more singles hitters on this club."

What was pleasant, though, was the emergence of Hall as a valuable piece of baseball flesh, no matter how long it took Mele to notice. In fairness, it should be noted that nobody could have recognized Hall's talent any fastthan Mele, not even Hall himself. Hall, in fact, admits to bewilderment at his sudden blossoming at the plate, a burst of efficiency which produced, by September 1, 27 home runs, 65 runs batted in and a batting average of oatted in and a batting average of 267. (One of his specialties turned out to be hitting Robin Roberts. "I've tried everything on him," Roberts said in despair. "No matter what I throw, he hits it.") Equally important, Hall was base enough times in front of Mele's muscle men to have scored 71 times. "I don't know what it is," Hall says when he talks about his transformation. "If I knew I could probably make a million off it. I guess every-body in baseball would like to know the answer. It is kind of odd, isn't it? All those home runs.

Probably there is no answer, at least no single one. There may be, however, a conglomerate answer which would involve things like maturity, experience, an inquiring mind and ability to learn. Put them to-gether and they make Hall a satisfactory ballplayer at age 25. Others have it sooner. Some never make it.

"I've never seen a guy take as many good swings as he does," Mele says. "Every swing is his best. You never see him hold up and hit one of those half swing jobs. He's meant a lot to the club. The kid got into the lineup and showed me he deserved it."

MALL had played a lot of different positions, but he has found a home in center field. The Twins' centerfielder gets a workout and Hall, who had good speed and what Mele calls an "average" arm, enjoys every minute of it. "He's an aggressive ballplayer," Mele says. "One time I remember I put him in center field for defense and Power on first base. I think it was against the Washington club. We had a one-run lead and there were a couple of men on base. One out. Somebody hit one of those soft line drives know is going to drop in. But Hall came in and made a real tough catch, right off his shoe tops. Then he threw a strike to Power at first base and we've got it won. That's what I mean by aggressive. He's not afraid to

make the good play. I wouldn't say he's got as good an arm as Jackie Brandt, but he charges a ball good and he gets rid of it fast, like an in-fielder."

One thing that distinguishes Hall from a lot of young ballplayers beside the fact that he likes meat loaf better than steak, a state of affairs which will no doubt be remedied by his majorleague salary check, is his willingness to seek advice. Old heads hesitate to volunteer to a rookie that he's standing too far from the plate or he's jerking his head or making some other elementary error. Like when Duke Snider of the Mets once offered a small opinion to young Ed Kranepool, the high priced rookie, he was told: "You ain't going so good yourself." It will be a long time before Snider puts his oar down in rookie waters again. The point is that veterans will give advice, but they wear protective "let-

advice, but they wear protective "letthem-ask-me" armor. And Hall asks.
"He was having his troubles pinch
hitting," says Wally Post, another of
the elderly veterans with whom the
Twins patched up their club, "and he
asked me for help. The only thing I
could tell him was he was taking too
many pitches. 'Keep swinging,' I told
him. If he swings he'll get his hits.
He waits on a ball good and takes a
short stride. He's pretty hard to fool." short stride. He's pretty hard to fool.

"I've never seen a kid more intense about the game," says Wertz. "He's always asking questions, just to make sure he's doing things right, not get-ting into bad habits. It's like a golf swing. He's going to be a real good one."

"Watch the way he's swinging," Mele said to a reporter one day late in the season as Hall took his cuts in the batting cage. "Watch his head."

Hall was swinging with an unnat-urally firm hold on the movement of his head. He looked rather like a beginning golfer. He also looked as though he might break his neck.

"He's been having trouble," Mele said. "Jerking his head. He's working on it. Wonderful kid."

What manner of man is young Hall? Well, someone once said about Roger Maris that he is the most typical of ballplayers. That might be, if one qualifying word was added—most typical surly ballplayer. Hall is just a typical ballplayer. His life has been baseball and that's all he can see in his future. "He's a good roommate," says Jim Perry, the pitcher. "He's interested in his business—baseball. He eats good to keep up his strength and he makes sure he gets his rest.

Actually, Hall has a couple of minor interests outside baseball. One is hunting, a typical off-season baseball occupation. The other is guitar playing, which isn't so typical. He has two quitars one electric But he desprit guitars, one electric. But he doesn't take them on the road with him. "I like all music," he says, "except opera and classical."

Perhaps most typical of all, Hall is

inarticulate. For example:

Q. What was your best day in the big league?

A. I don't know. Q. Have you ever had any funny experiences playing baseball? A. I can't think of any.

Q. What would you do if you didn't play baseball?

A. I don't know, I've never done anything else.

Q. How does it happen that you bat lefthanded and throw righthanded? A. I don't know.

Q. What do you want out of life?
A. I just want to get established where I can do something. I don't

know what.

The charm about Hall is that he's not trying to hide anything when he says "I don't know." He really doesn't. So what he comes across as is a pleasant lad with white, strong teeth, somewhat lumpy jaws and a southern ac-cent who is still struggling to find a place and a purpose in life. When he's kidded about his accent ("People always ask me, 'You from Boston?'") he takes it with a smile. When he's asked about his southern attitudes toward Negroes he smiles and says he doesn't have any. ("There's always a fancy family in town. We lived on the same street as the chauffeur to the fancy family. Us kids always played together." When he's asked almost anything else he says "I don't know." He is, in short, a baseball player. How

good a ballplayer only time will tell.
"All I know is I haven't got it
made," he says. "Albie Pearson was
rookie of the year with this club. The next year Allison came and took away

his job."

The same thing could happen to Hall. But it doesn't seem likely. This is a rookie on the way up.

### HOW DICK ELLSWORTH DID IT

(Continued from page 39) fastballs on 0-and-2 counts. It rang out as strikeouts, shutouts, complete games and victories, as regularly as the cash register on sale day.

Ellsworth was so good that the party line-that is, the Chicago baseball writers—were boosting him for both the Comeback of the Year Award and the Cy Young Award. They had all but awarded both trophies to him long before he won his 20th game in San Francisco on Labor Day.

Any story on any improvement behind the ivy and red-brick walls of Wrigley Field must consider a policy decision by the Cubs' owner, P. K. Wrigley. The Cubs, you will recall, were governed for the two previous seasons by an anarchic coaching system. There were ten coaches and this week's host was next week's guest, just like on the television drama series. One week you were handing the

lineup card to Al Barlick and the next week you were in Wenatchee.

The insecurity of the system struck

everybody but Wrigley. Oh, yes, and pollyanna Ernie Banks, the happy first-baseman. If you kidded Banks about the hydra-headed staff, he became indignant.

"What do you mean we don't have a manager?" Ernie asked. "Why, we have ten of them." Which made the Cubs ten times better than other

teams, of course.

Ellsworth did not like the system and has reason to believe he may have suffered from it. "It wasn't very good," he recalls. "A lot of guys didn't like it. Nobody liked it, really. Even the coaches used to ask us if we thought

it was a good idea. "You'd be playing for one guy and you wouldn't be playing for another. One guy would be mad about one thing; another would be mad about



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something else. Pretty soon, every-body would be mad. It just didn't work,"

Give Wrigley this much credit: he did admit that the system didn't work. So he went out and hired himself a manager in 1963. Oh, he called Bob Kennedy his "head coach," but that didn't confuse anybody, much less Kennedy, who played 17 seasons in the major leagues when he wasn't being an Army captain during World War II and the Korean War. "Good man," Ellsworth says of his

44-year-old boss. Kennedy gave sta-bility and confidence to the Cubs, who certainly needed them. The Cubs played .500 baseball and even sneaked into first place one night-June 6.

KENNEDY must have known about Ellsworth's horrid season the year before. But the head coach had no eye on history when he assembled the team in Mesa, Arizona, for spring training

"I didn't have any preconceived notions about him or anybody," Kennedy said. "It was an open-mind proposi-tion for every player." Kennedy gave Ellsworth his chance and the pitcher rewarded him by winning 20 games and helping extend Kennedy's regime

to 1964.
"I don't think it took him any longer to develop than most pitchers," Kennedy said. "He's still young, Maybe it takes a big fellow like him longer to develop his motion. I don't know. Right now, he's one of the better pitchers in the league. I wouldn't want to compare him with anybody. He's done a wonderful job for us. I can tell you that right now."

Ellsworth's new season and new success began on the first day of spring training. Pitching coach Fred Martin, a tanned and leathery Texan with acres of knowledge and confidence, accosted Ellsworth at Mesa.

"You can reverse last year if you want to," Martin suggested.

"Let's get started right away," was Ellsworth's answer, according to Mar-

The reversal began immediately. He and Martin went through the art of pitching, step by step. "Dick's been a very good student," Martin says. "He has a lot of pride in his work."

Most of what transpired between the two is fairly technical baseball the two is fairly technical baseball stuff, save in its most basic generalities. "We went over control, curve and slider," Martin said. "He just threw last year. That's what they were all looking for. Now he's got a good change off his fastball. Last year he was bouncing his curve and they'd wait on the fastball.
"Supe he lost 20 games but he

"Sure he lost 20 games, but he learned a lot. The only pitch I really taught him was the change. The best way to learn the slider was to keep using it."

Spring training became an extensive seminar in pitching. The Cubs had obtained cocky Larry Jackson from the Cardinals during the winter. Jackson reported to Mesa as exuberant as ever and Ellsworth became fascinated with the new man. Jackson's locker was in a corner of the room and soon that a corner of the room and soon that corner—"the Cardinal corner"—became crowded with pitchers—Ellsworth, Bob Buhl, Glen Hobbie, Lindy McDaniel, Don Elston and Paul Toth. "I had known about Larry as one of the top pros in the business," Ellsworth said. "I was glad to meet him. He really gets across to you. He and

He really gets across to you. He and

Buhl are pitchers all the way. They pitch just the way they want to, even in the late innings. They pitch; they don't just throw. I could sit and talk to they about aithers for the property of the property to them about pitching for hours."

Not all the experience and confidence of the wise old heads-Kennedy, Martin, Buhl and Jackson-could contribute significantly to Ellsworth's

controlling his temper

couldn't shout, Martin couldn't shout, "Control yourself," every time a batter blooped a lucky hit. Kennedy couldn't deliver a pep talk at every rough moment. Buhl and Jackson couldn't force Ellsworth to concentrate on getting bat-ters out. These things Ellsworth had to do himself.

"I used to get mad if some lucky so-and-so stuck out his bat on an outside pitch and blooped a pitch to the wrong field," Ellsworth recalls. "I'd say, 'You lucky so-and-so, you don't deserve to be where you are.' But I'd be forgetting all about the batter and I'd get myself deeper in trouble."

I'd get myself deeper in trouble."

Nobody remembers any discipline problem with Ellsworth. He just wasn't mature enough to be a good nitcher yet When the brooks. pitcher-yet. When the breaks went against him, he'd kick a glove or toss the resin bag. If these occasional tantrums had been performed by a 26- or 31-year-old man, the reformation of the man might be headlines. But 22-

year-olds are allowed a little leeway.
"I wasn't so bad," Ellsworth says.
"I'd step on gloves or something. All the reporters liked to write about it, though. It made good stories. Then the next spring training, everybody would ask me about it again. I still think it was better to kick the resin bag than keep it inside. But you control your-self the older you get."

T've never liked a player who could just shrug off anything that hap-pened," Martin said, "Last year he'd get mad at hisself and-boom, boom, boom. The madder he got, the more bad pitches he threw. He wasn't mad at his teammates; he was mad at his-self. Oh, he was a hot-tempered boy."

SO Ellsworth became a top major-league pitcher in his fifth professional season. Not many pitchers make it any sooner. They show promise, but it takes years of hard work for that promise to be fulfilled. Ellsworth, too, had shown promise from his highschool days in Fresno, California, and the promise became a shouted pledge in his first professional game. The day was June 6, 1958. Ells-

worth had signed for a bonus of near \$50,000 only days before. Now he was flown to Chicago, where the Cubs' publicity-minded front office had a surprise waiting for him.

The Cubs were to play the White Sox in a city benefit game that night. The game was at Comiskey Park, the White Sox' dingy South Side home,

and the crowd would be big.

"I'd seen one major-league game before," Ellsworth said. "That was in Frisco, earlier that season. So this exhibition was a big deal for me. Bob Scheffing was the Cubs' manager then I thought he might pitch me for a couple of innings, maybe. Then on the team bus going downtown, he told me he was going to start me.

"As the evening wore on, I got more nervous. I told myself it was just an-

other game.

Undoubtedly, that's what Nellie Fox had hoped for, too. Just a nice quiet exhibition game, make money for charity and everybody have a nice peaceful time. Nellie, leading off for the White Sox against the 18-year-old rookie, watched the first pitch of the game rocket past his chin and soar halfway up the backstop.

The quick—and ashen-white—Fox leaped quickly out of the batters' box and ran to the dugout. He wasn't sur-rendering. Heck, Nellie Fox is a pro-But he was finding himself the most solid batting helmet he could find. Teammate Luis Aparicio darted from the on-deck circle and rummaged for a hard hat, too.

The White Sox were just a little looser after that. They had a date with a pennant in 1959 and didn't want to

be delayed.

"After that I was just concentrating on throwing strikes," Ellsworth says. "I got a grounder, a pop, a fly and a couple of grounders. Then, first thing I knew, it was the top of the eighth inning and Walt Moryn drove in a run. Before I knew it, Dale Long, the first-baseman, was handing me the game ball and everybody was talking to me at once."

Ellsworth had thrown a four-hitter

Ellsworth had thrown a four-hitter

and won, 1-0.

"The reporters wanted to know how I felt, what I would do next? Things like that. All I remembered doing was looking to the catcher, Cal Neeman, for signs, I told them I didn't know if it was all luck, or what. I told them the White Sox hadn't seen me before. Most of it was luck." If Ellsworth didn't really believe it, his manager did.

"Scheffing took me aside and told me it wasn't as easy as that. I be-lieved him. Next week, in my first National League game, I lasted two innings. I left with the bases loaded and somebody hit a grand-slam home run. You don't know how it would have come out, but I was the losing pitcher." Soon, reasonably enough, he was pitching in Fort Worth, where he was pitching in fort worth, where he was not the property of the property o

wasn't very effective, either. The rest of 1958 he was 1-7 at Fort Worth. In 1959, he was 10-14 at Fort Worth, but with a good 2.60 ERA. In 1960 he thought he had made the Cub varsity during spring training. But Charley Grimm, then the Cub man-ager, told him one morning that he would be pitching for Houston, then a minor-league port.

Ellsworth didn't want to go to Houston. In fact he staged a minor sitdown strike until Grimm promised him an early recall if he made a good

start at Houston.

recognized a sincere Ellsworth promise when he heard one. So he gave up nine hits and didn't walk anybody in his first 21 innings at Houston and was recalled by the Cubs with a 2-0 record and an 0.86 ERA. At that point, he seemed ready to win in the major leagues.

MAYBE he was, but the Cubs weren't. With shaky support, Ellsworth was 7-13 and 3.71 in 1960. He was 10-11 and 3.85 in 1961. In 1962, he was 9-20 and 5.08. The depression was discouraging, but not enough to make

couraging, but not enough to make Ellsworth give up.

"I never thought about getting out of baseball," he says. "I wouldn't have gone into it if I didn't think I'd be good. I still thought so, even in 1962."

The Cubs also thought he would be good. They must have, because they had chased him pretty hard when he was burning up the leagues out in Fresno. Cub policy dictates that players do not reveal the size of their bonus or salary. But Chicago reporters

says emphatically.

The reason he was worth that much money—however much it was—was his outstanding record back home. Historians have decided that Ellsworth won 110 and lost five during four years as ace lefthander for Ollie Bidwell's Fresno High team and the American Legion Post Number Sev-

"That's the figure they give," Ells-worth says. "I never kept track of it

myself."

The star shortstop of the team was Jim Maloney. "I only pitched four or five games at Fresno," Maloney has we games at Fresno," Maloney has said. "Dick was the pitcher." Ellsworth refers to Maloney as "my shortstop."

Ellsworth shares credit, "Ollie's an outstanding coach," he says.

"Ollie coached a lot of fellows who went into baseball. When I went to early camp my first year in pro ball, had already learned fundamentals from Ollie-cover first base, back up on the bases. The coaches down there were pleased. I saw a lot of guys who

were pleased. I saw a lot of guys who had to be taught all those things."

Because of the good and early exposure to baseball—"we have a lot of time to spend on baseball in California because of the weather"—Ellsworth did not have to think hard about becoming a professional player.

"I had a lot of offers of scholarships from college. College meant a lot to me. But I had a chance to get a big bonus right away and I decided that I would sacrifice the education for the time being."

Education was one reason he returned to Fresno after his first proseason. "I thought I'd try a semester at Fresno City College and see how it went. I was three weeks late getting there. Some classes were already filled. It just didn't work out."

That wasn't the only reason he returned, however. The other reason was named Jean Schilling, whom he had met back at Fresno High. They were married on November 7, 1959. The family now numbers four: Dick, Jean, Steve, 3, and Kim, seven months. Ellsworth has stayed in Fresno,

where his family moved when he was four. The circumstances under which they moved to Fresno have something

to do with his being a ballplayer.
"My family was pioneer stock, homesteaders, covered wagons, all that jazz," he says. The Ellsworth clan moved west to Nebraska, then to Wyoming. Dick was born in Lusk, Wyoming, on March 22, 1940.

Mr. Ellsworth worked for an oil refinery in Wyoming. One day, while the men were off duty, the refinery blew up. Boom—no more refinery. Boom—no more job. Mr. Ellsworth took his family to California, where jobs were more plentiful. Dick had time to think over why they were moving and, although he was only three at the time, he figured things out pretty well. "I decided I didn't ever want to work in an oil refinery, he reasoned.

After all, the next time an oil refinery blew up, somebody might be in there working. He decided it wasn't going to be him. A nice wholesome job like pitching seemed more to his liking. All that fresh air, you know. The accident moved him to Califor-

nia. A year later the Ellsworths moved to Fresno, where he's boon ever since

and would like to remain, except-

"It's not so easy to get a job in Fres-"Dick says. "People there have no," Dick says. known me all my life. Now they fig-ure I'm a ballplayer and making a lot of money and I don't need an off-season job."

In fact Dick doesn't need an off-season job. "Oh, I don't have to work," he says. "It's just that I want to learn a business now, before I have to make my living outside baseball. I don't know exactly what I'd like to do. There are all kinds of jobs, I guess. I worked in a sporting goods store last winter. It was all right, a lot of stand-ing around. I'm glad I did it; but I think I'd like to try something else."

So he was contemplating spending this winter in Chicago. "I figure there are more opportunities there," he said. "I'm going to talk to some people and see what I can get here during the winter." Jean and the children stay in Chicago during the season.

Dick claims that "college meant a lot to me," and it still does, evidently. "It's not too late. I'd still like to go. I could go during the off-season now, if I wanted to. But I think I'm better off learning a business. If I ever went back to college, I think I'd study something like business or maybe go to a business school. But I'd like to study other things, too."

Ballplayers' private lives run pretty much to form and Dick is alert enough to realize it. "I consider my-self kind of a Joe Average. I like music, a little progressive jazz, Ray Conniff, instrumentals, that kind of thing. I have maybe 40 or 50 albums. I like to watch football on Saturdays in the fall.

"I'm really kind of a deadbeat, I like to talk a lot. But I don't have any hobbies as such. I don't collect stamps or keep goldfish or anything like that.

Dick did consider his first trip to New York a challenge. The renais-sance of a National League team in New York—the Mets—gave some 225 players plus coaches, managers and sportswriters a chance to visit the biggest city in the country, perhaps for the first time since 1957. But to listen to talk around the batting cage, half the visitors to New York spent their time playing poker in hotel rooms. That's why Ellsworth deserves a medal, just a little one.

al, just a little one.

"I always try to see any new city. When we came into New York last year, I made it a point to visit the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, some of the good restaurants and clubs. I like to walk around a new city a little. New York's a good place to visit for two or three days but I wouldn't want to . . ." Of course.

In the other cities, Ellsworth concentrates on his pitching, listens to

centrates on his pitching, listens to Buhl, Jackson or anyone else who wants to talk pitching. He's talked to Sandy Koufax, Roger Craig and his old shortstop, Maloney, "We give each other tips on who's hitting what on the other teams, but usually only when we're not pitching."

Ellsworth's attitudes about pitching, about his future and even about his opportunity to sight-see on the road seem to be commendably mature. If he wasn't like that when he was 18 or 21, can you blame him? It seemed, as he matured into a 20-game winner, a future businessman and even a novice man-about-towns dur-ing 1963, that, indeed, he was only right on time.

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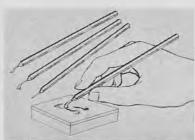
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#### PRO FOOTBALL IS NOT THRIVING ON VIOLENCE

ARLY IN THE pro football season, one tragic death and a number of serious injuries stirred uneasiness in certain quarters. Stone Johnson of the Kansas City Chiefs died of a broken neck. John Reger of the Pittsburgh Steelers almost died on the field when he swallowed his tongue after being hit in the throat. Prentice Gautt of the St. Louis Cardinals suffered a severe kidney injury that would probably lay him up for the season. Y. A. Tittle spent several days in the hospital having trouble breathing while he recuperated from painfully bruised ribs.

And these questions followed: Is pro football too rough? Is pro football too deeply committed to violence? Indeed, is the pro football boom itself a product

of the spectators' thirst for violence?

We don't think so. Of course, football is a rough game, and of course the players will get hurt. But the death of Stone Johnson, unfortunate as it was, was only the first death in professional football since 1960. With all the protection afforded the player by the uniform he wears and by the rules, there remains, always, the possibility of serious injury. The possibility of injury is as much a part of football as the possibility of death is a part of automobile driving.

But pro football is not that rough, not a killer. It is 250-pound man against 250-pound man, strength against strength. And while there have been individual players in pro football who get their special kicks out of trying to maim an opponent, they are in a tiny minority. The instincts of most pros are clean—to hit hard, yes; to play rough if necessary, yes; to play dirty, no.

As for the question of the spectator getting a vicarious thrill from the violence of pro football, we don't believe it. We think pro football fans, in fact, are far more civilized than certain other audiences—than the audience that flocks to bullfights, to "pro" wrestling matches, to other exhibitions where it is blood for blood's sake. The pro fan basically comes to see the spectacle, the grace of the flankerback running the fly pattern, the cat-like movements of the middle line-backer sniffing out the play, the poise of the quarterback beset by defenders but scrambling away and darting a pass 60 yards downfield. They come to see this grace in action, now at an all-time level of perfection. And they come to root for their team.

For a confirmation of these views, let's go back to December of 1960, that fateful moment when Philadelphia Eagle middle linebacker Chuck Bednarik hit New York Giant halfback Frank Gifford on the blindside, then danced over his prostrate form. Bednarik danced not because Gifford was hurt, but because Gifford had fumbled the ball and the Eagles had recovered and now they were on their way to a touchdown and an Eastern Division championship. Afterward, when Chuck learned that Gifford had suffered a severe con-

cusion, he was genuinely contrite.

And what was the crowd reaction to that play? Was

it exultation? It was not. The crowd sat stunned, sat in brooding, shocked silence at the sight of Gifford lying there, at the sight of a man badly hurt.

Among the many books published on pro football this fall, one by sports historian Robert Smith touches the question squarely. Smith writes in his fine book, Pro Football, "Psychologists and other professional or amateur thinkers-aloud sometimes ascribe our devotion to football to the lurking beast within us all that takes grinning joy at the sight of the physical sufferings inflicted by one man (who might be us) upon another (who could be some universal Foe). But this, like so many of these ten-cent theories that bloom in the tangled brush of the conventional wisdom of the age, makes sense only if you carefully limit your knowledge of this subject. Football fans are out to see victory and will rejoice as wildly over a 50-yard field goal that brings victory without drawing a drop of blood as they will over a smashing block that sets a runner free to carry the ball over the goal line. Indeed the screams of delight that follow an interception and a long run, when hardly one man lays a hand on another, would drown out the yells and groans emitted when some potential tackle is utterly demolished in the open field.'

We concur with Smith. We deplore injuries in football, as we have always deplored injuries in all sports. And we will always speak out against the injuries that we feel are needless, and harm our society. But we do not feel that the rash of injuries suffered in pro football early this season are at all symptomatic of anything wrong with pro football. The game is hitting, and violence is basic to the game, but nowhere is violence courted for violence's sake. The boom in pro football

goes on for other reasons.



In hospital bed, Y.A. Tittle recuperates from rib injuries.



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